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RICH AND POOR.

"SOMETHING must be done" is the phrase of the day—indicative of the deepest perplexity, when people really know not what is to be done. This is not precisely our case. We know distinctly what should be done; but our measures we know also are not palatable ones, nor can we undertake to make them so. Our duty, however, we will do, through good report and ill report.

The mass of misery and pauperism cannot go on increasing. It must be checked, or violence will ensue. Common prudence bids us take time by the forelock. Decisive measures must be taken. The poor must be relieved, and who but the rich can relieve them? Revolution is pursuing us with the speed and vehemence of a whirlwind; and we are for breaking the force of it—we are for legal and equitable changes, not violent and tumultuous ones; and for that reason it is, we urge—decisive measures.

The root of the evil lies in our inequalities of property—masses of misery, and masses of wealth, with a system, all the while, operating directly and rapidly to augment those inequalities. But will you plunder the wealthy to enrich the pauper? No. No violence—no injustice, but the order of things we are for changing certainly, and instead of swelling the rich by draining the poor, we would relieve the poor—as alone they can be relieved—at the expense of the rich. The country is deeply in debt—in debt by the concurrence of the wealthy, and the poor are taxed to pay it. This is intolerable. There is a lien upon the property, and those who possess the property should pay the demand upon it, and not those who have none.

But how is this relief to be brought quietly about? Simply by rendering the necessities of life cheaper? How is that to be done? By reducing the charges upon those necessities. What charges are these? Taxes. What taxes? All taxes, direct and indirect, that bear upon food, fuel, cleanliness and clothing.

That is, you propose to sponge the debt, and reduce the establishment to the American-standard—remedies worse than the disease? No,—still raise the same revenue, if you will, or can; but transfer the burden; lay it upon permanent property, in proportion to the pro-

perty, and in an accelerated proportion to the rising amount of it. Then you would relieve the poor by saddling the whole expense of the state upon the rich? Yes. You would impoverish the opulent, to enrich the pauper? No: only curtail the superfluities of the one, to diminish the miseries of the other. We make neither rich, poor; nor poor, rich. We may narrow the range of inequalities a little; but that is the desirable result. How many thousands have our public measures enabled to augment their style of living—have lifted from insignificance to splendour, within these fifty years; and where is the harm of their returning back to their original obscurity?—But turn we to particulars.

Repeal the tax on BREAD. But we have no tax on bread. Thank God, our rulers, whatever else they have taxed, never have thought of taxing the 'staff of life.' Well, the corn then. Nor the corn. The corn-laws then. The corn-laws? What revenue do they produce? In what shape does such revenue come to the Treasury? It never appears in any tax-return. Nevertheless the corn-laws do impose a tax; they do produce a revenue; and though that revenue does not visit the Exchequer, it does the pockets of the landowner. We cannot understand this. Why, is not the price of bread nearly double of what it is in the nearest countries of the Continent? What is the cause of this? Is it not brought about by the exclusion of foreign corn? Is not foreign-corn excluded by the corn-laws? And who has the benefit of the monopoly-price, but the landowners—but those, by whom and for whom those laws were made? The corn-laws are neither more nor less than a disguised tax, levied—not as other taxes are, for the supposed use and advantage of the nation,—but exclusively in favour of one class at the cost of others—exclusively in favour of the landed proprietor at the expense of the whole community. But is not the high price of bread rather a consequence of the high price of labour? Why, what constitutes mainly the high price of labour, but the high price of provisions; and what mainly the high price of provisions, but the high price of bread? The price of bread enters more or less into every thing—all must eat; and therefore the root of the question is, what is the cause of the high price of bread? We say, the tax—the corn-laws.

But this was not the object of the corn-bill. That object, avowed and allowed, was substantially to keep the price of corn in an equable state,—to prevent those fluctuations, which were so long observed to produce so much misery, the one extreme on the poor, the other on the farmer. The purpose was purely benevolent; the feeling that dictated the law was virtuous consideration for inferiors,—to insure bread to the industrious at a steady and reasonable rate, and to the farmer a remunerating price, securely and permanently. The interests of the landlord were never contemplated, and if the law have worked to the benefit of the landlord, that result is incidental, and not of design, and is far beneath his magnanimous views.

Then we ask, why should he so pertinaciously resist the repeal,—or why the poor so perseveringly demand it? The landlord means to confer a benefit. It proves none; or at least the country sees nothing but oppression and selfishness in it. Why should he gratuitously persist in inflicting a curse, and insultingly baptize it a blessing? Away with all idle pretences. Let us never forget, that the landowner not only originated the bill, but forced on the enactment, in defiance of the most

solemn warnings, and the most earnest deprecations. Humanity indeed! When was his humanity known before to go upon a quixotic expedition to benefit the people in spite of themselves? No, no; nothing but personal interests ever made men so zealous and resolute, as were the landlords, in imposing the law, or so stubborn and tempestuous, as they now shew themselves, in refusing to abandon it.—The farmer too—what cares the landlord, or what need he care, about him? He is capable of taking care of himself. If he cannot live by the employment of his capital on the land, he leaves it; he neither farms to oblige the landlord; nor does the landlord let his land, with a view to the farmer's advantage, but his own.

But beat the landlord out of the field in this way, and he will summon his fast friend the economist to his aid. Rent, says the economist, has no effect whatever upon the prices of corn. "Hear, hear!" cries the delighted landlord. It is merely, resumes the economist, the residuum of expense upon cultivation; and who has a better title to that than the owner of the soil? The corn that is grown upon the best land will fetch no higher price than the corn of the poorest—the land that requires one quantity of labour than that which requires double, treble, quadruple. The land, which requires the greatest quantity of labour, regulates the price of corn; labour must be paid for; this land requiring the greatest quantity of labour would not be worked, unless that labour were paid for; there cannot be two permanent prices for the same article; and so the land, which requires the *least* labour gets the same price for its produce, as that which demands the greatest. There is therefore a surplus on the best lands over and above the expenses, and that surplus or residuum constitutes rent; and thus the best land, of course, produces the greatest rent. But then clearly rent has nothing to do with the prices; it is an effect, and not a cause of price. Thus are we be-noodled by the logic of the learned.

And wondrously fine, no doubt, the logic is; but we have to do with hard facts, and not dry strings of words. We are sure there is no land in the country actually employed in the growth of corn, which, with the same labour and expense, will produce a quantity double that of another—much less treble or quadruple. Land of the superior cast would be otherwise employed. We are sure again, there is no land actually employed in the growth of corn, which does not pay a rent. The poorer land pays the lower rent; but that lower rent, all of it, goes into the price of the corn. If the acre be thirty shillings, and the produce twenty bushels, the rent will and must enhance the price of corn, at least, eighteen pence the bushel. Unless the grower can get a price to cover his labour and expense, and *also* his rent, he will not sell; and if he cannot sell at that price, he of course throws up the concern.

There is truth in the economist's story; but no practical truth, and certainly not the whole truth. He proceeds on the supposition, that the land which requires the greatest labour, or, which is the same thing, produces the smallest quantity of corn, pays *no* rent at all;—that the expense of working this poorest land governs the price of corn,—and that, as all corn, on whatever land it be grown—supposing the quality the same—brings the same price, the better land has profits, which the worst has not, which is the residuum, what is left, that is, when the outlay is replaced, and constitutes rent.

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But this is an idle, because a fanciful representation. The facts are otherwise. No doubt, the best land produces the best rents; but all land, even the poorest, actually employed in the production of corn, pays rent, and that rent the farmer lays, and must lay upon his corn. We are wasting words perhaps; but the economists, in a variety of ways, exercise so pernicious an influence, that it is every day of more and more importance to strip and expose their theories to public scorn,—that is, just in proportion as those theories come to have a practical effect. The practical effect of their doctrine of rent is upon the minds of the less enlightened of the landowners—of course the great majority—who are thus encouraged and confirmed in their resistance to the representations of distress. They are thus taught to believe, that rents have no effect upon the price of provisions, and therefore—as of course the higher the rents, the higher their gains,—why should they not take all possible means of augmenting that rent? They will not, it is true, trust to the spontaneous operations of these theories—they are not fools enough, and if the doctrine were true, are not wise enough to trust to general laws; but betake themselves to forcible measures to keep up the prices, which at least they see are to furnish the means of paying them their rents, while they can cover their real purposes with patriotic motives, and throw the odium of personal views from themselves, by appealing to the doctrines and authorities of the philosophers.

No; the undoubted fact is, no landlord in the country believes in the truth of this theory; or if he does, he does not trust, as we said, to its spontaneous operation, as, were it true, he safely might. He has no notion of land, capable of growing corn, which shall be worth nothing to him. He will have a rent out of it—the worse the land, the less the rent; but rent he will have. If it will not bear corn with a profit, it will something else; or if the price of corn really will not pay the expense of cultivation, and a rent,—if fair means will not do it, foul ones must, and such means are forthwith adopted to obtain the necessary price. The landlords naturally hang together; they have a common interest; the control is in their own hands; and they grant themselves, unblushingly, a monopoly. They exclude foreign supplies, and thus impose a price which will secure them the desirable rents.

This is the real, the actual state of the case. No man in his senses can doubt, that the greater the supply—supposing the demand the same—the lower must be the price of any article whatever. No man can doubt, that more bread could be eaten, than is eaten by a starving population. If, therefore, the ports were thrown open, and foreign corn had a free entrance into the country, the supply would be greater, and the price would be lower; for foreign corn can be bought at about half the current English price, and there cannot be two prices of the same article. Rents then, at the present rate, could not be paid, and thus prices would be shewn, beyond all evasion, to have an influence upon rents; and reciprocally,—with the exclusion of foreign corn, rents we may safely and boldly conclude have an influence upon prices.

The doctrine of the economists then on the subject of rent, as to all practical and intelligible purposes, we scout and scorn. It is unworthy of the slightest consideration in the eyes of a statesman. It is of no earthly use to him; and we hold ourselves warranted and commanded to dismiss it from the question without further ceremony.

On the other hand, we hold the fact to be indisputable, that rent is

an important constituent of the price of corn,—that the landlord believes it is, and acts upon the belief; and farther, that the higher he can force up the price of corn, the higher rent he imposes on the land; and as a natural consequence of these facts and this belief, he makes use of his station and influence to raise those prices to augment and secure those rents.

But what, after all, can he do to effect this purpose? What power or influence has he to augment prices? **HIS LEGISLATIVE POWER.** But every landowner is not a legislator. No, but every legislator is a landowner, or a landowner's representative. Nay, county-members are the only land-representatives. That is the letter of the laws; and the letter of the laws we treat, not with the contempt it deserves, but with the contempt with which by all it is actually treated. With the exception then of a few town-members, the House of Commons consists of the representatives of the landed interest. The members themselves must qualify as owners of land, and in reality either are men of landed property, or the locum-tenentes of such men. It is, too, every man's ambition to be a landed proprietor, and every one hastens to the glorious goal of general competition. The exceptions then are so few, that the fact may be taken as indisputable—the House of Commons is the representative of the land; and of the Peers, in this respect, nothing of course need be said.

Now we ask,—if a government be intended to protect the universal interests of a nation—and we cannot understand why there should be exceptions—if the purpose and destiny of a government be the real and best benefit of a whole country,—where is the equity, or the justice, of the legislature consisting in reality of those who represent one interest only? The probability is, that, take the country through, not more than one out of twenty are landowners at all. The other nineteen are engaged in trade, commerce, manufactures, professions, literature, as masters, labourers, and agents, who have no sufficient, or rather, no representative at all in the Legislature. But are not we perpetually bored with long-winded discussions upon commercial and business-like questions, which shew—nothing but that the landed, which is the aristocratic interest of the country, is overpowering and exclusive.

Were it otherwise,—were it really the fact, that the general interests of the state were fairly represented, that the concerns of the poor as well as the rich were regarded, does the man exist, who can for one moment imagine that these corn-laws, of which we are speaking, would ever have been passed? They had an object or they had not: if they had one, let us understand what that object was; if they had none, why suffer them to exist? Yes, they had an object, a definite and a beneficent one—to keep corn, as we said, at a steady price. At a steady price—yes, and at a *high* price;—and at whose cost was this high price to be obtained, but that of the rest of the community? The labourer exclaimed and protested—in vain; he had none, at the seat of power, to give eloquent tongue to his protests; the merchant and the manufacturer, who usually are lulled by their own privileges, grumbled and growled without, and their representatives, as they call them, were silent or impotent within; while the landlord, earnest, resolute, and powerful, carried his own measure, by his own forces, triumphantly, and in the teeth of the puny opposition.

In short the landowner is omnipotent; and he is omnipotent, not so

much from his actual rights and natural resources, as from the pride, vanity, and folly of other classes. He is pre-eminently and exclusively the 'Gentleman of the country,' and naturally turns the distinction to account. The term is invested with all the smiling and winning attributes of desirable ambition. To obtain the style and bearing of the gentleman,—to be allowed the honours and courtesies conceded to the gentleman, is the grand stimulus of plebeian exertion. The capacious and hereditary landowner, whether noble or commoner, seizes and appropriates the realities of the title; and the sycophancy, the imbecility, or the imitative instincts of others yields and seconds it, and themselves grasp at the shadows. All who are aiming to separate themselves from the vulgar, assume the character of gentlemen, and enrol themselves on the list of the landed-aristocrat's supporters. They contribute to the splendour of his rays, and delight in the thought of basking even in the scattered reflection of a portion of their brilliancy. Though engaged in pursuits entirely different—with interests which are totally opposite, or materially at variance; though depending on personal and perpetual exertions—visiting patients, perplexing the laws, or preaching the Gospel 'to the poor,'—figuring in monthly magazines, or scribbling fashionable novels,—jobbing in the money-market, or taking stock and posting ledgers—they claim the title of gentlemen; they plume themselves on the foreign distinction; they would be thought to partake the tastes, and pursuits, and enjoyments of the landed gentleman; they adopt his prejudice; they second his views; they strengthen his power—and forget themselves. While the gentleman by station, the aristocrat of the land, smiles at the mania, avails himself of the general folly and voluntary alliance, and carries, silently and satisfactorily, his *own* purposes. He sacrifices willing victims on the altars of his own Mercury.

Were it not for this absurd, but pervading prejudice, the owner of the land could never, as he does, rule the country thus despotically. He must be content with his natural share—with the bare and local influence which his property gives him. To that,—from which no one wishes to detract—he must confine himself; and to that the interests of the country imperatively demand that he should be confined. His power in the state would be divided, as it ought to be divided, among all classes.

For, it is not only in the infliction of the corn-laws that we feel his overbearing influence; it is not only in the oppressive—the conquering Norman's exclusions secured by the game-laws—those laws which tempt our peasantry, and fill our prisons, and which cry aloud for immediate abrogation;—it is not only in these arbitrary measures, but—in the imposition of taxes generally. Formerly taxes were levied mainly on the land—that was when kings bore sway;—but of late years—now that the lords of the soil rule all—that is, now that they better know the resources and the extents of their power, and have more effectively brought them into operation and employment,—taxation has been all levelled at consumption. In proportion as they accomplish this object, they relieve themselves; and zealously have they sought and pursued their own relief. Our 'heaven-born' minister,—would we could forget him—was the champion of the landed interest. Backed by them, he was able to disregard all other interests; and they willingly backed one, who so resolutely fought their battles. Once, with but a portion of the power of the state, they bore nearly the whole expense of it; now, though possessing all the power, they have cunningly associated the

country to the honour of the cost. They have had the dexterity to make the country believe, that all, in proportion to property, contribute equally to the expense of the state; and that, though they indeed are the legislature,—so equitable are they, the general interests are solely contemplated; that they themselves take no exclusive advantages, but contribute fairly and equally with the rest,—and surely nobody can desire more of them.

Very pretty talk. Under the old Bourbon government of France, the noblesse were exempted from contributing to the expenses of the state. This was so intolerable, and the injustice so gross, that the nation, by a resolute effort, shook off the oppression. Well, but we have no such oppression to shake off. Yes, we see, we have. Why there are no "privileged orders" with us—none exempt from the payment of taxes. No, but we have orders, for whose especial and exclusive benefit the country is taxed. Those orders are relieved from no tax, it is true, to the state; but they have themselves made a law to levy a tax in their own favour, which comes, we presume, to the same thing. They have an advantage which others have not. They pay what others pay; but they have aids which others have not,—nay, those others are the very persons who are compelled to give those aids. The corn-laws grant a monopoly—that is indisputable—the price of an article consumed by every body is advanced by that monopoly; and the advance comes into the pockets of the landlords.

But it is not the corn-bill alone of which we complain. That indeed is a scandalous abuse of legislative rights—a perversion of powers entrusted—if indeed they be entrusted—for the protection of the interests of the whole country;—but it is not the only abuse of such power—it is not the only grievance under which the people labour and struggle,—the whole system of taxation is, as we said, levelled against consumption. Well, but still consumption measures property. No such thing. It is about the worst and most unsteady criterion that could well be selected. Some spend more than they have, and others less. But when we say taxation is levelled at consumption, we mean, of course, the consumption of articles of necessity. Taxation upon articles of superfluity fall of course upon themselves alone. These, however, we shall find to be very few.—Now 'exciseable' articles are not consumed by rich and poor in proportion to their property. The proportion expended by the poor is vastly beyond that expended by the rich. Where the fourth of a poor man's income is spent on exciseable articles, not perhaps a fortieth is so spent by the rich man. How then do these taxes fall equally? Does the great man—the legislator—the landlord—does he pay the same proportion of his larger income to the expenses of the state that the poor man does of his small one? We say no,—nor any thing like it.

Nay, if he did, where would still be the humanity, or the equity of the legislator? Is not five pounds of more importance to the man of fifty, than fifty to the man of five hundred, or five hundred to the man of five thousand? Surely it is:—but what have we seen? Why, the property-tax, the only attempt,—and that we see far from an equitable one, for there were no gradations—which was made through the war at equality of taxation, was the first to be withdrawn, on the return of peace. The next—quite as becoming the legislators—a part of the assessed-taxes; and we have still 'patriots' bellowing for the repeal of

the remainder, while not a soul lifts up his voice against the gross inequalities of the excise.

The influence of the land (of the rich that is—and all the rich have land, or associate themselves in the ranks, and adopt the views of the landlords) is as visible then in the removal, as in the imposition of taxes. It is as visible too in the non-imposition. No tax on ale and beer touches the gentleman. Well, but that is to keep the exciseman out of private-houses generally. Nonsense. They readily thrust him in others; and why should he not, for the same purposes, be admitted into theirs? Besides the tax-gatherer must come; and how is he less hateful than the exciseman? They are tax-collectors alike, and nothing more. But the gentleman does not drink ale and beer. Then why does he brew? His servants drink it. Then his servants cost him less. The exemption is a personal advantage, and no *honour* to the Legislature. The poor man pays heavily for his.

As was natural then,—if not very equitable,—the legislature, the rich that is, the landlords, the aristocratic-cast, have carefully attended to their own interests. They are sole legislators; but with no desire to be sole supports of the expenses of the state. In a land of *such profession* as England, and where occasions have often occurred to the great for appealing to the people for aid, they could not, in common decency, expressly exempt themselves. But they could give themselves exclusive advantages without affixing on those advantages the invidious terms of exemption and privilege. They well knew the force of names; and they well knew how to associate others to the honour and favour of aiding them in their contributions to the state, without giving them any share of the power. These things we see they have done.

Other intolerable consequences have flowed from the same principles, not attributable to direct design perhaps, but such as might securely and certainly be anticipated, and such as were distinctly foretold, though perhaps not believed—we mean, the double burden upon consumers. One tax is levied upon them for the Treasury; and another is levied in the shape of profits for himself by the dealer. It is, as we before have had occasion to remark, quite notorious, that from twenty to fifty per cent. have been oppressively levied in this way. Well, but somebody must benefit by these extortions. Vast numbers are indeed thus benefited. But that is good policy perhaps;—greater numbers are thus attached to the Government by personal interest; and we are thus the safer from the turbulence of designing men. Perish such policy, say we;—let the people be rather taught to depend upon honest industry and close frugality. A good government requires no such manœuvres to attach its subjects. Equality in the imposition as well as in the administration of the laws—which includes all the virtues of a good government—is all that any government need attend to, to ensure the zealous co-operation of the subject. Those subjects have enough to do to look to their own individual interests; and will seldom have their attentions turned to the Government—certainly not in vituperation—but by the oppressive acts of that Government.

What then is it we are suggesting? A reduction of the general burdens of the state? Not so—a transfer only from the shoulders of the poor to those of the rich, by exploding the corn-laws, and abolishing taxes upon consumption. The effect of these measures would be at once

to reduce the price of provisions, probably, more than one-half. This would be real and permanent relief to the labouring and miserable classes of the country. Yes, but such a reduction would have other effects. These high prices bring grist to somebody's mill, and those persons must suffer. The farmer, for instance, who should get no more than thirty shillings instead of sixty for his corn, could not possibly pay his high rent. Then the landlord must lower it. But then the landlord, with diminished rents, could not support the present scale of his expenditure. Then he must reduce it. Is the whole nation to suffer, that he may flourish? But then you propose, besides, to lay the whole weight of taxation directly upon him. True: but let it be remembered, he will have, in common with others, the benefit of cheaper provisions; and for the rest, he must, as we said, bring down, a peg or two, the scale of his expenditure. If, at last, the pressure of taxation be really more than he can bear up against, he must apply to the Minister. After all, the landlord can do as he pleases; the power is in his own hands; and we have no manner of doubt, when the full weight of taxation presses sharply upon him, he will quickly teach the Minister, and the Minister will as promptly learn, to discover the means of adequate reduction. Twenty million sterling cannot be necessary for the government of twenty millions of people; and as to the debt, we leave the matter in their hands, with a perfect confidence that they will find means of making the funds at least go hand and in hand with them,—in relieving themselves. The debt ought to be treated on equal terms with the *rest* of the property of the country.

Well, but all this requires time—will indeed never be wholly accomplished. We know it—but something will. The Legislature, restive and stubborn as it is, must give way. It will be but common prudence to give way. They must sacrifice the corn-bill first to the just demands of the country, and in return or revenge, they will clip the interest of the debt. There is no justice in this revenge; but this will be the course. The land and the funds should share alike. But they will not, just yet. The land has too much the upper-hand.

But the poor—the perishing poor; hunger is pressing—the destitute are increasing—subscriptions are failing. Then must they go, as they should have gone before—to the legal provision of the parochial rates. But particular parishes are quite unequal to the extraordinary burden. Then must the adjoining parishes be called upon to assist;—that is the next best and the legal remedy. But *that* also requires time. Then must you have a parliamentary grant, or rather a *Council*-grant, for February will be too late. But that is adding to the taxes. Not necessarily—equivalent reductions may, and must be made. It is now the readiest resource; and hunger will not, and cannot wait. It must be done. Ministers must give way—the stiffest of them; and the talk of precedents be thrown to the winds.

One word more. It is said,—but by those who know nothing about the matter, that the quantum of misery through the country is really not increasing. The distress of the manufacturers, they cry, though severe, is merely of a temporary nature—such as often has occurred, and as often has vanished;—but the poor-rates—the best criterion surely, have not of late years increased. That may be true, and still the numbers actually receiving relief be increasing, because each receives less; and this is the fact. The distress of the manufacturing poor are just

now more striking and more imperative, and we believe not of so temporary a nature, as some would have us think ;—but let the eyes of the country be turned, at the sametime, upon the agricultural labourers—wasting and pining under the most galling and crushing misery. They have grown, and for years have been growing worse and worse ; they have been by degrees robbed of the commons ; they have been deprived of their scraps of land ; they no longer brew ; few have now a pig, or even a brood of chickens,—and now at last, in whole districts, are they receiving their scanty wages in the shape of parochial relief.—And here, again, we trace the blessed effects of the doctrines of our Economists. The economist looks upon the poor as the machine, and the soil as the material. How can these be worked with the greatest effect ? This is his problem. As a breathing and moral being,—as a being capable of happiness, with affections, feelings, aspirations,—oh, with all these things he has nothing to do. He inculcates upon the stupid but grasping landlord his cruel and unsocial doctrines ; and the love of money, of splendour and of self, drives the landlord headlong into the blind adoption of his measures, less unfeelingly perhaps, but more thoughtlessly ; and in the career of gain, he snaps the cords of affection between, himself and his tenant, himself and the peasant. He is told that large farms, for instance, are more productive than small ones,—that he can get higher rents from those who have larger capitals, than those who have only small ones. The great farmer seconds the economist, and by tempting the landlord carries all before him, and indemnifies himself by reducing the rate of his labourers' wages. The landlord combines the small farms, and transfers them collectively to the wealthier tenant, and pitilessly brings down the poorer tenant to the condition of the labourer,—while the labourer, who had been blessed with an acre or two for a cow, is stripped of it, and left with nothing but his manual labour to trust to. The great farmer thus crushes all below him, and by reducing the labourers' wages brings him quickly and gladly to the condition of a pauper, and actually pays him his reduced wages out of the poor's-rate. In the country, the farmer is sole manager of the poor's-rate, and chief contributor. To him, so far as money is concerned—it is the same thing, whether he pay wages as wages, or partly as wages, and partly as relief from the poor's-rate ; but the latter gives him more power ; and power—ruffian-like—he loves almost as well as money. And thus are the poor ground to the dust.

But poverty, by the indefeasible course and destiny of human events, is working its own cure. Manifestly there is a point of depression below which the poor cannot sink, and to that point are they rapidly approaching. Before the remnants of vigour, both of body and mind, are utterly exhausted, men will wrench from the possessors the means of life, or perish in the struggle. Fairly on the brink of ruin, but not before, will the rich at last take the tardy alarm ; and then will they make a tumultuous retreat, and will do precipitately, and to their own degradation, what they might have done deliberately and to their own eternal honour. We will not—with these strong convictions pressing upon our bosoms, we cannot preach contentment to the poor, for that is to lull the fears of the rich, and harden their hearts. Too long, too long, have they had all their own way.

FAMILIARITIES.—NO. IV.

Anonymous.

Ques. What is your name?

Ans. N. or M.

IT has been advanced in a philosophic stanza, by one who knew how much of the vaunted elevation of man over his competitors of the air, earth, and waters, is comprized in the attribute of speech, that "words are things." And, considering their various and universal effects, it is at least as safe a proposition to support as the doctrine of another and more orthodox asserter, who would have us believe that Mont Blanc is merely a lump of imagination—a concentration of thoughts, or of the "stuff that dreams are made of"—a handful of nonentity; and that Pompeii is nothing more nor less than an idea in ruins. Now whether Lord Byron or Bishop Berkeley may be said to have succeeded in loosening the gordian knot of philosophy, or whether that object remains to be accomplished by time and Mr. Coleridge, it is a fact as certain as the progress of uncertainty itself, that the word, whose uses and perversions I am about to discuss, can never become part and parcel of any known or unknown system of physics or metaphysics. It is neither a thing—according to the peer; nor nothing—as assumed by the prelate; neither a term referable to the discoveries of art or science, nor a name bestowed by Adam on any thing God has made: yet it is at once universal and individual in its application and properties. It represents nothing—or every thing—in the material and immaterial worlds; while it unites in its signification the mockery and marvels, the shadows and solidity of both. It reveals to us the secret link between matter and mind—the inscrutable agency that impels the machinery of being. It possesses a substantive faculty, and requires not another word to be joined with it. The great arithmeticians of the earth would fail to estimate the infinite variety of causes and effects, of doubts and indecisions, of subtleties and evasions, that follow in the train of this one word Anonymous, and constitute it the Lord High Chancellor of our language. As little could they number or appreciate the manifold blessings it includes—the outgrowings of feeling and fiction, the pleasantries that spring even out of pain, the changes and chances of our condition, the incidental friendships and communings with society, the hurried and unremembered symphonies that gladden us between the acts of life. The nine letters that compose it are emblematical of the nine Muses, but their dominion is more mysterious and unlimited; they preside in their collective glory over that profound and indefinite class of things, that have been received and sanctified at the living font of nature, but whose clime and complexion have never been entered in the nomenclature of man. Its four syllables are wafted on the four winds of heaven, and from the heart and centre of the universe it looks down in scorn upon the uncouth and incongruous designations of mankind—upon the distinctions of mere terms—and the eagerness with which we (most of us) hurry through the shaded and healthful seclusions of the world, to wither under the sultry superfluity of a title, or experimentalize on the namelessness of a name. It is the untalked-of, unromantic thing of the hour, yet, as a living

poet sings about the bee, in verses that will last as long as the Iliad,

———“of ancestry
Mysteriously remote and high ;”

much older than “the tiger’s paws, the lion’s mane.” It is anterior to mountains and valleys, to forests and flowers, to the winds and oceans. It was, ere a tongue had spoken or an ear heard ; ere the live cataracts “blew their trumpets from the steeps,” or the young nightingale had whispered its first love-notes to a rose-bud ; before vulgar and inharmonious names were given to the gentlest and most beautiful of nature’s family, or harsh and rugged objects received their appellations from the lips of music. It is the elder brother of the Universe—the ancestor of Earth ; it nestled with Chaos in his cradle, and was contemporary with old Time before he was christened. It was originally employed to denote the absence of a name : at the present day it signifies a variety of things ; on the one hand—indigence, inability, and the questioners of human right divine ; on the other—opulence, intellect, and Sir Walter Scott. Methinks its genealogy would puzzle a society of antiquaries. The “rarer monsters” of the world, the giants and genii, are so impossibly remote, so undateably ancient, that we are reduced to the necessity of doubting whether they ever existed at all ; and having no parish registers to refer to, we should, from its pre-adamite antiquity, be sceptical as to the extraction of Anonymous itself, and might suspect that every thing grew up originally with a natural label appended to it, specifying its name and qualifications ; but that at this moment a nameless spirit, like those which erst inhabited rings and sword-knots, holds me by the button of imagination, vaults into my pen as its chariot, and flies along the sheet, raining as it goes such a shower of vital ink, that an article springs up anonymously, words vegetate and blossom under my hand—

“Here buds an A, and there a B,
Here sprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows.”

It may be as well to say a word upon the uses and abuses of Names. Let us for the present pass by the “alleys green,” the flowered lanes and sylvan windings of our subject—or at least let us merely peep down them, as we dart onward to explore the grotesque and oddly assimilated appellations that ring the changes of humanity. The names of Birds are charmed things, not to be written with a common quill ; they would lead us into a labyrinth of sound ; their syren notes would ensnare us, as sure as we are not Ulysses ; they are so many Orpheuses, alluring us regularly-planted writers to “unfix our earth-bound root,” to dance from our position—ink-stand, paper, desk and all—into the witching mazes of ornithology. Leaving nature’s aviary then on the right hand, we come to the names of Flowers : and here we are assailed by a bee-like band of appellations, that throng fondly and thickly around us with their honied accents, and offer up their pleasures and peace-offerings on memory’s lighted altar. What a host of sweet-sounding and sweet-smelling names !—for the scent waits upon the sound—we catch the breath of the violet as soon as the word is out of the mouth. What an array of humble titles ; words that seem expressly fashioned to fit into poetry—to sigh upon the breast of senti-

ment, or sparkle among the tresses of song.—Honeysuckle—streaming away in its sweetness; lily—a clear and delicate sound; there is a milkiness in it that is not unallied to the meaning. The words, both to eye and ear, resemble the objects they designate; and if frequently and fervently pronounced, will call down on the temples of life a garland of their blossoms and beauties. Thus we may walk through the whole vocabulary and cull a nosegay of names—glide in imagination from garden to meadow, from meadow to heath, from heath to hill—abandon ourselves to the delusive realities of a philosopher and poet before quoted, until the heart, glad of its wings (for wings it hath),

—————“with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.”

But poets are persons that would keep us dancing till doomsday, and there are myriads of smiling names crowding the anti-rooms of imagination, and glistening like spangles in its train. We dismiss them with a princely movement of our pen. We pass with a gracious glance of recognition through long lists of living creatures—of herbs, trees and valleys—meadows and mountains—rivers, lakes, “and all that in them is”—of shells, gems, marbles; and the no less dazzling varieties of artificial creation, which, though numbered in the “catalogue of common things” come forth from the womb of beauty, and people the deserts of the mind with endearing impressions,—books, pictures, and all that world of things which one’s life-time is spent (in spite of Horace) in admiring. We come to human names, and the magic that belongs to them. We come to the names of lovers, to the Leanders and Heros of the heart’s Hellespont—names that are never pronounced but with a fine and tremulous delight (the reader *must* know of one such name)—that sink upon the silent spirit laden with the whispers of affection, and have indeed a charm—for it can only be told in verse—

“To make the mountains listen, and the streams
Run into milk, and the hard trees give honey.”

We come to the names of the great and mighty of the earth—appellations that, however mean and unmusical they appear, belong to nature’s prosody and the poetry of the heart. They speak to us in dreams with eagle voices. They call to us from the ruins of long and clouded years, and revive our school-day hopes. They sound in our ears like the noise of waterfalls in a thirsty land. We delight to hear our children lisp them to us. Like the Lydian monarch, when worldly promises are led forth to die, we call upon the name of a Solon, and are saved from the fires of despair. The term may be one of no mark or likelihood in itself, yet its echo would waken a world. The names of Shakspeare, Bacon, Dryden, &c. are by no means remarkable for their moral fitness or euphony; nor does there appear any very cabalistic virtue in the words “Westminster Bridge;” yet I never cross that structure without expending a pleasant five minutes in imagining the particular stone on which Mr. Wordsworth stood, when he composed his sonnet there twenty years ago. It must be admitted, however, that many names, from their frequent recurrence, and application to common objects, have lost their freshness and singleness of power. Let the reader ask one of the Mr. Smiths—perhaps his own name is Smith—but if not, let him ask one of the Mr. Smiths with whom he must necessarily be acquainted, whether such be not the case. The name of Thomson

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frequently falls still-born from the lip; we think of an alderman, or an actor, but seldom of any thing in the shape of sentiment. A name once consecrated to genius and intellect should be confined, by royal proclamation, to noble uses. On the other hand, one is curious to know whence such persons as Mr. Pearl and Mr. Hope, and Miss Bird and Miss Love derive their designations; such names are positively an enviable inheritance. Mr. Grieve and Miss Anguish are altogether as hardly dealt by. What a burst and depth of language are in the word Napoleon! It takes away one's breath. It lies in the hushed recollections of kings like a spent thunderbolt.—And this would lead us to expend our stock of exclamation on the more than phrenzy and worse than folly of the mere ambitionist—the evanescent brilliancy of “the bubble reputation”—the “glory and the nothing” of a right-honourable name. We cling to the semblance of fame, and fancy we have secured a divinity; as the Tyrians, to prevent Apollo from deserting them, chained up the statue of the god and nailed it to its pedestal. We load our pen or purse—take aim at a project or a problem, and listen with transport to the echoes in the hollow hearts of men. We find the tribute to valour in the homage of cowards; the reward of efforts for freedom in the admiration of slaves; the appreciation of wisdom and poetry in the “sweet voices” of the frivolous and the ignorant: like the Roman capitol, we owe our preservation to the cackling of a foolish bird. In what are we wiser than Narcissus, when we thus fall in love with our own image reflected in a name! There have been (must it be said there are?) instances where men have purchased a name, with the labours of youth and the exercise of splendid talents, only to ring it as a death-knell in the ears of the compassionate and sensitive. The genius of these aliens to true glory is akin to the cunning of the animal that ascends a tree, in order to drop on the neck of its unsuspecting prey. But a good name—one made illustrious by the union of intellect and integrity—by the enlargement of the views of man and the advocacy of his independence—is a triumphal arch that will endure amid the wreck of matter. It is a sound that will outlive the clashing of swords and the clank of chains. It will shine like a beacon light upon the records of time, and may burn when distant ages are dim. And even the little halo which an observance of the simple charities of life will breathe round the humblest name, may have a lustre and a warmth that will dawn upon the mind in its wintriest and most desolate season. But the light must be vigilantly watched; for unless we are provided with the patent safety-lamp of fame, the very breath which was meant to vivify, may extinguish the flickering hope. Like the happy ancient, we may throw our ring into the sea, and be as discontented as 1826 can make us; but I know of no fish in these days that would restore it to our finger—even though Izaak Walton should come back in person to show us how to angle, and instruct us in the admired mystery of breaking a frog's legs “as if we loved it.”

But, after all, what an enviable lot is his who sits down under a voluntary *nominis umbra*, and still receives his sunny dividends at the bank of popularity—“eats of his own vine what he plants”—places his laurel-crown at his elbow, ready to put on when he pleases—listens to the odd comparisons and speculations he has provoked—hears himself mistaken for Prince Hohenlohe or Mr. Irving, and drinks his own health afterwards with the most cordial sincerity at a public dinner. He fancies

himself into the Sphinx or the source of the Nile. He stands sentinel at the Pole and thaws up all inquiry.—Fortunate and close-riveted Iron Mask! happy and inexplicable Junius! thrice-blessed and not-to-be-guessed-at authors of Scotch romances and English reviews of them!—And, floating with the current of this feeling, how mysteriously delightful must be the fate of a legitimate descendant of Anonymous—one who not only cannot recollect his own name, but who never had one to forget—who was born ere patronymic appellations were invented—an unlabelled phial in time's apothecary's shop—"Nobody, in a niche"—a *bonâ fide* ———! "a deed without a name." Only think of being distinguished, like Frankenstein's child of philosophy, by a ——— in the bills of our little day. This to my thinking is an expressive and highly imaginative title; it embodies a great deal of the oracular inspiration of man, and evinces a masterly condensation of the pathos and eloquence of language. It is decidedly superior to Tibbs, and Tomkins, and a thousand other names that have never even pretended to a meaning. There is at any rate something too open and straight-forward in its appearance to conceal the cloven foot of speech, or suggest any unnameable associations to eyes polite. It expresses the precise degree of praise we profess to bestow on ourselves, and includes the actual amount of good we say of other people. I will write an article on it one day or other, to shew what a vast portion of popular talent and principle is comprized in it. And with such a designation—excluded from parish annals and army lists, from Court Guides and actions at law—one might steal into a blank corner in some "boundless contiguity of shade," where the Great Unknown was little known, where a Political Register had never been read, where the Catholic Question came in no questionable shape, and the mellifluous name of Martin had never been imagined in the brayings and bleatings of animals. In such a corner, and with such a cognomen, a single gentleman might enjoy his *otium* without reading his annual obituary in the public prints, or being guilty of Diarys and Reminiscences. But he might enjoy anonymous books, and write anonymous verses. He could not deface his trees and windows by engraving his name on them, nor be expected to become sponsor to the third and fourth generation of friendship; but he might wander into the society of birds and fish, of woods and streams, until like Democritus he became conversant with their language, and listened himself into a new and anonymous existence. Methinks the monarchs of the world might countenance and cultivate these hints to some advantage. An Anonymous ruler would at least be a novel feature in the chapter of Kings. Which of the crowned heads of Europe will be the first to cast off a doubtful display of title, and be hailed as Anonymous I.? Perhaps King Ferdinand would profit most from the change—but then the difficulty of casting over such a name the modest veil of oblivion; it would rather

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

Well indeed would it be for us and our nomenclature, if certain names at the sound whereof the human heart droops and sickens with disgust, could be blotted for ever from the record—could be made to die away like bubbles into the "vasty deep" of Anonymous. Time may behold its shades, what Sheridan makes the winds, the receivers-general "of all cast-off griefs and apprehensions." Its empire is already spacious enough, extending over one-half the globe, into the "bowels of the

harmless earth"—monopolizing the entire world of sounds and shadows—the space of the infinite heaven, its stars and starers—and the whole host (or nearly) of the periodical pillars of literature at the present day. It lays claim to a moiety of human customs and character, and exhibits man in the situation of Death and the Lady in the picture; one side is naked and without a name, while the other flaunts in silken sounds that have no appropriate texture or consistency. The geographers of humanity have not calculated the cross-roads: many a pleasant creek and corner—many a rural niche, with here and there glimpses of picturesque, are omitted in the map. Shall we only appreciate what is noted and registered, and shut our hearts to every thing else? There is assuredly a new world of names to discover, of which posterity will be the Columbus. For if we glance cursorily at the misnomers on the page of society, the transpositions of terms, the nicknames and the *aliases*, we must admit that, in reality, there are few things or persons to which the term Anonymous may not be correctly applied.—There is, by the way, an anonymous philosophy slumbering in the veins of man when he is little aware of it. It is manifested in a notice which is (or was) to be seen at the gate of a church-yard on the Surrey side of Waterloo Bridge:—"Wanted some *good earth* in this church-yard." This is as delicate as the undertaker's "Lodgings to Let" stuck upon a coffin. Yet people write these things without suspicion, and rehearse them with complacency—pass jokes on death, and the warm pulses of life are not chilled for an instant. It is certain we are a race of anonymous philosophers.

Again and again it may be asked, what *is* there in a name? and how is it that the wise world is dazzled and governed by a sound? Man is really something more than a Macadamized barbarian cast forth upon the highway of power: then why should the rattling of a ponderous title shake or disturb him? Let him not trust such specious prologues, but pass on to the "imperial theme." Or if he must be swayed by terms, let him not count the letters and criticize the tone, but let him weigh the names of Brutus and Cæsar, and ascertain which means king and which commonwealth. Above all, let him cherish a recollection of those without which all others are null and void—those which are enumerated by a favourite bard, and should be wedded to the memory for ever:—

"You of all names the sweetest and the best;
You Muses, Books, and Liberty, and Rest;
You Gardens, Fields, and Woods."

B.

EPIGRAM

*On the proper Use of the Eyes.**

Certes, the Eyes are not to *see* with—
No more than wives were made to be with,
Or milk was sent us to drink tea with.
Some sages hint they're formed to weep with,
Others, to cast a look like sheep with;—
It's my belief they're meant—to *sleep* with.

* Vide M. M., page 165.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

A Philosophical* Poem, in Two Cantos;

With a Commentary in Verse, by Bougersdickius.

CANTO I.

"Ludibria seriis permiscere solitus."—*Tacitus.*

I sing of PUNCH, and therefore must I sing
 Of feats familiar, yet for ever new :
 Of merry faces, gathered in a ring,
 The magic oft admired, again to view ;
 While laughter, like a river from its spring,
 Throws o'er the spirit its refreshing dew ;
 And gushes on with unimpeded course,
 Exhaustless still from an exhaustless source.

What is that shrill inimitable cry,
 With joyous shouts of idle urchins blended ?
 What that strange curtained box, well-poised on high
 With four long poles by which its sides are ended ?
 What should it be, but Punch ?—who, passing by,
 Comes, like a conqueror from his wars, attended
 By music, far on London echoes borne,
 Drum, or pandean pipe, or clanging horn.

* Esteemed and gentle reader, in the proem
 Of these my notes, I deem it just to mention,
 That though th' ingenious author (and I know him
 Modest, and full of every good intention)
 Has named but "philosophical," the poem
 Will shine with more diversified invention,
 As moral, metaphysical, and critical,
 Historico—statistico—political.

And this I say because myself and he
 Feel that mere verses written with facility,
 Stuffed with but idle flights and fancies free,
 Nor turned to that sole end of life—utility,
 Are things which neither can nor ought to be
 Received in such an age with e'en civility.
 Hapless the bard, who when they ask "cui bono?"
 Your work—is't practical? must answer "oh no."

But now of Punch! The word it will be seen,
 Nay, must occur at once to observation,
 In our judicious author does not mean
 The beverage, loved throughout the British nation,
 Which, more than Owen proves the worth, I ween,
 Of that great principle—co-operation :
 Since sugar, lemon, spirits, there combine
 Sweet, sour, strong, weak, to form a drink divine.

But our illustrious author, as was said,
 Takes for the theme on which his verse to spin
 A Punch, which, though right pleasant, is not made
 Of whisky, brandy, hollands, rum, or gin.
 But Punch, the jovial, laugh-exciting blade,
 Sworn friend of Scaramouch and Harlequin.
 Yet, though thus different, both are good for some ache,
 One cheers the mind, the other warms the stomach. *Bougersdickius.*

* * Some of the early stanzas of this poem appeared in the European Magazine.

Little it matters, where that sound is heard
 Through this metropolis of Britain's Isles;
 Whether, where thousands are almost interred
 In smoky dens, and seldom sunshine smiles;
 Or where gay splendour revels:—in a word,
 The parish of St. James or of St. Giles
 Starts up alike; and every being round
 Finds in his heart an echo to that sound.

And sparkling eyes from door and window greet
 The cavalcade that moves with merry din,
 Or sudden stops in some gay square or street,
 Or in the learned fields of Lincoln's-Inn.
 Behold! the drama for no ear unmeet,
 Most loved and most repeated, doth begin:
 For tell me, when was *Ædipus*—*Othello*—
 The *Cid*, played half so oft as *Punchinello*?

But who shall paint that drama?—'twould employ
 Weeks, months, to go through all its operations—
 Th' extreme vicissitudes of grief and joy,
 Embraces, quarrels, reconciliations—
 Blows which, were either mortal, must destroy;
 Falls, faintings, dyings, revivifications—
 Descents—and reappearances—love—strife,
 And all the strange epitome of life.

'Tis done:—that stroke has slain the Dame outright;
 Now lay her out,—and o'er her breathless corse
 An inquest hold:—while *Punch*—ah, wretched wight!
 Weeps with full anguish of too late remorse!
 But lo! she wakes—she stirs—and swift as light
 Attacks the mourner with a fury's force:
 And now they hug—now fight—now part—now meet,
 While unextinguished laughter shakes the street!

Hark! how his head is knocked against the floor!
 Look, how he writhes his body as in pain!
 And widowed *Judy* must in turn deplore
 Her lord—who in his turn shall rise again.
 And now they roll and tumble o'er and o'er,
 And now—but gaze thyself—for words are vain.
Punch hast thou seen?—then thou anew wilt see;
 If not, life has some pleasure yet for thee.*

Oh *Punch*! no vulgar mountebank art thou,
 That splits our ears at holiday or fair:
 Thou dost not bring a frown upon the brow
 By pains inflicted upon dog or bear.
 Nor stands a theatre in Britain now,
 Fit the first honours from thy front to tear;
 Nor gilded dome, nor stately structure, worth
 Thine unelaborate and itinerant mirth.

* Of late, with grief of heart it must be told,
Punch and his wife have somewhat lost their stations:
 For apes and dressed-up dogs have been enrolled
 As aids to them and their sublime creations.
 But yet our poet rather would behold
 (Hating, 'tis plain, these modern innovations)
 At any hour, tea, breakfast, dinner, lunch,
 The good old unsophisticated *Punch*.

With seas and mountains thou hast nought to do,
 Or simple nature in her savage mood,
 Or fields, or babbling brooks :—thee none can view
 'Mid variegated scene of rock and wood,
 Nor where the learned pedant doth eschew
 His fellow men in bookish solitude :
 Thou hast not loved the monkish cell, nor played
 With Amaryllis in the rural shade.

But where the stream of life flows fastest on,
 Where boils the eddying vortex of the town,
 There art thou seen ; while ever and anon
 The pausing porter throws his burden down ;
 And e'en the grave and magisterial Don,
 Some man of high and orthodox renown,
 Ashamed to stop, unwilling to advance,
 Casts back a stealthy, longing, ling'ring glance !

Thou art the child of cities, and art found
 A wand'ring orb with hundred satellites,
 Where streets and congregated men abound,
 And listless gazers seek whate'er excites,—
 Thee most ; for no *ennui* dares haunt the ground
 Which thou hast charmed from all the gloomier sprites,
 And e'en in London, where thou dost appear,
 Thou mak'st one carnival throughout the year.

With haste less eager, and with zeal more cold,
 Have courtiers crowded to the winning side ;
 Or vultures flocked to spots where they behold
 That armies pass, or that the brave have died ;
 Or cats and dogs to barrows, whence is sold
 The meat by female voices sweetly cried ;
 Than infancy has flown, and manhood, too,
 Oh, charming Punch and Judy, unto you.

Yet, an exotic in the graver North,
 Though Punch may live and laugh, he laughs not there,
 As when in the warm South he revels forth,
 And freely breathes his own inspiring air.
 Tramontane hearts conceive not half his worth,
 Felt and acknowledged in those regions fair
 Where life is a long boyhood ; and the breast
 Glows with the climate, physically blest.

Not ancient Thespis, in theatric cart,
 Ere gorgeous tragedy came sweeping by,
 Was more beloved at Athens, than thou art
 In lands that bask beneath the sunny sky,
 Oh, Punch !—or in some city's ample mart,
 Where lazy, laughing Lazzaroni lie ;
 And in street-corners nose and eye may dwell on,
 Not the roast apple, but the smooth cool melon.

And with good cause at Venice, or at Milan,
 May Punch be cherished :*—he makes time run faster,
 And bids th' Italian slave forget his *villain* :
 All-prostrate doom—his country's long disaster.

* I strongly recommend the Emperor Francis
 To cherish Punch and Operas through the state ;
 For oft amusements soothe rebellious fancies,
 And turn the thoughts from vengeance and deep hate.

For where the rule is mildest, it is still an
Uncomfortable thing to serve a master,
Whose arms, dress, features, habits, language, stand
In haughty contrast to our own lov'd land.

Yet though the Boulevard, or Piazza white,
In Florence, or gay Paris, suits him more;
Still London, as I said, his whims delight;
And many a classic place unknown of yore,
Crescent, or Pentagon, or Circus hight,
Or Esplanade, or Terrace, by the score
Send forth the toddling child, or tott'ring Goody,
To gaze upon the pranks of Punch and Judy.

For few—what'er their life is, or has been,
Whether with placid flow it gently slides,
Smooth as the stream its lovely banks between,
Beneath the moon in summer twilight glides,
Or struggles, a dark torrent, through a scene
Of horrors;—few there are, whate'er betides,
Who may not thank poor Punch and Judy's play,
For joy bestowed, or sorrow chased away.

Therefore, were I to send up a petition,
Ye Commons, and ye Lords, to "both your Houses,"
It should not be to pray the recognition
Of states where freedom her young spirit rouses;
It should not be to alter the condition
Of laws on corn—for *that* all 'Change espouses;
Nor should it be concerning tythes and church,
For *them* I leave to my Lord King's research;

It should not stray to some far Cape or Highland
On Afric's sand, or Asia's distant ends,
Nor say one word about the Sister-Island,
Though for the past we owe her large amends.—
Poor Sister-Isle! the name still makes me smile, and
Suggests how seldom relatives are friends!—
But on a subject of another nature
Were my petition to the Legislature,

'Twould pray you, Peel, and Eldon, and the rest,
Whom, though my space forbids to name, I love;
And Martin, who in Smithfield taps unblest,
Shouldst with these bloodless sports be hand and glove:—
'Twould pray that Punch may never be supprest,
Discouraged, mocked;—but that you would remove
Whate'er to hurt or shame him has a tendency,
As you would guard the Protestant ascendancy!

Thus Cyrus, if the history no romance is,
To keep his Lydian foes effeminate,
And therefore slaves unmurmuring to the Persian,
Gave them a flowing dress and much diversion.

Great Ferdinand, had he been wise as Plato,
Would thus the South Americans have treated;
The Greek had done it with Mavrocordato,
And other Greeks, not crush'd, though now defeated.
And to that strange wild land of the potatoe,
Should present remedies in vain be meted,
Why then, upon reflection and deep study,
I find none better than a Punch and Judy!

Bougersdickins.

For England's ancient pastimes vanish fast,
 In this political prosaic age ;
 For them, 'twould seem, oblivion's die is cast,
 Because we moderns are so very sage
 As to despise, abhor, whate'er, when past,
 Leaves not its profits in the ledger's page.
 We scorn the gay, the playful, and the comical,
 Commercial all, and grave, and economical.*

The rustic morris-dancers, where are they ?
 How few the merry May-games which we see !
 E'en Christmas sports fade one by one away,
 And fairs our moral statesmen deem too free ;
 Or hold it in their hearts the wiser way
 To measure all things by the rule of three ;
 And thus enact, no pleasure shall have birth,
 That leads to nothing save immediate mirth.

Yet pause awhile, ye Senators, before
 Ye block the avenues of present joy.
 What else of certainty has life ? What door
 To change may not gape wide, if ye destroy
 These innocent amusements of the poor ;
 And every mind in sterner thoughts employ ?
 To added ingots sacrificing health,
 And quitting happiness to search for wealth !

Ye say, new years new destinies unfold,
 And mightier for mankind : new furnished arts
 Start, like young giants, forth to shame the old ;
 And mental darkness, like a ghost, departs
 Before the dawn, which bids us now behold
 One spirit kindled in a million hearts.
 Ye say, that Truth must trample under foot
 All Error's brood, all prejudice uproot.

If true, 'tis well !—and the excited mind
 Would gladly, fervently, believe it so ;
 For he, methinks, is traitor to his kind,
 Who seeks such proud aspirings to lay low.
 Yet though the nations may their chains unbind,
 And though the world with onward march may go,
 Still for the sport, the pastime, earth has room,
 And genuine wisdom these would not entomb ;

But rather loves. She loves to leave her school,
 And taste the merriment that pleased our sires ;
 She loves at proper times to play the fool ;
 And, when the mind's protracted tension tires,
 Courts e'en the good old Genius of Misrule,
 And laughingly repairs her nobler fires :
 While Folly with severe and rigid look,
 Punch and his harmless frolics would rebuke.

* The author's picture seems to me grotesque
 And wrong : two modes of life he ought to see,
 The one poetical and picturesque,
 Which Goldsmith drew, and more as well as he ;
 The other, such as merchants at their desk
 Praise and prefer—and I with them agree,
 Which nor on bard nor beauty casts a glance,
 But steadily looks on to the main chance.

Nor can ye with your statutes' musty store
 Seal up the fountains of man's mirth for ever ;
 Somehow the buoyant spirits will rush o'er,
 Mocking the politician's dull endeavour
 To bar their progress ; nay, perchance the more
 In lands and times least happy :—then, oh, never
 Consult alone the noble's over-niceness,
 The pleader's phlegm, or puritan's preciseness !

Besides—forgive th' apparent contradiction,
 With most, I fear, this show of weighty sense,
 This search of abstract good, is but a fiction :
 If not hypocrisy, at least pretence :
 And if it be so, without dereliction
 Of truth and candour, we may gather hence,
 That the world's sageness is one-half cajolery,
 And has a lurking love for fun and drollery.

For, hide it as they may, the mass of men
 Shrink from the pain and trouble of deep thought ;
 Hug ignorance ;—or wish, nine out of ten,
 To know, without the plague of being taught :—
 The speculations of a serious pen,
 High principles on sound foundations wrought,
 These would they to the chariot-wheels of Folly tie,
 In heart by nature lovers of frivolity.

They take grave theories as a medicine,
 Where health, and not the palate, is in question ;
 And gulp them with wry faces, I opine,
 To aid the process of the mind's digestion :
 But sportive pleasantries they sip like wine ;
 And love as Alexander loved Hephæstion,
 And men in general love the pert despiser
 Of wisdom—not the man who makes them wiser.

Some intellectual rail-road they require,
 To slide to science without toil or stay ;
 And even should they find it, soon will tire
 Of such a journey by the easiest way.
 Yet seek they not, with ever-new desire,
 The giddy, the fantastical, the gay ?
 And therefore, though the truth be melancholy,
 I say again, the world's a world of folly.

The learned lady, who affects geology,
 Will read a novel, when no friend is nigh.
 As for myself, though bred in school and college, I
 Confess I found the Stagyrte too dry.
 E'en you, oh Senators, without apology,
 Rushed forth to see the new balloon pass by,
 Leaving the speaker—as a host their trenches,—
 Without a house, amid the empty benches.

Oh then, ye grave and reverend scribes, beware,
 In this our age's weakness and depravity,
 Of stiff sententious dulness. I declare,
 And though I now may laugh, 'tis not in suavity,
 But in the merriment of mere despair,
 Myself have suffered deeply from my gravity.
 Wisdom must have a spice of wit to flavour it,
 And thus is Punch with me, with all, a favourite.

For wit and wisdom meet in Punch :—his wit
 Is ever rich in countless whimsicalities,
 Ever at hand, and for his audience fit,
 And also quite devoid of personalities ;
 Gives no offence, no pain, nor seeks to hit
 A friend, that most uncommon of all qualities !
 His wisdom smiles at all the woes that smite us ;
 A sage is Punch, but not like Heraclitus !

While lived and ruled Napoleon, Punch laughed still :
 When farmers groaned, Punch laughed amid their laments :
 Mid riots and distress he laughed his fill ;
 He laughed alike in cash or paper-payments :
 And let them pass, or not, the Popish bill,
 Yet will he laugh, and shake his motley raiments ;
 Gay, not with cynic or sardonic smile,
 But happy mirth, that knows nor pride nor guile.

Punch ! I would back thee freely for the sum
 Which from this poem I expect to gain,
 No matter what—it is not quite a plum—
 More to engage the fancy, more enchain
 The eyes, ears, souls, of such as near thee come,
 Than any sage in learning's awful train,
 That e'er by writing systems tired his wrist,
 Statesman, divine, or grave economist.

What were the wonders, too, by Orpheus done,
 Or old Amphion, when compared with thee ?
 What, though the Theban walls obeyed the one,
 And to his music danced each forest tree,
 And Orpheus moved the cold heart of a stone,
 And might from hell have brought Eurydice,
 But he repented e'er she rose half way,
 And bade her, looking back, with Pluto stay.*

But thou, oh thou, canst bid the heart of man
 Forget, or change its nature for a while ;
 Canst throw glad beams o'er cheeks with sorrow wan,
 And cheat the cloudiest brow into a smile.
 Black melancholy flies thy magic span,
 And angry passions half discharge their bile.
 Thou canst expand the close-pent mind, and clear
 Of mists and fogs our human atmosphere.

For when the soul is sick, or mind is moody,
 What is there better to repair the shock,
 Where more *piquant* in Kitchener's whole study,
 What more enlivening in champagne or hock,
 Than these same drolleries of Punch and Judy,
 This still unchanged yet still inspiring stock
 Of jokes, both practical and intellectual,—
 Never, like thine, poor punster, ineffectual.

* Such is the story, rightly understood,
 Though Virgil and his masters told the thing,
 As if poor Orpheus, in a love-sick mood,
 Swerved from th' injunctions of the gloomy king.
 But manuscripts indisputably good,
 Besides strong arguments which we could bring,
 Shew, that in tracing to another source
 Th' unlucky look, we take the proper course.

I recommend them as the best specific
 In hypochondriac or nervous cases :
 Some fly to women, but the cure's prolific
 Of other ills, and mischiefs, and disgraces :
 Others to wine—but wine is soporific,
 And leaves at last more pangs than it displaces ;
 Drugs are a wretched stimulant, and gaming
 The virtuous muse would be ashamed of naming.

But see that group, well worthy Wilkie's hand,
 Instinct with animation's eager glow !
 There children, wrapt in dumb amazement, stand ;
 For wonder half forbids their joy to flow.
 The labourer, at that wizard's high command,
 Stops from his work, or can his meal forego ;
 Though time and drudgery have had power to plough
 Their deep-lined furrows on his honest brow.

The mother there, with infant in her arms,
 Puling and weak, yet soothes him at the sight ;
 With Punch dispels his querulous alarms,
 Herself not all-unconscious of delight.
 There curious imps, in boyhood's ragged charms,
 Would peep behind the scenes—to know aright
 How those strange feats that theatre can grace,
 Which just before was a small empty space.

Yet some would, like the Frenchman, wish to buy
 Great Punch, and keep him for their recreation ;
 Unknowing that the moral alchemy
 Which turns their tears to laughter, has its station,
 Not in the prating puppets perched on high,
 But him below, without whose operation
 A sudden stillness would the scene benumb,
 And Punch be spiritless, and Judy dumb.

Thus is it with the world—for I believe
 Punch is the world's best emblem, on the whole :—
 While whirls the vast machine, how few perceive
 The master-springs that guide it as its soul ;
 The wires that move the figures, and still weave
 The fate of man, " from Indus to the Pole ;"
 And generate whatever comes to pass,
 Like spirit acting on some inert mass.

That mass alone we see—But hold—my theme
 Will bear me far into the deep abyss
 Of that immortal science, or strange dream,
 Call'd " Politics :"—nay, deeper still than this,
 To mighty nature's universal scheme,
 Where human minds the way can only miss,
 Bewildered, lost, and into chaos wrought,
 E'en by the very vastness of their thought !

Back then to Punchinello. There the rake
 Gazes, scarce conscious that his all is spent,
 All vanished in the last, the fatal stake—
 And there th' usurious Jew, with brow unbent,
 Stands and forgets what joy it is to take
 From sprigs of fashion his sixteen per cent. ;
 While e'en the debtor, who from bailiff flies,
 Casts back on Punch his oft-reverted eyes.

Ridiculous thou art, and yet sublime
 (For here there is no step between the two),
 Thou remnant of the more enlivening time,
 When Courts held licensed fools, and gaily grew
 In England's realm, masque, mummary, and mime;
 And, in fair sooth, for all the good they do,
 Millions of either sex, and each degree,
 As well, oh Punch, through life might look on thee!
 For take the worthiest of the motley train—
 What would that blue-eyed, bright-haired girl be doing?
 Why, laying up long years of guilt and pain,
 With ear attentive to some scoundrel's wooing.
 That grey-hair'd man?—why, dreams that were his bane
 In youth, in middle age, still, still pursuing.
 That bard-like boy?—why, hurrying to indite
 The verse which it were better *not* to write.
 That dandy member of a House well known,
 What would he do?—perchance upon his cob, he
 Would canter, staring modest women down
 With shameless gaze; or lounging in the lobby,
 Wait for the time to vote: or in the town,
 Or country, seek some other idle hobby;
 Or just console the wife of a dear friend,
 Who might have pressing business to attend.*
 That briefless barrister, but newly come
 To the grave honours of the gown and wig,
 Here *he* may stop, for what *his* daily doom?
 He but in quest of fees scarce worth a fig,
 "Runs the great circuit, and is still at home;"
 Or stays in London, vainly looking big,
 Like coach unhired, or house untaken yet,
 That never is, but always to be, "let!"†
 So of the rest; *this* would but be intriguing
 With actress, or more honest courtesan,
 That squandering what his fathers earned, or leaguings,
 For a base purpose, with a desperate clan;
 A third, his senses, limbs, mind, soul, fatiguing
 In chase of some impracticable plan.
 All these are pastimes, which the world can please,
 And thou, oh Punch, art better than all these!

END OF CANTO I.

* The author neither did, nor could intend
 To hint *that* House is better *known* than *trusted*:
 Yet, lest it thus should seem—which heaven forefend,
 'Twere well to have the point at once adjusted:
 And therefore has the present note been penn'd,
 That none may turn him from this page disgusted,
 As if it could—oh sin, oh shame, oh scandal!
 Th' imperial senate with irreverence handle.

Bougersdickius.

† In simpler language, the Home-circuit goes,
 A pleasant thing, although you be no winner
 In point of cash, as many a pocket knows;
 For it is said that at the Circuit dinner
 With clever mess-mates you may drink or doze,
 And seldom will return to town the thinner.
 But as to briefs, or fees, alas the bore is
 That here the *seniores* are *priores*.

Bougersdickius.

NOTES OF A MISCELLANEOUS READER.

" I read with my pencil in my hand, and I make marks and re-marks as I go along."
Note-Book of the Miscellaneous Reader.

THE MUTABILITY OF LANGUAGE.—In the margin of the paper in the Sketch-Book, entitled " The Mutability of Literature," I find the following notes. I had better, I think, first give the text upon which I have commented:—

" Even now, many talk of Spenser's well of pure English undefiled, as if the language ever sprang from a well or fountain-head, and was not rather a mere confluence of various tongues, perpetually subject to changes and intermixtures. It is this which has made English literature so extremely mutable, and the reputation built upon it so fleeting..... This should serve as a check upon the vanity and exultation of the most popular writer. He finds the language in which he has embarked his fame gradually altering, and subject to the dilapidations of time, and the caprice of fashion. * * * Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, the immortality of which was so fondly predicted by his admirers, and which, in truth, is full of noble thoughts, delicate images, and graceful turns of language, is now scarcely ever mentioned. Sackville has strutted into obscurity; and even Lyly, though his writings were once the delight of a court, and apparently perpetuated by a proverb, is now scarcely known even by name. * * * What do we hear of Gyraldus Cambrensis, the historian, antiquary, philosopher, theologian, and poet? He declined two bishoprics that he might shut himself up and write for posterity; but posterity never inquires for his labours."—*Sketch-Book*, vol. i. pp. 269-75.

I cannot, by any means, agree with this. English literature, since the general practice of printing, is not particularly mutable; certainly not more so than that of France, or of any other modern nation. In point of fact, this paper, though very agreeable and entertaining, is most unphilosophically conceived, and very illogically argued throughout. The decay of the works of Sir Philip Sidney, &c., enumerated above, is to be ascribed to their matter, not to their language. Do we not (to say nothing of Shakspeare) read Marlow, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and Spenser, and Holinshed, and Stowe—and, which is a stronger, because an older example—Sir Thomas More? Cranmer and Latimer are not obsolete. It is the affected *modernness*, the *euphonism* of Sir Philip and of Lyly, which has caused them to be forgotten; not the mutability of the language generally. One of the chief, and, perhaps, best effects of the invention of printing, has been to *fix* language. Once the literature of a nation is set in print, its language, by that alone, acquires permanence. Thus, what is true historically, is not so prophetically. The language of England has undergone scarcely any change (beyond the mere variations of conventional and temporary fashion—*slang*, in fact) for the last hundred and twenty years. Shakspeare died in 1616; and, a hundred years afterwards, the learned were at daggers-drawing about his meaning. Addison died in 1719, and yet I have never heard of any disputed readings in *Cato*. And why? Because, in Shakspeare's time, printing was slowly and inaccurate: errors, of infinite number and variety, crept, from this cause, into the text, and thence rendered it doubtful, and open to debate. But, when Addison lived, the art of printing had acquired a degree of excellence which made such chances impossible. In exact

proportion with the advance of printing, has the language acquired a character of permanence.

With respect to Girald of Wales, and the other monkish writers whom Mr. Irving cites in support of his position, it is evident that they are totally beside the question. They wrote, not in English of any date, but in Latin. Indeed, Girald flourished at a period (the end of the 12th century) almost prior to the existence of any thing like the English language, properly so called. Ingulphus (a Saxon by birth, and secretary successively to Edward the Confessor's queen and to William the Conqueror), William of Malmesbury, John of Salisbury, and Benedictus Abbas, are continually and most deservedly quoted by our early historians. Their Latin, for the most part, was very pure and beautiful. The extreme monkish deterioration of the language did not supervene till a century or two later. The Latin of the 11th and 12th centuries was proverbially pure. It was during the subsequent ages that it became so barbarous; and had reached a climax of jargon, when the invention of printing came to raise the modern dialects into the dignity and usefulness of established tongues.

Girald of Wales, in particular, is a most unhappy instance for Mr. Irving to have singled out. His authority is constantly quoted by our historians for the history of both Henry II.'s and Richard I.'s reigns; and, especially, for the state of Ireland at the period of its conquest: of which conquest he wrote a history, besides a very detailed *topographia* of that country generally. If he had lived in the reign of Queen Anne, I question much whether his treatise *De rebus à se gestis* would not be as popular and well known as Burnet's History of His Own Times. It is certainly, allowing for the different date of the events, quite as entertaining, and, in more points than one, bears to it very considerable resemblance.

As to his refusing two bishoprics that he might prosecute his studies, he did so merely because he had fixed his heart upon the *third* Welsh Bishopric, that of St. David's, to which he had been (somewhat irregularly) elected a few years before, during the ecclesiastical contests of Henry II.'s reign; and of which he had been subsequently administrator. He was, at last, again elected to it; but his election was never confirmed. So far from wishing to retire from the world, he engaged in litigation to establish the validity of his appointment, during which he consumed all his substance, and made no fewer than five journies to Rome. He was ultimately foiled; and then did retire from the world—I believe, to the university of Paris. It is true, shortly after the conquest of Ireland by Henry II., he accompanied Prince John thither when he made his topographical survey of the country. At his time (when, be it remembered, he thought himself rightful Bishop of St. David's) he was offered the united Bishoprics of Leighlin and Ferns; which, as we have seen done in our own day, he declined, being pretty certain of better preferment in his own country. His history of his own *Gestes* is one of the most amusing and characteristic pieces of egregious biography extant. His extraordinary and undoubting vanity—his great importance in his own eyes—and the quiet confidence with which he shews and records these feelings, are strangely mingled with his unquestionable learning, and (for the period) his elegant, and even eloquent diction.

SPAIN. *Note in the Margin of "Remarques de l'Essai sur les Mœurs."*

In 1490, Spain had scarcely any existence as an integral and independent state; in 1550 it was probably the most powerful monarchy in the world; in 1650 it had begun sensibly to decline; in 1750 it had completely sunken from any place of importance among European nations; in 1809 it no longer existed, except under the government of a private Corsican gentleman; and now (1825) it has been conquered and reconquered three times since the beginning of the nineteenth century.

THE JEWS. *Note in the margin of the same book, on the following passage.*

"On peut parler beaucoup de ce peuple en théologie, mais il mérite peu de place dans l'histoire. En effet, quelle attention peut s'attirer par elle-même une nation faible et barbare, qui ne posséda jamais un pays comparable à un de nos provinces; qui ne fût célèbre ni par le commerce, ni par les arts; qui fût presque toujours séditieuse et esclave, jusqu'à ce qu'enfin les Romains la dispersèrent?"

Here Voltaire's prejudices cloud and impede the free exercise of his reasoning faculties. Because, perhaps, too much importance has been given to the Jews, *considered only in their temporal and historical relations*, Voltaire would take from them that which they really deserve. It is true that this people (still considering them only as indicated above) possessed but a very limited territory; but, at the least, it is *extraordinary* that, though for upwards of 1700 years they have been wandering over the face of the earth, they should still remain a nation. It is, at the least, extraordinary that a people of such antiquity should have been able to form, and, what is as much, to preserve, a code such as that of Moses. It is still more extraordinary that this people (if M. de Voltaire will insist upon denying the divinity of Christ) *invented* a moral code, the most pure and beautiful that ever has been given to the world. It is the abuse of Christianity, not Christianity itself, which has produced the evils which Voltaire attributes to its agency. It is not in the Gospel that the precepts which caused the massacre of St. Bartholomew are to be found. No: bad men have used the religion of peace as a cloak for their own violent passions—the religion of charity and love, for a pretext for hatred and thirst of blood. Voltaire's heart was eminently a kind one; his horror of bloodshed most singularly sensitive. He has allowed the abuses, committed under its name, to blacken Christianity in his eyes: and hence I have long been persuaded that his hatred of the Christian religion sprang from the very abundance of the truest Christian feeling within his heart.

NOTE TO THE OPENING LINES OF THE HENRIADE.*—It has often struck me that the peculiarities attending the position of Henri Quatre, *as a Béarnais*, have been very inadequately dwelt upon in the many writings concerning him. Those peculiarities had, through his education, the strongest influence upon the actions and fortunes of his after-life, the details of which have been set forth so amply.

In these days especially, when romance and tradition of every kind are so much and so eagerly sought after among us, it is somewhat

* "Je chante ce héros qui régna sur la France,
Et par droit de conquête, et par droit de naissance," &c.

strange that the country and the birth-place of one who is so favourite a hero of what may be termed the romance of history, should have attracted so little distinctive notice and remark. The Highlands of Scotland are not more dissimilar from the Weald of Kent, than was Béarn, the native country of Henri Quatre, from Normandy, Picardy, or the Isle of France: neither, at the period of his birth, and indeed for many years after, was there more probability of his ever succeeding to the crown of France, than there was for Mary, Queen of Scots, to be the mother of the successor to the English throne, when Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, were still alive and youthful. This broad and particular distinction is not, I think, sufficiently borne in mind by the general reader—nay, even by historical readers, and writers also; for though no one could have more intimate and minute knowledge of the period of French history which comprehends the civil wars than the author of the *Henriade*, yet, in another place, in alluding to the Prince of Béarn being presented by his mother to the Protestant troops at Jarnac, he says, “thus, like Charlemagne, Henri Quatre was a rebel before he became a king.” But it was not so: whatever might be the relative position of Antoine de Bourbon, his father, as first prince of the blood of France, there can be no doubt that Henri, who, in right of his mother, was the immediate heir to her independent sovereignty, could in no case be a rebel to the crown of France. Béarn, in particular, was never subject to that crown. It had been always “held from God alone,” as the feudal phrase expressed it. Thus even Henri himself, who united the two, was king of France and of Navarre; confirming, by the second possessive article, the decision pronounced after his accession, as to the independence of Béarn, which formed so considerable and so peculiar a portion of the later kingdom of Navarre.

But in other respects, also, Béarn is singularly worthy of some particular remark. Its romantic and peculiar characteristics bore, as it appears to me, no small share in the formation of the character of Henri. It is certain that Henri d’Albret, his maternal grandfather, was most superlatively national; and thence adopted all those curious fantasies of rearing, which, in this case, succeeded so well. Bred in the mountains, on an equality with the young mountaineers, *Henriot*, as his companions called him, became vigorous in a most unprincely degree, both as to the physical frame and the spirit within; which last was thus rendered worthy of being cultivated by such men as Florent Chrétien, as La Gaucherie, and, I may add, as Mornay. The latter, indeed, was only three years older than his great master; but the sterling solidity of his mind, and the severe integrity of his character, gave him always a stronger hold over Henri than is usual with so slight a disparity of age. He also was a Béarnais.

I even question whether many of the most striking and peculiar points of Henri’s character and genius would have existed if he had been a French prince of the blood only. As it was, with all the vivacity and graceful courage of his father’s country, he united the characteristics of the free mountaineers of Béarn—of his mother’s country—of his mother’s race. Jeanne d’Albret, indeed, was a person so eminent and extraordinary in herself, that she needed *such* a son as Henri Quatre to throw her own fame into the shade. She was to the full the equal in intellect, activity, and genius to Catherine of Medicis—(I speak here of the *degree*, not the *exercise* of those intellects)—but this latter had only Francis II, Charles IX, Henry III, the Duc d’Alençon, for *her*

sons. She need fear no eclipse from *them*! Jeanne d'Albret partook still more strongly than her son of the peculiarities of the Béarnais; her father, Henri d'Albret, was, as I have said, a Béarnais to the back-bone. He was quite a John Bull in nationality. He had no idea of 'new-fangled notions' and soft and modern daintinesses; he was bluff, countrified, and coarsely patriotic—almost as 'Squire Western himself. But, at the same time, he possessed intellectual powers, which, if not first-rate, were at all events, strong, sound, and serviceable, and gained extrinsic consideration and dignity from the manner in which they were exerted, and the matters and persons on which they were brought to bear. He lived, indeed, in the most stirring age recorded in the history of mankind. The sudden burst of light which streamed over the world at the revival of letters, had had time to become condensed upon some of the most important and agitating themes which were ever yet disputed between man and man. The invention of printing preceded and produced the revival of learning—the two combined gave scope for a successful reformation! It has been usual to ascribe this apparent coincidence of time to chance; it was—it could be—no such thing. Wickliffe, and Huss, and Jerome of Prague (the first especially) were reformers of as vigorous and active minds as Luther; their scriptural learning was, probably, as great as his was at the beginning; their temperaments were more sober; and their conduct less exposed to the charge of versatility. But there did not exist in their days that engine which makes the minds of the wise, and the acquisitions of the learned, almost omnipresent; which scatters their seeds over every soil at once; which communicates, by the connecting wire of intelligence, simultaneously to many the electricity produced by the genius of one. The art of printing was then unknown: hence Wickliffe's followers were never very numerous, and have no longer any separate existence; hence John Huss, and Jerome his fellow-labourer, are the martyrs, without being the apostles, of the reformation. But now, the minds of men had received an impetus, the force of which has ever since been proceeding in a ratio equally rapid and suprising. The riches and physical wonders of the New World were announced to the old one as fast as they became known. The emancipation of the minds and souls of men from the trammels and the impurities of priestcraft and superstition, had now a means which, in any other instance, would have been equal to the end—of propagating and completing their religious release from religious slavery. Men were now no longer the 'born thralls' of the *servus servorum Dei*.* The dawn, sudden and brilliant as that of a tropic day, was but the forerunner of an orb of tropical radiance, and more than tropical fertility. The sun of intellect had risen; and though spots have been cast upon its disk, and clouds have obscured its brightness,—it never has set, it never will set, it never can set again!

But what has all this to do with Henri d'Albret, and Henri Quatre? Much—every thing. Henri's glories were won in fighting against religious oppression, or rather oppression committed in religion's name. He fought for freedom—he won it—he gave it. At that time, a man must have been a block, a stock, a stone, not to have felt the sap within his heart rise, and his mind send forth its shoots; and where was there ever one who united mind and heart like Henri Quatre? More commanding

* It was by this humble title that the Popes, by way of antithesis I suppose, were wont to style themselves. It must have been pleasant to have seen the Emperor acting as groom-boy to "the servant of the servants of God!"

intellects—more creative geniuses, there may have been—there have been. Of as benevolent hearts we have also some, though few, examples. But where did we ever see them united as in him? When did we ever see in any other warrior, brave among the brave, a heart of even woman's tenderness united to more than even manly courage? Besieging a town with skill and bravery unrivalled—yet undoing with his left hand the work of his right, by surreptitiously sending food to stay the sufferings of his famished people! How few are there who have put to so much profit the lessons of hard fortune, as he who, as his poet says of him,

“—par de longs malheurs apprit à gouverner,
Calma les factions, sut vaincre et pardonner,
Confondit et Mayenne, et la ligue, et l'Ibère,
Et fût de ses sujets le vainqueur et le père.”

This is a furiously long note on half-a-dozen lines; but when I get on the topic of Henri Quatre, my subject always takes the bit between its teeth, and runs away with me.

There are many very curious and characteristic anecdotes of the times of the Ligne, in the History of the Order of the Holy-Ghost by M. de St. Foix. (*Œuvres*, t. 6.) This order was instituted by Henry III, on his return from Poland, partly as a stroke of policy to attach to himself the great nobles of the kingdom; and partly to supply the place of the order of St. Michael, which had fallen (from over-use), into comparative insignificance:—both from the number having so greatly increased as to render it common, and from the proofs of birth being less rigidly enforced, and birth itself less exacted as a *sine quâ non*, than formerly. It was only, however, during the reign of Charles IX. that this desertion of the order arrived at any pitch, and that probably during the latter years of his reign only, for on Michaelmas 1572, that is, on the Michaelmas immediately succeeding the massacre of St. Bartholemew (23d and 24th of August), Charles IX. held a solemn chapter of the order; at which (as M. de St. Foix quotes from the *Mémoires de l'Etat de France*), Henri IV, then King of Navarre, and the young prince de Condé were obliged to assist. After this, however, it seems to have fallen rapidly into the slight esteem incident to the great numbers and obscure birth of those who were admitted into it. For it was early as December 1578—only six years afterwards, that Henry III instituted his new order of the Holy Ghost: one of the first rules of which is, that the knight must previously have been admitted a knight of the order of St. Michael. The order thus being instituted during the height of the power of the Ligne, the history of that order, which consists chiefly of short *précis* of its different members, casts necessarily much light upon the national manners and feelings of the period. One cannot but regret that M. de St. Foix, who writes with the learning of an antiquary and the animation of a novelist and philosopher, should not have undertaken this history till his age induced him to leave it rather a mass or series of curious materials and notes for history, than an history itself. His *Essais Historiques sur Paris* display vast acquaintance with the domestic history of his country, and would, one should have thought, have furnished an historian of the *ordres du Roi* with much valuable and spirited *matériel* for his work. Still his age (upwards, I believe, of seventy) when he commenced it, renders it more a store house of material, than history itself. There is a distinct and separate notice of every individual knight: to be accurate in which necessitated an extent and precision of study and

research, which none but those who have prosecuted similar studies can duly estimate.

For a sample of the light value which was attached to life in those perilous times, and also of the slight apology which was considered needed for double and treble apostacy, both in politics and religion, I may quote some bits from the memorial which the Maréchal de Lavaradin left of the principal events and actions of his life, and which M. de St. Foix transcribes:—

“ Né en 1551, j'étois plus âgé de deux ans, que le prince de Navarre, auprès de qui je fus élevé.

“ Mon père fut tué à la massacre de la St. Barthélemi, et j'aurais eu le même sort; mais heureusement j'étais allé passer la nuit avec la veuve d'un conseiller, bonne Catholique, et dame de charité de sa paroisse; j'y restai caché pendant trois jours, au bout desquels elle m'amena habillé en fille, et comme sa chambrière, à sa terre à douze lieues de Paris. J'abjurai le Calvinisme, comme bien d'autres.

“ Dugua, mestre de camp des Gardes Françaises, ayant été tué par Viteaux, je demandais sa place au Roi qui me le promit; mais le lendemain ils le donna à Beauvais-Nangis. Je fus très-sensible à ce manquement de parole; et dès-lors je me joignis à ceux qui conseilloyent depuis long-temps au Roi de Navarre, de s'échapper à la cour, où sa vie n'était pas en sûreté: ce qu'il exécuta le 4 Février 1576, sous prétexte d'une partie de chasse.

“ La guerre civile s'étant rallumée, je pris d'assaut Villefranche en Périgord; il y eut plus de pillage, et de filles et de femmes violées, que de sang répandu: on m'accusa à la cour d'avoir eu le soir pour ma part deux religieuses fort jolies.

“ Mai 1578. Randau et moi recherchions en mariage Madame de Montafié. Nous nous querellâmes; nous nous battîmes; je le tuai Octobre même année. La Reine-Mère vint à Nérac pour faire des propositions au Roi de Navarre. Ce prince me dit un jour très-brusquement que mes assiduités auprès de Mademoiselle d'Ayelle l'importunaient.* Cette brusquerie et d'autres sujets de mécontentement qu'il m'avait donnés, me firent écouter les promesses de la Reine Mère; je quittai le Parti Huguenot, et retournai auprès de Henri III., qui me reçut avec bonté.

“ Il me donna, en 1587, la lieutenance-générale de l'armée sous le Duc de Joyeuse, homme présomptueux, et qui n'écouta aucun de mes conseils à Contras.

“ Après la mort de Henri III., je me connus aussitôt notre grand Henri.”—Thank heaven we do not talk of such things in this tone now,—indeed we scarcely ever did in this country. Here is a maréchal de France, who changes his religion with as much sang-froid as he would his coat—talks of rape and murder as familiarly as he would of breakfast and dinner, and confesses his abandoning his party half a dozen of times over; and fighting for or against his great Henri, as the chance might be, with as much coolness and carelessness, and with every bit as much the appearance of its being something quite usual and in course, as if he were recording the adventures of a *partie de chasse*; and that he first hunted a hare, and then in preference a stag! He quits the Court of France because he was not promoted, and he quits the Court of Navarre because the King does not like his interfering with his mistress.

* Fille d'honneur de Cide Med: elle étoit Greque, et avoit été sauvée du sacagement de l'Ile de Chyme en 1571,

At least there is some *bonhomme* in his so frankly assigning the real reasons for his tergiversation—the breaking of a promise on the one part, and the making of a promise on another. And yet this conduct ultimately succeeded. He did not *live* and die Vicar of Bray—but he did a Maréchal de France.

Σ.

AN ANSWER,

Upon being asked, in the course of a conversation of which the limited knowledge and action of human nature formed the subject, "What I wished?"

I wish I could in all things sport,
From heavenly to earthly court;
Anon to flutter 'bout a star,
Anon the sound of swain's guitar;
Viewing the track of mighty spheres,
Ent'ring the caves of beauty's ears:
Now, whilst the thunder rattles loud,
My steed yon sweeping ebon cloud
Still dashing on, whilst skies are rent
With the mighty element:

Then stooping downward to the earth,
To make its petty lords my mirth;
Playing about the despot's crown,
Chuckling at the favourite's frown;
Espying him who curves the lip,
Then quickly through the honey trip,
And seeking in his heart the hive,
Find vipers, toads, and wasps alive.

And then, to give my spirit rest,
Mounting a billow's sparkling crest;
Counting the bubbles of its track,
Or colours of the dolphin's back:
Then entering an empty shell
Thrown to shore by the young wave's swell,
Become some wandering beauty's pelf,—
And placed upon her mantle-shelf,
Witness the heart-endearing birth
Of joys around the good man's hearth.
Then hie me to the wedded bed,
A spirit's blessing there to shed—

And then, whilst the moon bares her bosom of light,
When the wind is as music—the stars as the eyes
Of angels, beholding the fairies of night,
As they keep their glad jubilee under the skies—

Then lightly from the couch I'd prance,
To join with Zephyr in the dance
Upon a daisy's unbent head,
And now a rose and tulip tread:
Then seat me in a violet's cup,
And on a feast of honey sup;
Whilst trembling dew-drop bright and clear
Should be my banquet chandelier;
Then sleeping in my flower-room,
Be waked but by its rich perfume,
Yielding meet tribute to the day,
And ta'en by vassal beam away—
Then throw me in the golden tide,
And to heaven in sun-light glide.

D.W.J.

OLD NEIGHBOURS.

No. II.

A Quiet Gentlewoman.

My present reminiscence will hardly be of the tenderest sort, since I am about to commemorate one of the oldest bores of my acquaintance, one of the few grievances of my happy youth. The person in question, my worthy friend Mrs. Allen, was a respectable widow lady, whose daughter having married a relation of my father's, just at the time that she herself came to settle in the town near which we resided, constituted exactly that mixture of juxta-position and family connexion, which must of necessity lead to a certain degree of intimacy, whatever discrepancies might exist in the habits and characters of the parties. We were intimate accordingly; dined with her once a year, drank tea with her occasionally, and called on her every time that the carriage went into W—; visits which she returned in the lump, by a sojourn of at least a month every summer with us at the Lodge. How my dear mother endured this last infliction I cannot imagine: I most undutifully contrived to evade it, by so timing an annual visit, which I was accustomed to pay, as to leave home on the day before her arrival and return to it the day after her departure, quite content with the share of *ennui* which the morning calls and the tea-drinkings (evils which generally fell to my lot) entailed upon me.

This grievance was the more grievous, inasmuch as it was one of those calamities which do not admit the great solace and consolation to be derived from complaint. Mrs. Allen, although the most tiresome person under the sun,—without an idea, without a word, a mere inert mass of matter,—was yet in the fullest sense of those “words of fear” a good sort of woman, well born, well bred, well jointured, and well conducted,—a perfectly unexceptionable acquaintance. There were some who even envied me my intimacy with this human automaton, this most extraordinary specimen of still life.

In her youth she had been accounted pretty, a fair sleepy blue-eyed beauty, languid and languishing, and was much followed by that class of admirers, who like a woman the better the nearer she approaches to a picture in demeanour as well as in looks*. She had however, with the disparity that so often attends upon matrimony, fallen to the lot of a most vivacious and mercurial country squire, a thorough-paced foxhunter, whose pranks (some of them more daring than lawful) had obtained for him the cognomen of “mad Allen;” and having had the good fortune to lose this husband in the third year of their nuptials, she had never undergone the fatigue and trouble of marrying another.

When I became acquainted with her, she was a sleek round elderly lady, with very small features, very light eyes, invisible eye-brows, and a flaxen wig. She sate all day long on a sofa by the fireside, with her feet canted up on an ottoman; the ingenious machine called a pair of

* One of her lovers, not quite so devoted to quietude in the fair sex, adventured on a gentle admonition. He presented to her a superb copy of the “Castle of Indolence,” and requested her to read it. A few days after, he inquired of her sister if his fair mistress had condescended to look into the book. “No,” was the answer. “No; but I read it to her as she lay on the sofa.” The gentleman was a man of sense. He shrugged his shoulders, and six months after married this identical sister.

lazy tongs on one side of her, and a small table on the other, provided with every thing that she was likely or unlikely to want for the whole morning. The bell-pull was also within reach : but she had an aversion to ringing the bell, a process which involved the subsequent exertion of speaking to the servant when he appeared. The dumb-waiter was her favourite attendant. There she sate, sofa-ridden ; so immoveable, that if the fire had been fierce enough to roast her into a fever, as once happened to some exquisitely silly king of Spain, I do think that she would have followed his example, and have staid quiet, not from etiquette, but from sheer laziness. She was not however unemployed ; your very idle people have generally some play-work, the more tedious and useless the better ; her's was knitting with indefatigable perseverance little diamonds in white cotton, destined at some future period to dovetail into a counterpane. The diamonds were striped, and were intended to be sewed together so artistically that the stripes should intersect each other, one row running perpendicularly and the next horizontally, so as to form a regular pattern ; a bit of white mosaic, a tessellated quilt.

At this work I regularly found Mrs. Allen when compelled to the "sad civility" of a morning call, in which her unlucky visitor had all the trouble of keeping up the conversation. What a trouble it was ! just like playing at battledore by one's self, or singing a duett with one's own single voice : not the lightest tap would mine hostess give to the shuttlecock ;—not a note would she contribute to the concert. She might almost as well have been born dumb, and but for a few stray noes and yeses, and once in a quarter some savourless inquiry, she might certainly have passed for such. She would not even talk of the weather. Then her way of listening ! One would have wagered that she was deaf. News was thrown away upon her ; scandal did not rouse her ; the edge of wit fell upon her dulness like the sword of Richard on the pillow of Saladin. There never was such a woman ! Her drawing-room, too, lacked all the artificial aids of conversation ; no books, no newspapers, no children, no dogs ; nothing but Mrs. Allen and her knitted squares, and an old Persian cat, who lay stretched on the hearth-rug, as impassable as his mistress ; a cat so iniquitously quiet, that he would neither play, nor purr, nor scratch, nor give any token of existence beyond mere breathing. I don't think, if a mouse had come across him, that he would have condescended to notice it.

Such was the state of things within the room : without, it was nearly as bad. Her house, one of the best in W., was situate in a new street standing slant-ways to one of the entrances of the town ; a street of great gentility but of little resort, and above all, no thoroughfare. So that after going to the window to look for a subject, and seeing nothing but the dead-wall of an opposite chapel, we were driven back to the sofa to expatiate for the twentieth time on Selim's beauty, and admire once again the eternal knitting. Oh the horror of those morning visits !

One very great aggravation of the calamity was the positive certainty of finding Mrs. Allen at home. The gentle satisfaction with which one takes a ticket from one's card-case, after hearing the welcome answer "my mistress is just walked out !" never befel one at Mrs. Allen's. She never took a walk, although she did sometimes, moved by the earnest advice of her apothecary, get so far as to talk of doing so. The weather was always too hot, or too cold ; or it had been raining ; or it looked likely to rain ; or the streets were dirty ; or the roads were dusty ; or the sun

shone; or the sun did not shine (either reason would serve—her laziness was much indebted to that bright luminary); or somebody had called; or somebody might call; or (and this I believe was the excuse that she most commonly made to herself) she had not time to walk on account of her knitting, she wanted to get on with that.

The only time that I ever saw her equipped in out-of-door-costume was one unexceptionable morning in April, when the sun, the wind, the sky and the earth, were all as bright, and sweet, and balmy, as if they had put themselves in order on purpose to receive an unaccustomed visitor. I met her just as she was issuing slowly from the parlour, and enchanted at my good fortune, entreated, with equal truth and politeness, that I might not keep her within. She entered into no contest of civility; but returned with far more than her usual alacrity into the parlour, rung the bell for her maid, sate down on her dear sofa, and was forthwith unclogged, unshawled and unbonneted, seemingly as much rejoiced at the respite, as a school-boy reprieved from the rod, or a thief from the gallows. I never saw such an expression of relief, of escape from a great evil, on any human countenance. It would have been quite barbarous to have pressed her to take her intended walk: and, moreover, it would have been altogether useless. She had satisfied her conscience with the attempt, and was now set in to her beloved knitting in contented obstinacy. The whole world would not have moved her from that sofa.

She did however exchange evening visits, in a quiet melancholy way, with two or three ladies her near neighbours, to whose houses she was carried in the stately ease of a sedan-chair;—for in those days *flies* were not; at which times the knitting was replaced by *cassino*. Those visits were, if not altogether so silent, yet, very nearly as dull as the inflictions of the morning; her companions (if companions they may be called) being for the most part persons of her own calibre, although somewhat more loquacious. They had a beau or two belonging to this West Street coterie, which even beaux failed to enliven; a powdered physician, rather pompous; a bald curate, very prim, and a simpering semi-bald apothecary, who brushed a few straggling locks up to the top of his crown and tried to make them pass for a head of hair; he was by far the most gallant man of the party, and amongst them might almost be reckoned amusing.

So passed the two first years of Mrs. Allen's residence in W. The third brought her a guest whose presence was felt as a relief by every body, perhaps the only woman who could have kept her company constantly, to the equal satisfaction of both parties.

Miss Dale was the daughter of a deceased officer, with a small independence, who boarded in the winter in Charter-House Square, and passed her summer in visiting her friends. She was what is called a genteel little woman, of an age that seemed to vary with the light and the hour; oldish in the morning, in the evening almost young, always very smartly dressed, very good-humoured, and very lively. Her spirits were really astonishing; how she could not only appear gay, but be gay in such an atmosphere of dulness, still puzzles me to think of. There was no French blood either, which might have accounted for the phenomenon; her paternal grandfather having been in his time high sheriff for the county of Notts; a genuine English country gentleman—and her mother, strange to relate, a renegado quakeress, expelled from the Society of Friends for the misdemeanour of espousing an officer. Some

sympathy might exist there; no doubt the daughter would have been as ready to escape from a community of lawn caps and drab gowns as the mother. Her love of pink ribbons was certainly hereditary; and, however derived, her temper was as thoroughly *couleur de rose* as her cap trimming. Through the long quiet mornings, the formal visits, the slow dull dinners, she preserved one unvarying gaiety, carried the innovation of smiles amongst the insipid gravities of the cassino table; and actually struck up an intermitting flirtation with the apothecary—which I, in my ignorance, expected to find issue in a marriage, and was simple enough to be astonished, when one morning the gentleman brought home a cherry-cheeked bride, almost young enough to be his grand-daughter.

The loss of a lover, however, had no effect on Miss Dale's spirits. I have never known any thing more enviable than the buoyancy of her temper. She was not by any means too clever for her company, or too well-informed; never shocked their prejudices, or startled their ignorance, nor ever indeed said any thing remarkable at all. On the contrary, I think that her talk, if recollected, would seem, although always amiable and inoffensive, somewhat vapid and savourless; but her prattle was so effervescent, so *up*—the cheerfulness was so natural, so real,—that contrary to the effect of most sprightly conversation, it was quite contagious and even exhilarated, as much as any thing could exhilarate the sober circle amongst whom she moved.

She had another powerful attraction in her extraordinary pliancy of mind. No sooner had the stage-coach conveyed her safely to the door of the large house in West Street, than all her Charter-House Square associations vanished from her mind; it seemed as if she had left locked up in her drawers with her winter apparel every idea not West Streetian. She was as if she had lived in W. all her days: had been born there, and there meant to die. She even divested herself of the allowable London pride, which looks down so scornfully on country dignitaries, admired the Mayor, revered the corporation, preferred the powdered physician to Sir Henry Halford, and extolled the bald curate as the most eminent preacher in England, Mr. Harness and Mr. Benson notwithstanding.

So worthy a denizen of West Street was of course hailed there with great delight. Mrs. Allen, always in her silent way glad to receive her friends, went so far as to testify some pleasure at the sight of Miss Dale; and the Persian cat, going beyond his mistress in the activity of his welcome, fairly sprang into her lap. The visits grew longer and longer, more and more frequent, and at last, on some diminution of income, ended in her coming regularly to live with Mrs. Allen, partly as humble companion, partly as friend: a most desirable increase to that tranquil establishment, which was soon after enlarged by the accession of a far more important visitor.

Besides her daughter, whom she would have probably forgotten if our inquiries had not occasionally reminded her that such a person was in existence, Mrs. Allen had a son in India, who did certainly slip her memory, except just twice a year when letters arrived from Bengal. She herself never wrote to either of her children, nor did I ever hear her mention Mr. Allen till one day, when she announced, with rather more animation than common, that poor William had returned to England on account of ill health, and that she expected him in W. that evening.

In the course of a few days my father called on the invalid, and we

became acquainted. He was an elegant looking man, in the prime of life, high in the Company's service, and already possessed of considerable wealth. His arrival excited a great sensation in W. and the neighbourhood. It was the eve of a general election, and some speculating aldermen did him the favour of making an attack upon his purse, by fixing on him as a candidate to oppose the popular member; whilst certain equally speculating mammas meditated a more covert attack on his heart, through the charms of their unmarried daughters. Both parties were fated to disappointment; he waved off either sort of address with equal disdain, and had the good-luck to get quit of his popularity almost as rapidly as he had acquired it.

Sooth to say, a man with more eminent qualifications for rendering himself disagreeable than were possessed by Mr. Allen seldom made his appearance in civilized society. He had nothing in common with his good-humoured mother but her hatred of trouble and of talking; and having the misfortune to be very clever and very proud, tall and stately in his person, with a head habitually thrown back, bright black scornful eyes and a cold disdainful smile, did contrive to gratify his own self-love by looking down upon other people more affrontingly than the self-love of the said people could possibly endure. Nobody knew any harm of Mr. Allen, but nobody could abide him; so that it being perfectly clear that he would have nothing to say, either for the Borough or the young ladies, the attentions offered to him by town and country suddenly ceased; it being to this hour a moot point whether he or the neighbourhood first sent the other to Coventry.

He on his part, right glad as it seemed to be rid of their officious civility, remained quietly in his mother's house, very fanciful and a little ill; talking between whiles of an intended visit to Leamington or Cheltenham, but as easily diverted from a measure so unsuited to his habits as an abode at a public place, as Mrs. Allen herself had been from a morning walk. All the summer he lingered at W., and all the autumn; the winter found him still there; and at last, he declared that he had made up his mind to relinquish India altogether, and to purchase an estate in England.

By this time our little world had become accustomed to his haughty manner, which had the advantage of being equally ungracious to every one (people will put up with a great deal in good company; it is the insolence which selects its object that gives indelible offence); and a few who had access to him on business, such as lawers and physicians, speaking in high terms of his intelligence and information, whilst tradesmen of all classes were won by his liberality; Mr. Allen was in some danger of undergoing a second attack of popularity, when he completely destroyed his rising reputation by a measure the most unexpected and astonishing—he married Miss Dale, to the inexpressible affront of every young lady of fashion in the neighbourhood. He actually married Miss Dale, and all W. spoke of her as the artfullest woman that ever wore a wedding ring, and pitied poor Mrs. Allen, whose humble companion had thus ensnared her unwary son. Nothing was heard but sympathy for her imputed sufferings on this melancholy occasion, mixed with abuse of the unfortunate bride, whose extraordinary luck in making so brilliant an alliance had caused her popularity to vanish as speedily as her husband's.

With these reports tingling in my ears, I went to pay the wedding visit to Mrs. Allen senior, delighted at the event myself, both as securing

much of good to Miss Dale, who was just the person to enjoy the blessings of her lot, and pass lightly over the evil; and as a most proper and fitting conclusion to the airs of her spouse. But, a little doubtful how my old acquaintance might take the matter, especially as it involved the loss of her new daughter's company, and must of necessity cause her some little trouble, I was never more puzzled in my life whether to assume a visage of condolence or of congratulation; and the certainty that her countenance would afford no indication either of joy or sorrow, enhanced my perplexity. I was however immediately relieved by the nature of her employment; she was sitting surrounded by sempstresses, at a table covered with knitting and wedding cake, whilst her maidens were putting together, under her inspection, that labour of her life the tessellated quilt! the only wedding present by which she could sufficiently compliment her son, or adequately convey her sense of the merits and excellence of his fair bride! Her pleasure in this union was so great that she actually talked about it, presented the cake herself, and poured out with her own hands the wine to be drunk to the health of the new married couple.

Mr. Allen had purchased a place in Devonshire, and six months after his mother quitted W. to go and live near him. But, poor dear lady, she did not live there—she died. The unsettling, and the journey, and the settling again, terrible operations to one who seemed, like the Turkish women, to have roots to her feet, fairly killed her. She was as unfit to move as a two-year old cabbage, and drooped, and withered, and dropped down dead of the transplantation. Peace to her memory! the benediction that she would assuredly have preferred to all others. Peace to her ashes!

M.

PEN AND INK,

An Invocation.

YE fates, that give to scribbling men
The drops that trickle from the pen,
To me a precious ink-stand give,
To feed my goose-quill whilst I live:—
I would not have the ebon tide
A stream where rust and acid glide;
For words to trace with bitter spell
As from Medusa's head they fell;
And like those drops in th' olden age,
Turn each a serpent on the page:
Neither weak dew-gems should my quill
Drink till a dropsy made it ill;
Nor would I have the honey's slime
To toil a snail-like piece of rhyme:
But dip my pen in some rich stream
Where brightness, strength and beauty beam;
And from my quill let notes be heard,
As though from some celestial bird,
Who in the skies had left its rest,
And built within my pen a nest.
Know'st not from whence this ink can start?
Give me, ye fates—a Poet's Heart!
Seek'st thou a bird? why then in sooth
Yield to my pen—the Note of Truth.

D. W. J.

ON THE SUPPRESSION OF MONASTERIES IN ENGLAND.

THE history of the human mind presents few examples of the triumph of principles appealing to its weakness, and institutions founded on its folly, like that which distinguishes the progress of the Papal usurpation; that gigantic tyranny which so long sat, like a night-mare, upon rising genius; and whose blighting influence fell, like the shade of the deadly Upas, upon all those better affections which sweeten, and those higher aspirations which dignify, humanity. That this dark superstition should have been enabled to spread itself over lands which had once dwelt in the light of a purer morality and a more beautiful faith, is a fact which may be said to have a parallel in the history of that comparatively harmless system of Theism which emanated from Meccæ. But it is amongst the detested peculiarities of the Roman idolatry (distinguishing it from all other superstitions which ignorance has engendered or power enforced), that while they severally rose, like foul exhalations, amid the darkness of mental prostration (as did the religions of the Druids and Hindoos), or were imposed by the argument of the sword, (as was that of Mahomet) the Catholic religion alone made its way, by assuming those very weapons which had been furnished for the Christian warfare; and enlisting in its cause, those feelings which had grown up beneath the apostolic culture, and those principles which had previously come recommended to the heart, by credentials which it *dared* not, and a beauty which it *would* not reject. This was, indeed, intercepting in their course, and transmitting through a perverting medium, the rays of that day-spring which from on high had visited the world. It was poisoning, in their current, those living waters which flowed pure and unpolluted from their hallowed spring!

It seems impossible that a superstition like that of the Romish church should have attained its engrossing ascendancy and universal diffusion, had it not been for the instrumentality of the monastic order; and (what may, at first sight, appear a paradox) it is equally certain that, by a singular dispensation, the same cause contributed to the overthrow of that idolatry which it had assisted to rear;—an idolatry which seemed, in its very essence, to shut out the hope of a deliverance, by engaging in its service, and corrupting to its purposes, those principles from which alone a re-action could have been expected. We cannot sufficiently understand the advantages which were derived from the suppression of the monastic order in this country, without going one step higher to contemplate the benefits which were preserved to it by the original institution; and it is absolutely necessary to glance at the history of monkish influence, with reference to the character of the times in which it was exercised, and the causes which promoted its rise and fall, to enable us distinctly to see that the act by which Henry VIII. rooted it out of this land, was but *opening up to mankind* those treasures which its establishment and existence *had preserved* through the tempests of those gloomy ages, in which they must otherwise have been totally wrecked.

A long train of events contributed to the gradual decay of literature over Europe; but the ultimate and irretrievable cause of its total extinction sprung directly out of the barbarian conquests, in the loss of the Latin tongue. By a series of gradations, which it is alike painful and difficult to trace, this language, which appears to have been established in all the Roman provinces, became corrupted, and finally lost. This event was a shutting-up of the whole treasury of knowledge; and thus the accumulated learning of ages was at once hidden beneath the classic veil. The Latin language being still employed, long after its purity was gone, in all public instruments and records, and in the writings of those who, in that age, might be called learned, the use of letters, as well as of books, was forgotten. From the commencement of the seventh century (when the conquest of Alexandria by the Saracens prevented the importation of the Egyptian papyrus into Europe), to the close of the tenth century (about which time the art of making paper from rags was invented), no materials for writing could be procured excepting parchment, a substance

scarce and expensive. An inconceivable darkness overspread the whole of Europe; across which the names of Alfred and Charlemagne shine like feeble and glimmering lights, relieved and marked by the surrounding shadows which they could not dispel.

It was under these circumstances that, in the last year of the eighth century, Rome was delivered by the Emperor Charlemagne into the hands of the Pope; and that the Church, which engrossed the little learning left, was enabled to acquire that influence, for which the exertions of the monastic order, and the superstition inseparable from ignorance, had been long paving the way.

The monastic order appears to have owed its origin to those persecutions which, in the first ages of the Gospel, drove the early Christians to seek in the desert that freedom of worship which was denied them in the haunts of men. Amongst these primitive recluses, there were some whose unshaken constancy and extraordinary sanctity gained for this system of seclusion a reputation, which procured the continuance of the practice, when the motive had ceased. The mystic theology which gained ground during the third century, contributed to feed the spreading inclination for solitude and ascetic devotion; and, towards the close of the fourth century, St. Anthony formed these scattered recluses into a regular body, drew them into societies, and prescribed rules for their government. These regulations first established in Egypt, were soon extended by Hilarius, the disciple of Anthony, into Syria and Palestine; and, about the same time, Eugenius introduced the monastic order into Mesopotamia, whence it soon spread over the whole East. From the East this gloomy institution passed westward, into Italy and Gaul, and rapidly extended its progress through all the provinces of Europe.

It is curious to observe the parallel gradations by which the monkish order lost, with the simplicity of its original constitution, the purity of its early manners, and sunk in the scale of moral, as it rose in that of ecclesiastical dignity. Originally the institution was confined to laymen; its members were prohibited from the priesthood, and distinguished only by a particular habit and an extraordinary sanctity. It is not uninteresting to trace the progression by which so powerful an engine acquired its privileges, as its capabilities for the purposes of the Holy See were developed; and to mark how closely it became the interest of this far-spreading body to nourish those delusions, to the existence of which it owed its consequence and power. It is evident that such an establishment, even in its primitive simplicity and purity, was calculated to have an injurious effect upon society, by abstracting its more virtuous portion, and thus not only limiting the sphere of its usefulness, but leaving the mass of vice more compact and unmingled, and removing to a distance those better examples which might have operated as a corrective.

It was in the time of Pope Symmachus that the monks were first called to the clericate, on account of some pretended scarcity of priests; but it was not till the latter end of the fifth century that they thought of assuming any rank in the sacerdotal state. About this time, however, their immense and daily increasing privileges and opulence placed them in a condition to claim an exalted station amongst the pillars of the Christian community. Presbyters and bishops were chosen from their order, and the passion for erecting convents and religious houses was, at this time, carried beyond all bounds. Yet, even so early as this century, their licentiousness had become proverbial; and about the end of the seventh century the decree of the Roman pontiff, which exempted them from the jurisdiction of the bishops, while it induced them to devote themselves wholly to advance the interests and dignity of the Holy See, gave them the uninterrupted opportunity of unbounded indulgence in profligacy and disorder. In the eighth and ninth centuries, all attempts to restore the relaxed discipline of the monastics, both in the eastern and western provinces, proved ineffectual; yet the institution continued to be in the highest veneration and esteem. Its members were raised to the loftiest dignities, and employed by temporal princes in their most important affairs. Their reformation was again attempted by Louis the Meek, but with very partial and transitory effect. Indeed it was

one of the evils of this system, that many of their particular vices were so immediately the result of their peculiar mode of life, that the imposition of a stricter discipline was but tightening the cords which bound them to their errors. The exemption which, in the eleventh century, the Popes gave them from the authority of their Sovereigns, while it completed the mischief, held out inducement for the perpetual establishment of new orders of monks; insomuch that, in the council of Lateran, held in the year 1215, a decree was passed, by the advice of Innocent III., to prevent any new monastic institutions, and several were entirely suppressed. The testimony which history bears to the dissolute and abandoned lives of the monkish clergy, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, renders it inconceivable how a system of belief which was connected with a practice so revolting and notorious, could for such a length of time have retained its sway over the human mind, even after the dawn of a better day was visible within it. The monkish apologists and historians strongly urge, and with an appearance of abstract justice, that little reliance is to be placed upon accounts collected (under a system of encouragement to informers), by the commissioners of Henry VIII., whose object was to find or make, a justification of that measure which it had been previously resolved to adopt. This argument might have much weight, if the sole evidence of the facts which that commission elicited rested with the servants of that capricious and tyrannical monarch; but we cannot refuse to receive their narratives without at the same time making up our minds to reject a mass of concurrent testimony, of all descriptions: from the solemn declarations of councils and synods, and the consistent accounts of historians, down to the accidental and undesigned evidence of the ballad or romance.

Such was the character of that body of men who were the ministers and teachers of a faith, in harmonious and cordial unison with such a practice;—a faith which, (founded upon those pure and apostolic doctrines, whose sole authentic record was now concealed under the veil of the forgotten vulgate, and carefully prohibited), had, in the corruptions of ages, been so disfigured and disguised, that it is impossible to trace the real religion of the Gospel in the popular belief of the times. An impious system of polytheism, grafted on the language, apart from the spirit and principles of Christianity, had grown up beneath the fostering care of those who trafficked with spiritual things, and made a marketable commodity of immortal interests.

Yet, with all its corruptions, the Romish church, as it then existed (and principally through the instrumentality of the monastic institution, which was now become so important a part of its system, and so mighty an engine of its purposes), was the ark in which all that is pure in principle, sound in learning, and beautiful in morality, was preserved to us when the barbaric deluge came down upon the nations of Europe, and the darkness of ages brooded upon the face of the waters. "It was," says a writer of our own day and country, "the salt of the earth; the sole conservative principle by which Europe was saved from the lowest and most brutal barbarism." The ecclesiastical privileges, during those times, served as a check upon the despotism of kings. The union of the churches of Europe under the Holy See facilitated the intercourse of nations, and bound together the discordant elements of which the European population was composed; presenting one common point, round which, in those ages of turbulent faction and unrestrained violence, the passions of man might rally for repose: while the pomp of the church ceremonies, and the splendour of its worship, tended to keep alive a taste for the fine arts, and ultimately, at a later period, to produce their revival.

Not only was religion the means of preserving that purer taste, and (however unconsciously) that better faith, which were one day to go abroad among the nations; but she was also silently employed in fitting the minds of men for their reception, when the time should arrive destined for their promulgation. That reverence which the Romish church exacted for the objects of its worship, however misapplied, had inclined the hearts of men to a devout regard for such system of religious faith as might at any time appear to them the

true one; and that exorbitant privilege by which the clergy claimed an exemption from civil jurisdiction, and extended the sanctuary of the church even to lay criminals, was well calculated, in those stormy and troubled times (when the vassal had no other protection against the cruelty and injustice of his feudal lord, and the altar alone presented a landmark amidst the tempests of human passion), to make the people cherish a fond love and veneration for that which was their only city of refuge; within whose hallowed walls the turbulence of man dared not follow, and the arm of persecution could not reach them. Notwithstanding, too, the general depravity of the monastic order, it had, even in the worst days, its redeeming qualities. The virtues of hospitality and charity were extensively practised within the walls and around the precincts of convents; and there were many beneath that lowly garb, whose mild virtues and meek devotion deserved a better fate than to be included in the charges against the monks as a body. Chivalry was patronized by, and in a manner identified with religion; and to chivalry it is clear that those ages were indebted for the nourishment of many splendid qualities and noble sentiments, which redeemed and humanized their barbarisms. In short, the church, with all its errors, undoubtedly was the means of preserving many of those virtues which were enabled to struggle through that wide devastation, and which were the imperishable elements, without whose existence no moral resuscitation could have taken place, and upon which a purified faith and an improved knowledge were destined to act.

But of all the causes which operated to render the religion of those times what it has been so justly characterized to be—a bridge, connecting the two periods of ancient and modern civilization,—none was so effective as the preservation of the Latin liturgy. Every principle of common-sense required that the service of the church should be translated into the modern tongues; but such a proceeding was inconsistent with the purposes of those whose object it was to clothe their religion in mystery, that they might enhance the value and influence of their own ministration; and who, in the prosecution of that view, had prohibited the perusal of the word of God,—thus drying up the springs of truth and knowledge at their fountain-head. But from this absurdity posterity was to reap a noble harvest. The ignorance of the clergy, in the darker times of the middle ages, was so inconceivably great, that the maintenance of the Latin liturgy alone preserved a knowledge of that language in Europe; while their *reputed* learning and immense wealth drew into the libraries of convents those scattered manuscripts which survived the persecutions to which learning had been exposed; and to this anomalous cause we owe it that the treasures of the past have been rendered available for the use of modern science and literature.

Such were the benefits which were secured to Europe by the monastic establishment, and by the stability and universality which it tended to give to the domination of the Holy See. But the time was now arrived when the instrument had done its work, and the moral and political evils of the system began to appear in that better light, which was slowly brightening into the perfect day. The sun had long been above the horizon, and his yet slanting rays served to show the deformity which the shadows of a lengthened night had concealed.

The *political* inconveniences which had begun to be felt in England arose chiefly from the large immunities, and immense wealth and power of the clergy; which rendered them formidable to the civil magistrate, by arming with too extensive authority an order of men, whose interest bound them closely together: and from the difficulty, expense, and delay which attended the execution of justice, from the circumstance of the head of the church being a foreign potentate.

But the grand and progressive march of the human intellect had long been silently going forward; and it is material to our subject, as well as highly interesting in itself, to examine the drama of *moral* causes which had been acting, and to look at those circumstances which had gradually been disposing

the minds of men to investigate the abstruse doctrines, from any examination of which they would a century before have shrunk in dismay. Not to mention the shock which staunch Catholics had received from the worst exercise of the worst practice of the Romish church—the sale of a general indulgence, published by the great De Medicis, Leo X.—other causes had long been secretly at work, and the fire had been spreading itself, unseen, which was one day to burst into so splendid an illumination.

From the earliest times of apostolic simplicity, amid all the changes of the first centuries, and through all the darkness of the middle ages, there seems to have been a remnant, deriving their principles and doctrines from tradition, and unmingled with those vast superstitions which spread their pinions over the greater part of the old world. These purer votarists, holding their tenets, apparently from oral delivery, seem to have been split into varieties of sects, as their traditions varied from each other. But their belief, in its worst modifications, appears at all events to have been more pure, and their worship more rational, than those which were *established* in their days; and to have been productive of a meek sincerity, a humble piety, and an uncomplaining self-devotion, that, in such times, might redeem darker errors, and recommend wilder heresies than theirs. Through evil report and good report, they held fast and unwavering the profession of their faith; and there seems ever to have been a little flock in the wilderness, worshipping in a temple, and with rites which (whatever might be the abstract errors of their creed) were at least free from the charge of idolatry. To the Manicheans succeeded the Paulicians, and to the Paulicians the Paterins and Albigenes; and it is singularly interesting to trace them in their wide wanderings for so many ages—solicitous as they ever were for the preservation of that one only treasure, for whose sake they had been content to abandon all others; sheltering themselves, when persecuted, amongst the quiet hills and by the still waters; happy in the indulgence of their own high and holy aspirations, and in the exercises of meek and mild devotion; but never surrendering to threats or to intreaties that sacred deposit, which, like the widow's cruse of oil, wasted not, in all those ages of moral and religious dearth; but which, like the hidden leaven, was and is destined gradually to expand itself amongst the nations of the earth, until the whole be leavened. And as the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the primitive church, so the devastation of Languedoc, and the establishment of the Inquisition against the persecuted Albigeois, were the origin of the Reformation.

The principles of dissent from the infallibility of the Popish hierarchy had reached England, and the preaching of the great and learned John Wickliffe had scattered seed which (notwithstanding the apparent suppression of the Lollards, who had embraced his speculative tenets, by the execution of Lord Cobham, half a century afterwards) was destined, like the grain of mustard-seed sown in the earth, to spring up into a mighty tree, within whose branches the beautiful truths of religion, like the birds of heaven, should lodge, and beneath whose broad shadow these reformed islands should repose. To Wickliffe succeeded John Huss, in Bohemia;—and these repeated instances of opposition to the doctrines of the Holy See had prevailed upon men to look with less delicacy into its principles, and to examine more closely its pretensions, and had effectually laid in the human mind the foundations of that grand structure of reformation which Martin Luther, himself a monk, was appointed to complete.

The progress of that grand mental resuscitation which was rapidly proceeding, received a mighty impulse from the invention of printing about the middle of the fifteenth century; and the time was now come when those treasures of ancient learning, which had so long slumbered in the gloom of cloisters, might, if released from their confinement, be spread by this multiplying medium over all Europe. All things seemed to have been gradually contributing to that great consummation which the sixteenth century was to see achieved in England, and the whole system of moral and intellectual beauty appeared to be

rising, refreshed and invigorated, from the sleep of ages. The taking of Constantinople by the Turks, and the subversion of the Eastern empire, about this time, dispersed the expelled Greeks over Italy; and their language, science and taste, which were not yet lost, had, under the fostering patronage of the De Medicis, revived the arts in that country, from whence they were rapidly spreading into our own. The very bounds of the world seemed to be enlarged at this time, at if in unison with the expanding views of its inhabitants; and the discoveries of both Indies, towards the close of the fifteenth century, were amongst the signs announcing that great moral phenomenon which was about to take place.

It was in this state of renovated Europe, it was at this moment, marked as peculiarly appropriate by the concurrence of so many propitious circumstances, that Henry VIII. suppressed the monastic institution in England, and banished the Papal tyranny, of which it had been the efficient instrument and firm support, from the land. It was to these excited energies and awakened powers that, by the dissolution of monasteries, he let loose the stores which had been thus miraculously preserved, and poured forth their accumulated streams of learning.

Into the more narrow and partial causes, of a personal or political nature, which led directly to this event, at the particular moment, we are not concerned, in an inquiry like the present, to examine. It is sufficient to observe that the sack of Rome by the constable of France, the artful ambition of the emperor Charles, the timidity and duplicity of Clement VII., the overbearing tyranny of Henry VIII., and the unwearied piety of our own Cranmer, were all made to work, along with mightier principles and elements more universal and permanent to this high and happy end. It may not, however, be improper shortly to notice, in reference to the subject immediately before us, that, after Henry's breach with the sovereign Pontiff, he could not, without manifest and imminent danger, have permitted the existence in his dominions of incorporated bodies of men, possessed of unparalleled wealth and influence, exempted from many responsibilities, linked by one common bond, not only to each other, but to their own powerful order throughout the whole of Christendom; and whose interest and principles alike led them to rebel against his newly assumed authority as supreme head of the church, and to nourish discontent and disaffection, by all the artifices of priestcraft, throughout the land. With this passing justification of Henry's measure, on the ground of policy and expediency, we return to the more extended and philosophical view of the question.

The floodgates of science and knowledge were by this event opened in England, and the rush of their waters was magnificent. With a rapidity proportioned to the length of their confinement they spread over this favoured land, bearing down in their majestic course, all the landmarks and fabrics which superstition had reared; while, safe and high upon their billows, floated that purer and better faith, which, like Moses amongst the Egyptians, had been unconsciously fostered by its foes, and, like him, brought with it at length a new hope to a new Israel!

TIME'S CHANGES.

THERE was a child, a helpless child,
 Full of vain fears and fancies wild,
 That often wept, and sometimes smiled,
 Upon its mother's breast ;
 Feebly its meanings stammered out,
 And tottered tremblingly about,
 And knew no wider world without
 Its little home of rest.

There was a boy, a light-heart boy,
 One whom no troubles could annoy,
 Save some lost sport, or shattered toy
 Forgotten in an hour ;
 No dark remembrance troubled him,
 No future fear his path could dim,
 But joy before his eyes would swim,
 And hope rise like a tower.

There was a youth, an ardent youth,
 Full of high promise, courage, truth,
 He felt no scathe, he knew no ruth,
 Save love's sweet wounds alone ;
 He thought but of two soft blue eyes,
 He sought no gain but beauty's prize,
 And sweeter held love's saddest sighs
 Than music's softest tone.

There was a man, a wary man,
 Whose bosom nursed full many a plan
 For making life's contracted span
 A path of gain and gold ;
 And how to sow, and how to reap,
 And how to swell his shining heap,
 And how the wealth acquired to keep
 Secure within its fold.

There was an old, old, grey-haired one,
 On whom had fourscore winters done
 Their work appointed, and had spun
 His thread of life so fine,
 That scarce its thin line could be seen,
 And with the slightest touch, I ween,
 'Twould be as it had never been,
 And leave behind no sign.

And who were they, those five, whom fate
 Seemed as strange contrasts to create,
 That each might in his different state
 The other's pathways shun ?
 I tell thee that that infant vain,
 That boy, that youth, that man of gain,
 That grey-beard, who did roads attain
 So various—*they were one.*

H. N.

THE PROGRESS OF CANT.

C'est être libertin, que d'avoir de bons yeux,
Et qui n'adore pas de vaines simagrées
N'a ni respect ni foi pour les choses sacrées.

Molière.

THE ingenious caricature of "the Progress of Cant" exhibits a trait of natural character, which, by its contrast with the other features of British physiognomy, is sufficiently startling. Hypocrisy is the vice of the feeble; how, then, do we find it grovelling in the hearts of the most vigorous-minded and enterprising people of Europe? If such be the fact, there must certainly be some good reason for it. Marvels and paradoxes are the creatures of ignorance; and in morals as in physics, an adequate causation may be found for every appearance, provided it is observed with fidelity and skill:

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

To solve this enigma, it must not be forgotten that in the practice of hypocrisy there are at least two parties, the cheater and the cheat; and if England be stained so deeply with hypocrisy, there must be something in both these classes which peculiarly adapts them to their proper parts. With respect to the cheaters, there are many reasons why England should be the favoured land of cant. Hypocrisy is an appeal to opinion, an effort to captivate men's will by false appearances, which must ever be the most necessary in a mixed government like ours. In a state of pure despotism, open force affords so much shorter and easier a cut to corrupt ends, that hypocrisy is never thought of. In proportion, likewise, as opinion is influential, as the press gives rapidity and concentration to the operations of mind, the field for cant enlarges. Hypocrisy in England is a necessitated homage to the activity and power of the people, just as the cant of the Holy Alliance is to the increasing intelligence of the great European family; a cant which was never heard before the French revolution set men thinking all over the world, even in Austria, and among the snows of Russia. But while a certain degree of illumination is essential to render the practice necessary, too much would become destructive, by limiting too closely the number of dupes. In both these respects Britain stands perfectly alone, for while national habits have given to opinion an absolute control over affairs, and while the most powerful combination is but a rope of sand when opposed to it, the cumbrous and complicated form of government affords abundant materials for the art; and the consequent confusion of ideas a large fund of cullability. It is, perhaps, in England alone that there exists a considerable body of persons who at once stand in the double relation of cheater and cheat; and who are in fact the principal instruments in setting the fashion of cant and deception. Look at the state of the representation—at the church establishment, the administration of law, the national debt, the unpaid magistracy, the game laws, the colonial system, the agricultural interest, as it is called, the poor-rates, the money-market, and the other hundred anomalies in the British institutions; and then wonder at the shoals of persons and of categories of persons interested in the concealment of truth. In such a system, although every one has an interest in overturning all abuses but his own, yet for the sake of that one abuse he is obliged to tolerate all the others; and thus a tacit confederacy in favour of "things as they

are," votes the bank-note of hypocrisy to be worth the twenty shillings of truth; and renders it, if not penal, at least scandalous to question the soundness of the currency. In England, too, every thing conspires to favour deception. All questions, it has been said, have two handles, but in England this is especially true. The legislative system, without giving the people any efficient check on the Government, is still sufficiently popular to flatter vanity, and to furnish themes for declamation. The law is, indeed, inviolable by the King, although it is open to the attack of any one who can afford to pay for what Dulman calls a "*pecia secretie knaveriæ*." The natural religion sufficiently reformed from its grosser abuses to justify comparative eulogy, is still too closely allied to the state for its own purity or for the freedom of the subject. Personal liberty is so secured, that a negro drops his chains the instant he touches the sacred soil: yet is the peasant *adscriptus glebæ*, and punished for seeking to exercise his industry in the place where it is most in demand.

The nation, in its aggregate, is the richest on the face of the earth, and yet the day-labourer starves on the smallest pittance that will render his labour available. "Here be truths," as Pompey says, and truths which amply serve the purpose of cant in all its branches. On the Continent, things present themselves in a much neater and clearer point of view to the imagination; and the people, with worse institutions, have better notions of the object and end of government. Abroad the people are true to themselves, and have few or no common interests with their rulers. At home, every man above the mere mob, partakes in some degree, or may do so, in the details of government; and is assailed with some temptation to job, and consequently to conceal malversation under an outward garb of sanctity and moral purity. This fact manifests itself in a conventional jargon, which few take the trouble of examining—a jargon in which the farmer of the post-horse duty, the trustee of a turnpike road, nay the simplest churchwarden, speaks with as much instinctive facility of mother wit, as the most *huppé* member of the Pitt Club. England is the especial land of classes and corporations—of associations and combinations. There is rarely a question concerning the interests of the "*populus Anglicanus*:" it is ever what will the country gentlemen think of this? what will the West-India proprietor suffer by that? Pray take care of the vested rights (rights?) of the close borough proprietors, don't touch the monopoly of the board of Directors! Now a corporation is a poor thing indeed that has not more than one sophism to urge in its defence, with a distinct vocabulary of cant for giving it utterance.

In brief, then, the reign of cant belongs to the æra of transition from darkness to light, from despotism to good government; and it can flourish only where a mixture of good and evil, of sound principle and abusive practice, produces a jumble of anomalies, and a consequent confusion of ideas. In France cant is confined to the clergy: and so awkwardly do they overact it, that they impose upon no one. The government has ceased to cant about *la charte*, because it thinks itself secure of the army. In America, on the contrary, men do not cant, because the people there are all in all, and there are few, if any, corrupt interests to deck.

If there be any thing in the people of England favourable to cant besides their political position, it is to be found in their abstract and

melancholy mood, which they inherit from their German ancestors. Fanaticism has in all ages been more or less the vice of the English; and where there are fanatics there must also be found hypocrites to profit by their zeal. This propensity to gloomy views of Divine Providence, and to an indulgence in speculative mysticism, is nurtured by the rivalry, not to say hostility, with which an infinity of sectarian religious look upon each other, and upon their common enemy, the establishment. To support the dignity of his party, the sectarian is obliged to assume pretensions to exalted morality; and, as it is not easy for humanity to maintain itself beyond its natural pitch of perfection, this pretension must, in the long-run, end in seeming. The true fanatic cannot afford to be happy; and while he denounces the innocent amusements of life as crying sins, and interferes in all the domestic details of his neighbours' privacy, he imposes upon himself a necessity for hypocrisy: and as that nature is not to be defrauded with impunity, the effort after superhuman perfection almost uniformly leads to compensations for severity in secret indulgences.

Popular governments also being favourable to domestic happiness, are likewise favourable to domestic virtues. On this account the people of England are apt to look down upon their continental neighbours, and to imagine, because they may be deficient in one particular, they are wanting in all morality. To write up to this fancied superiority of Englishmen is the business of every journalist: a circumstance which disseminates a profusion of cant concerning "moral England," which, like that of the "most thinking people," is ever thrust forward the most boldly when there is something hollow or rotten to be concealed. After all, however, a very large portion of prevalent cant is of the manufacture of a few professional dealers in the craft; and the people of England pass it current "*de bonne foi*," being in this particular more sinned against than sinning. Bad even as we may still be, we may reply to the sneers of foreigners, in the language of Lubin and Annette,

" Monseigneur, en notre place,
Vous en aurez fait autant."

and we may with confidence add that, politically speaking, the vice is on the decline. The opening of the Continent has dissipated much of that ignorance and self-conceit which thirty years of insulation had nurtured; and the experience of the last great revolution in Europe has cleared up a vast many errors by which the canters heretofore so largely profited. The unravelling of sophisms has, indeed, almost become a trade, and the disgrace of detection is beginning to follow very closely the hatching of each new imposition. As soon as the language of cant is translatable into plain English, its purpose, like that of the thieves' slang, ceases to be answered, and it must drop of itself into neglect. It may therefore be safely anticipated that the habits of the next generation will, in this respect, materially differ from our own, and that cant, like other moral evils, will disappear, when the progress of events has dissipated the combinations out of which it arose.

T.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

" WHY wouldst thou leave me, oh ! gentle child ?

Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,

A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—

Mine is a fair and a pillared hall,

Where many an image of marble gleams,

And the sunshine of picture for ever streams."

" Oh ! green is the turf where my brothers play,

Through the long bright hours of the summer day ;

They find the red cup-moss where they climb,

And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme ;—

And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—

Lady, kind lady, oh ! let me go !"

" Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell !

Here are sweet sounds, which thou lovest well ;

Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,

Harps which the wandering breezes tune ;

And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,

Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

" My mother sings, at the twilight's fall,

A song of the hills far more sweet than all ;

She sings it under our own green tree,

To the babe half slumbering on her knee ;

I dreamt last night of that music low—

Lady, kind lady, oh ! let me go !"

" Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,

She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast ;

Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,

Nor hear her song at the cabin door.

—Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,

And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

" Is my mother gone from her home away ?

—But I know that my brothers are there at play !

I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,

And the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well—

Or they launch their boats where the blue streams flow—

Lady, sweet lady, oh ! let me go !"

" Fair child ! thy brothers are wanderers now,

They sport no more on the mountain's brow ;

They have left the fern by the spring's green side,

And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.

Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,

For thy cabin home is a lonely spot."

" Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill ?

—But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still ;

And the red-deer bound, in their gladness free,

And the heath is bent by the singing bee ;

And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—

Lady, sweet lady, oh ! let me go !"

F. H.

PORTUGAL SKETCHES.*

IN the days of our youth—now, alas! many days ago—Spain, Italy, and Portugal were fine places for romance. We had high-souled, and high-fore-headed Dons and Grandees, magnificent and murderous Marcheses, stiletto-bearing Hidalgos, amorous nuns, bloody monks, convents, orange-groves, lutes and moonlight serenading, and sonnets, canzonets and caterwauling, through whole reams of A. K. Newman. A change has since come over the spirit of our dream, and the Northern Magician,

“Who writes while he’s shooting or fishing,”

has wiled us away from the sunny skies of the Peninsula to the heather and moor of Scotland, to make love to high-cheekboned damsels, or be terrified by awful predictions of ancient beggarmen, or decayed gypsies.

Yet still the old romance haunts us about the former lands of gestic lore. The campaigns in Spain and Portugal did a great deal to diminish the romantic feeling, we admit. It was a sore blow to find a nunnery little more than a boarding-school for young ladies, not further advanced in civilization than those similar seminaries on the Paddington-road or Ratcliffe-highway. Even all the value of intrigue, with all its amusing adjuncts, was sadly cut up when our officers, after a little practice, found that there was no need of scaling walls, bribing porters, knitting rope-ladders, doubling up duennas, hiding from abbesses, and all the other terrible inconveniences which beset us in romance—but that, on the contrary, the young ladies of a nunnery were as ready to listen to reason as any other young ladies in the world, without putting their friends to any unnecessary trouble on the subject. A visit of a French battalion to a convent very particularly upset a great many established notions on this score. As for friars,

“White, black, and grey, and all their trumpery,”

who could ever put them down as any thing more picturesque than your everyday field-preacher, after having emptied a half jar of port or xeres with them for breakfast;—been cheated by them at piquet,—seen them dragging baggage-waggons, or found them very busy in picking the pockets of the dead on a field of battle. Then as for assassins;—why they, instead of being the fine-spoken fellows who figure in our books, were not, on the whole, a higher order of animals than the gentlemen who figure in the front of Newgate, at eight o’clock in the morning, shortly after an Old Bailey session. Condes, Marquesas, Caballeros, Fidalgos, Hidalgos, were discovered to be common sort of folks, who ate and drank pretty much after the fashion of other eaters and drinkers in this our terraqueous globe. It is not to be denied that a campaign in a country ruins much of romance. Suttlers and commissaries, majors and adjutants, provost-marshals and troop quarter-masters, come very badly in contact with the picturesque or the sentimental. A ghost cannot come within fifty miles of such people. Try to conceive a spectre rising with a bloody dagger in the right hand, and a lurid light, throwing a horrid glare over an apartment, in the left, appearing to Mr. Timothy Higginson, commissary’s clerk of the third brigade of the second division, on two-and-ninepence a day, distributing rations of pork (even not supposing it measly): aye, or to Brevet-major Mugg himself, of the 50th, or the dirty half-hundreds stationed in bivouac at a pot-house, flanked by a dunghill.

As the memory of the campaign subsided, these unpicturesque events were forgotten; and if we mistake not, we are now on the eve of another series of romances on Spain and Portugal. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. We cannot now so easily get to the Peninsula, and the old spirit is reviving. And as balloons are sent up to see which way the wind blows, we have here a very light, pleasant, and gas-like volume sent into the market, to prepare us, as we prognosticate, for a new flight of aerial fiction, according to the ancient and

* Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, Costume, and Character, illustrated by Twenty Plates, 8vo.

most approved models of love and murder. Of the former of these we must own our author does not especially favour us with many articles, but in the latter he is rich. The Newgate Calendar is a fool to his. *Aceldama*, the field of blood, must have been a pacific plain compared with those which he traverses in Portugal. We fancy that our author must have been haunted by the vision of all Thurtells while he composed his work.

For instance, what unfortunate man of good family would venture home, after a rubber of *caçino*, even though he had held great *cas.* every deal in his hand, after the following awful description of the awkward consequences of dog-sticking.

An unfortunate man of good family, returning home from playing a rubber of *caçino*, and, owing to the loneliness of his road, provided himself with a rapier, which he took care to hide under his capote. He had proceeded about half-way, when he was attacked by one of those pests of the Lisbon streets, a large dog. He naturally drew his sword in self-defence, and sheathed it in his enemy's entrails. At that unlucky moment, the patrol appeared at the corner of the street; and the gentleman, apprehending the consequences of being found with arms upon him, hastened to conceal himself. The guardians of the night, observing one who had the appearance of wishing to avoid them, followed him quickly; upon which he slunk into a corridor, groped about in the dark, and ascended the staircase to the first floor, where he found a door upon the jar, which gave way at his touch. Extreme fear prompted him to enter the room and conceal himself in a corner of it. In the meanwhile the patrol had provided themselves with a lantern, and followed his footsteps to his hiding place, where, to their mutual horror, and to his utter consternation, a murdered woman was discovered in bed in a corner of the room.

Presumptive evidence was so strong against him, being found there with a bloody sword under his cloak, that notwithstanding every effort was made by his friends to save him, he (having no female relation on footings of intimacy with any confessor) was executed. A few years afterwards a gallego, on the point of death in the hospital of St. Jose, acknowledged being the real murderer, and that he had been hired for the purpose at the usual price.

Talking of gallegos, a man might as well go among a private club of rattle-snakes on their evening of special committee. We shall just make as free with one of our author's ghosts, as his heroes appear to make with their neighbours' bowels.

On a winter's night in 1818, at the moment when the amusements at the theatre of *Boa Hora* were just ended, and the spectators were returning home, a man addressed a gallego, who was coming towards him with a *segar* in his mouth, and requested permission to light *his* with it. The water-merchant obstinately refused him the favour, which so incensed the Portuguese that he gave him a slap in the face; upon which the forbearing gallego drew his knife and thrust it into his unarmed antagonist's belly. I saw him lying dead in the Belem-square guard-room on the following morning. An old veteran serjeant commanding the guard, piquing himself upon his experience in matters of sword-wounds, had attempted to console the poor creature with assurances of "*naô he nada*" (it is nothing); then poking in the protruded intestines with his finger, he stitched up the hole with a needle and thread; but without effect, the principal intestine having been divided. After this I trust that gallegos will be allowed to find their own level in society, and cease to be extolled at the expense of those, in whose country they find employment and support.

But though gallegos are nuisances of this kind, we rather imagine the barbers must be a greater bore still. Just think of the following, and then go into an easy-shaving shop if you dare:—

But to return to Portuguese barbers. I recollect one near *Alcantara* renowned for his dexterity; and lest what I am about to relate should appear to any one incredible. I beg leave to appeal to those of my countrymen who may have resided in Lisbon in or about the year 1809 or 1810, in whose memory it must be fresh. It happened invariably that when a well-dressed man ("*homen de gravata lavada* *") came into his shop to be shaved, he would take off his *head* as well as his beard, let him down through the trap-door on which his chair had been purposely placed, and be ready in a trice to repeat the operation on the next customer, whilst his wife was occupied in disposing of the patient's clothes. The barber (his wife being old and ugly) was in

* *Anglicè*: a man with a clean neckcloth, *alias* a gentleman.

the sequel executed; but she escaped capital punishment by virtue of a decree made by the late queen-mother, forbidding its infliction upon females.

We do not exactly appreciate the scope and tendency of that last regulation, unless perhaps her late Majesty of Portugal, whose intellect it is well known was of the clearest, so well distinguished the improbability of female barbers as to think it altogether unnecessary to make a law about them.

We incautiously said a short time ago that there were no stories of love in the book, which simply arose from our not having then read it, very much in the manner of reviewers in general. Listen to the stories of capotes.

The street equipment of females of the lower orders, called by them "*Capa e lenço*," is so very becoming, that in the winter season it is not unfrequently adopted by young ladies; and as the weather is seldom sufficiently cold to render fires necessary, the only expedient which they adopt for keeping themselves warm is that of wearing the capote in-doors. All classes of women are therefore provided with this article of dress, whether they wear it in public or not.

Whenever a young lady is indisposed, you see her with her capote on; and they who are habitually in bad health seldom go without it. In fact, this cloak is a covering for all things: with it wrapped round them, they might be *en chemise* without its being discernible; and in spite of the Argus-like precautions of vigilant parents, many a little *faux-pas* is committed, the consequences of which are veiled from observation by the happy invention of the capote, the lady protesting (and with reason) that she is indisposed, until the critical moment is passed.

I have in former pages endeavoured to illustrate my subject by some anecdote or other in support of my assertions: I shall therefore do the same in the present case. A lady, an acquaintance of mine, residing on a first-floor, observed that a young lady who, with her parents, inhabited the second-floor of the same house, had been for several months complaining, sometimes of one ailment, sometimes of another; and was, it is needless to say, wrapped up constantly in her capote. After a certain lapse of time, she came down stairs to my friend, and throwing her arms round her neck, sobbed out a confession of her real situation, imploring her aid, as she imagined that the period long dreaded was at length arrived.

My friend, embarrassed how to act, but yielding at last to compassion for the unhappy girl, sent up a request to her parents that their daughter might be allowed to remain with her for a day or two, in order to assist her in some preparations of linen, &c. for charitable uses, which she feared she should not otherwise be able to finish in time. This was immediately granted. A sage woman was sent for, and a carrotty-headed little fellow soon made his appearance: when the mother exclaimed, "Oh, how like his father! that tall red-headed Irish friar my confessor."

The poor bantling was deposited at the Roda (foundling hospital), and the young lady soon after left off her capote, and resumed her dress as a "*Senhora de Corpo*:" an expression, by the way, which corresponds with our term of lady, and which is equivalent in rank to that, in the other sex, of "*homen de gravata lavada*."

A tragic occurrence shocked us, a page or two farther forward. The author vouches for it on his own authority;—so therefore it may be looked upon as quite decided.

As I became acquainted with another circumstance, of a nature similar to that which I have above related, regarding the convenience of capotes, I shall mention it before I am led into any further digression. A Portuguese gentleman, returning one night to Lisbon from Sacavem, heard, as he was passing near a vineyard, the moans of a female in apparent suffering. He immediately proceeded to the spot, where he found a young and apparently lovely female in labour, who implored his assistance, which he unhesitatingly afforded, to the best of his power. She afterwards conjured him by every thing that was sacred to carry the new-born to the Roda in the city. To this he also consented. The darkness of the night, and the care which she had taken to conceal her features in the best way possible, prevented his being able to recognize her positively.

But his curiosity however was so much excited, that he followed her at a convenient distance unperceived, and saw her enter a gentleman's quinta not far off. He concluded, therefore, that she was the daughter of the house; and he was not mistaken. The interest which she had excited in him was so intense,—for his nation are not fastidious in these matters,—that for a long time he made that road his favourite ride, in order to enjoy the happiness of seeing her at her window. She had not the most

distant idea that he was the person who had rendered her so essential a service, and she therefore concluded that no being was acquainted with the shame to which, as it afterwards appeared, the villany of her confessor had exposed her.

The gentleman's addresses were therefore favourably received, and she was soon afterwards united to him. About a twelvemonth after their marriage, she was about to present him with the first pledge of their love, and every anxious preparation was made for the event. But her caprices were so many and so great that they out-ran the tenderest solicitude; and after having in vain endeavoured to satisfy every strange fancy and whim, with all the devotion which the most indulgent of husbands could evince, he was at last provoked beyond patience to exclaim, that "she had been much less scrupulous when he assisted her in the vineyard." This indiscreet and unlucky sarcasm at so critical a moment had a fatal effect:—it threw her into violent convulsions, under which she expired, leaving him long to lament the imprudence and rash irritation of a moment.

It is really with difficulty that we restrain our tears over such a piteous tale—the delicacy of the husband, and the sensibility of the lady, appear to be so peculiarly marked, that they render it one of the most "molloncholy" tales on record, and only inferior to the catastrophe of the falcon, as narrated by Barry Cornwall.

We should be unfair to our author, if we did not end with a gayer extract, Farce for ever, after tragedy. So here goes for a few paragraphs on the negroes of Lisbon.

The Lisbon negroes keep all their church-festivals with the greatest possible rigour, and with as much burlesque mummery as those whose imitators they are.

The plate before us represents a deputation of the brotherhood of Nossa Senhora d' Atalaya, in the act of raising the wind for the feast of that saint. One of the troop carries an image of the infant Jesus, seated on a chair, and ornamented with tinsel and ribbons. This he tenders to the by-passers, who almost invariably kiss its feet, having first taken off their hats, and then drop a copper donation into the bag. The image is often handed all over every house in the streets through which the troop passes: most individuals, particularly the females, being anxious to shew their pious devotion for the sacred original, in thus caressing his infantine similitude.

The reader will observe, that the child is of the same colour as he who carries it about to cater for its mother's feast:—this is easily accounted for. The same feeling, which induces Europeans to attach ideas of superiority and advantage to those of their own colour, operates with negroes in favour of theirs; so that not only cannot they persuade themselves that the Deity would condescend to assume any earthly form but that of a negro, but they also fully believe that the devil is of our colour, and they represent him accordingly.

The lower orders of Portuguese have pretty much a similar feeling regarding the birth-place of our Lord. They would be ready to tear any individual to pieces who should tell them that Jesus wore the earthly semblance of a Jew; or that Bethlehem was not somewhere or other in Portugal. So gross and universal, but a short time since, was the ignorance of all classes, that I am not quite clear whether, in the days of the Inquisition, that tribunal would not have pursued with its utmost rigour any one who had dared to attribute Jewish extraction to the Saviour of mankind.

The virgin, in the character of our Lady of Atalaya, is painted also black, but for this the negroes imagine an excuse in the book of Canticles*; and they are not singular in this portraiture, since many French Catholics agree with them, and believe that the Virgin was by birth an Ethiopian. But I cannot account for their attributing that colour to the Bacchus of the papal church:—that *bon vivant* and patron of jolly fellows, saint Antonio de Lisboa; who besides being a thorough-bred Portuguese, is still moreover borne upon the staff of the national army, however incredible the absurdity may appear, as a captain in the second or Lagos regiment of infantry. The thirst for accumulation of riches, which so strongly characterizes every department of the Roman catholic church, induced the clergy of Lagos to petition government not long since to promote S. Antonio to the rank of field-officer, in order that the revenue of his chapel might be augmented by this increase of pay. But the government had too many live sinners to support to have any thing to spare for dead saints; and notwithstanding the important services alleged to have been rendered to the state by the

* *Nigra sum sed formosa, filia Jerusalem, &c.* See in the Vulgate. Cant. Cantico-rum, cap. i. v. 5.

second regiment, under the patronage and heavenly influence of S. Antonio, the petition was rejected.

When the day's contributions have been deemed sufficient, the dingy collectors very naturally apply the well-known text of "being worthy of their hire," and adjourn to the nearest tavern to carouse at the expense of the credulous. The man who carries the image leads the van, and extending it before him at arm's-length, as he enters the tavern-door, never fails to exclaim, "Quem vai a diante paga." Anglice, "he who enters first pays the piper."

The festival of Nossa Senhora d' Atalaya is kept at her chapel near the village of Aldea Gallega, on the southern banks of the Tagus, immediately opposite the city of Lisbon; and on that day hundreds of blacks are seen crossing the Tagus in catraios (shore-boats). The beginning of the day is spent in hearing mass, which is followed by a sermon. But no sooner are these ceremonials over, than a scene of debauchery follows, which would make even the ancient votaries of Bacchus blush.

The sermon here alluded to is preached by a negro priest, the only one I believe who resides in Lisbon, the Brazils being the chief residence and domains of the black ecclesiastics. Negroes thus admitted into holy orders receive an education, still more superficial, if possible, than their white fellow labourers; and the blunders which they commit, when they attempt to expound the Scriptures from their pulpits, are worthy of those committed by the Barbadoes black methodist divines.

It must not however be inferred that these saints "of the retreating forehead and depressed vertex" are a jot less ingenious than the European friars in the profitable knack of applying scriptural texts to their advantage: this the following anecdote will prove. In the refectory of a black community at Rio de Janeiro, the same abuse existed as in those of European friaries: the superior and the elder brethren of the house applying to their own use the choicest viands and most delicate morsels, and leaving the hungry novices at the nether end of the table, to break or keep their fast upon the mere scraps and bones of the repast.

On one of these occasions a junior brother (with whom I was afterwards personally acquainted,) received as his portion a hollow bone, without a vestige of any thing on it. This he immediately applied to his lips, and as if converting it into a wind instrument, raised a hideous yell through it. The superior, highly scandalized at such conduct, insisted upon knowing the reason of it. "Holy father," answered the novice, "I have read in the Revelations that at the sound of the trumpet the flesh will be reunited to the bone; and I have been trying to verify the prophecy upon this bone to save myself from starvation."

But the plates—what shall we say of the plates? Why what, but that they are most capital. We open the book, on the word of a reviewer, quite at random, and what have we there? We have opened upon a Saloia retailing fruit—decidedly the worst picture in the book—and yet how famous the expression of the triangular-nosed old woman—how insinuating, yet how impudent her gesture of kimbo-armed negotiation with the fiery-haired damsel, looking down from that indescribable rift in the wall which passes for a window. Then the pair of negroes—or negresses, we cannot decide which—pursuing their unmentionable game in the corner. *Vide* also the priests in the background and, the dogs in the fore.—It is superb—but nothing to the half dozen others which grace the book. Therefore, good reader, buy it.

LETTER UPON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL, FROM A GENTLEMAN IN
LONDON TO A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

THE hot weather, and various prodigies concomitant upon it, have been all that people could afford to talk about in this last month. Only one shower of rain, I believe, through all England, between the 30th of June and the 1st of September. The race of frogs (in Britain) is extinct! And the fish, in shallow ponds, have been actually cooked—whole lakes converted into great dishes of water-soupy. A swarm of “lady-birds” alighting on the top of St. Paul’s has spread consternation through the City; and produced more prophesy than when the grasshopper from the Royal Exchange met the dragon of Bow-steeple in the cellar of Mr. White, the ironmonger, at the back of Fleet-market. Herrings have appeared upon our coasts in such shoals, that if they had only been ready-pickled, or could have been enticed up any of the canals towards Manchester or Blackburn, all our anxiety about the people in the weaving districts might have ceased. Many persons have taken up their “eternal rest” in the Thames at Westminster-bridge, and in the New River; because, what between the fleas and the flies, there was no hope of getting any rest on earth. And one man—*horribile dictu!*—was so dreadfully bitten by the bugs—I think it was on the 11th of August—that he ran out of his house raving, shook his night-cap at the moon, and finding only six inches depth (and that luke-warm) in the water-butt, put a period to his sufferings by hanging himself in the cellar.

Politics are getting up, rather than presently active. There has not been a great deal that is new since my last; but the storm is gathering; there will be enough to do when it bursts in the winter. In the meantime, every interest is busy in showing that it is by a curtailment of its neighbour’s immunities that the general safety is to be maintained: but the corn-restriction it is that will go—in fact the dealers alone have struck a death-blow at it—the fraud of the “Averages” grows too impudent and barefaced to be endured. There has been some talk lately of improvement in the North; but, under our present system, no material improvement can be looked for. There is no problem in the evil—we have 400,000 more hands ready to manufacture cotton (or any thing else,) than our markets, home or foreign, can find consumption for; and a farther application of capital in the way of machinery would very soon make that 400,000 that we have out of employ, 800,000. If we cannot, by lower prices, extend our foreign demand, or create a new one—for in the home market no increase can take place—the people must either starve—they must be fed out of the public stock—or they must emigrate;—that is to say, they must go to some place where by their labour they can *raise bread*; instead of raising that which is *not bread*, until they have found somebody who is disposed (and may be permitted) to give bread in exchange for it.

Ireland is getting into distress too, it appears; a mishap of which her patriots are, of course, preparing to make the most. Catholic emancipation (and the potatoe-crop) having both failed together; absolutely England is not to keep the country—“Divel a bit at all”—not twelve months longer. Is it not lamentable, feeling as one does deeply and sincerely for the real distresses of the peasantry of Ireland, to have to be sickened with this trash—a *threat* of the separation of the two

countries!—pattered out of the mouths of people too whose only subsistence—or prospect of subsistence—arises out of the employ which they obtain in England! For the emancipation, it could do England no mischief—though it should do Ireland no good—and I would be well contented to see it carried tomorrow. But, nevertheless, there is no more chance of its being carried in the next session of Parliament, or in the whole duration of the next parliament, than there is of its advocates taking to filch speeches out of Burke and Grattan, and try to pass them for their own—an event which every body must see is quite impossible. The fact is, people get more and more sick of the cause, and of the persons who clamour about it, every day. They do so to a degree that is even unjust and unreasonable. They ask, not—“ Shall we, or shall we not, do this or that for the Irish Catholics?” but—“ Who is this person, (somebody who is making himself heard, but whom nobody ever heard of) that we should listen to his nonsense?” The first object in the conduct of every cause should be to get those to advocate it, *and those only*, to whom the powers that are to decide it will listen, if not with deference, with respect. But, for the state of Ireland, if the Catholics were admitted to power within these three days—if we are to shut our eyes to all that has been, we cannot entirely close them against that which is. We hear that it is to the exclusion of Catholic influence, and of Catholic principles, from power, that the unimproved condition of Ireland, as compared with England, or with Scotland, is owing;—what is the situation, through the world, of those countries in which Catholicism flourishes, as compared with those which are governed under Protestant ascendancy?

Parliament not sitting, and the circuits being over, I hear some people complain that the newspapers are uninteresting. But this is only because they do not read the “ Advertisements;” which always seem to me to be the choicest portion of the whole intelligence. N. B. I understand that the proprietors of newspapers themselves—(who must know?)—are very much of this opinion. Now, for instance, a gentleman advertising for a lost pocket-book the other day, in the *Dublin Evening Post*, says—“ as it *is of no use* to any one, whoever will bring it to No. 14, in Merrion-street, shall be *suitably* rewarded.” I like this.

Advertisements open, too, sometimes in a very odd way. A person in the Philadelphia Advertiser, June 19th, begins as follows.—“ The subscriber having lately made a new and complete arrangement *in his garret*—so as to admit the *fresh air* daily” &c.—“ begs to inform—.” This advertiser is a dealer in *feathers*; but we do not find that out till the end of the page.

The next notice (in the same paper) is an inquiry for a “ situation:” but it seems to begin in the style of a lament.—“ A married man, upwards of *fifty years* of age!” requests leave, &c. &c.

A second advertiser for employment, however (still in the same journal), speaks in the true tone and spirit of Colombian freedom. After stating the nature of the post which will suit him, the applicant (speaking of himself in the third person) concludes thus:—“ To prevent unnecessary trouble, he [Q. W.] remarks, that he gives *no references* to any one. He boasts not of *respectability* of connexions, *gentility* of education, or versatility of *qualification*. He wishes none of these *advantitious* aids, &c. &c.; feeling himself competent to rely on his own powers for giving ample satisfaction.”—This is a sort of servant-man who would be likely to get a place.

Apart from the endeavours of the Catholics, to which I adverted above, the church of England—really and actually—seems to be in danger. For the ringing of the bells in Bow-steeple has frightened a great stone down off the church, right through the roof of a next-door neighbour's house. Now, I do not believe (myself) that the Papists had any direct hand in this. But still the ringing of bells is an old Popish custom: and—we see what comes of it. For my own part, I must freely confess—what any bells should be kept constantly, or periodically, ringing, in any civilized country for—unless it were to frighten all the cats out of a neighbourhood—I never could conceive. The true commendation of such music always seemed to me to lie in the last two lines of that admirable song—“The Barber of Liquorpond-street,”—to the writer of which be all honour and glory:—

“While St. Andrew's brave bells did so loud and so clearing,
“You 'd have given ten pounds—to be out of their hearing!” &c.

One of the clearest points upon which the Turks seemed to me always to have an advantage over the Christians, was that they used no bells, either in their churches or houses. Another taste they have too which might afford an admirable hint to a body of Christians (seven millions, they say), who shall be nameless—I mean their abhorrence of unnecessary *speech*. But this is a dreadful affair, the destruction of the Jannissaries—the Mamelukes, too—gone and fled; and improvement talked of; and civilization; and European dresses; and common sense! The last hold that romance had on the earth was in Turkey and Egypt: and *Heu!* the pride of the horse-tails, and the glory of the crescent, is departing.

The glory of the bugs, however, does not seem to be departing; the very deuce is in the vermin, I think, this month. There were so many in a house in Doughty-street, that the tenants put a kettle of brimstone on the fire to destroy them; and burned down half the neighbourhood in the course of the experiment.

The new Act of Parliament against stealing in gardens has been giving great offence in its execution; and all the London papers have been full of fulminations against a Mr. Chamberlayne, a clergyman of Dorsetshire, who sent four boys under ten years of age to the tread-mill, for robbing him of his apples. It is very easy to bear the loss which other persons experience:—the writers in London papers have no gardens, for the most part; and are not exposed therefore to the sort of attack which they extenuate. Unfortunately, however, we have always a great number of people in this country, to whom the profits of any description of theft (permitted) would be exceedingly convenient; and, to decide that *any* kind of property may be plundered, by *any* kind of persons, with impunity, is to decide that that description of property shall no longer continue to exist. Thus, it is an inconvenience, and an annoyance, to any gentleman in the country, to have his fences broken down, and his trees plundered—the damage committed (independent of the nuisance) being of course twenty times beyond the value of the plunder carried away. But this is the least part of the affair; because once admit that the garden *may* be plundered; and then—we have the garden—that is our own—it is to the good—the next step, of course, is to the plunder of his house. We hear only, in cases like Mr. Chamberlayne's—the law allows us only to hear—of the single fact. Half a dozen boys, at a given time, have stolen a given number

of apples. The great probability, that these young delinquents are common, reputed pests to the whole neighbourhood in which they live—continually engaged in petty theft, with a hope that their youth will screen them from punishment—is never adverted to. In fact, the general question of crimes and penalties is one upon which it will always be extremely difficult to content the world. So many circumstances go to determine the punishment of offences—especially those which are *mala prohibita*—which are satisfactory to one class, yet will not be so to another. The trader in London, who thinks it hard justice to send a boy to the tread-mill for stealing apples, or a poacher to Botany Bay for shooting hares, hangs a man outright, without mercy, for writing a name not his own upon a morsel of paper. He sees no incongruity in apportioning precisely the same measure of punishment to him who murders a whole family, and to him who breaks open a two-penny post letter. The atrocity of a crime is only one circumstance (as regards the eye of the law), which we look at in apportioning its punishment. We look quite as much—nay, even more—to the degree of facility with which it is committed; to the difficulty that there may be of guarding against it; and to the extent of general inconvenience which its commission is likely to produce. Our convictions for “burglary,” in the agricultural districts, afford a curious illustration of this fact. In nine cases out of ten where a man is convicted of burglary in a farming country, the property stolen is not worth ten shillings. From the last assize calendars only, it would not be difficult to show sentence of death recorded against a hundred offenders for burglary, five in six of them under twenty years of age, and the whole amount of property stolen not so high as twenty pounds. These criminals are *always* transported; not for the magnitude of their theft, but because it is one which the sufferers cannot guard against:—they watch the labouring people when they leave their huts to go to work, and strip them of all they have during their absence. I do not know any thing of Mr. Chamberlayne; but I doubt very much whether he sent four very young boys of good character, and the children of honest and industrious parents, to the tread-mill. If he did this, he did what was harsh and inhuman; but I think I see the case standing with more probability in another way: he found four very notorious urchins robbing his premises; if he had caned them and let them go, he would have had an action from some attorney for assault and battery; if he had suffered them to escape altogether on that occasion, he would have had to watch for, and catch them again three days after; and the only difference would have been then, that, instead of four, he would probably have caught five, the impunity granted to the original offenders having by that time enticed one or two others to take the chance of similar good fortune.

Apropos to assault and battery, I am quite shocked to observe that Mr. Bish, the lottery-office keeper, was brought before the Lord Mayor the other day, charged with whipping a man who was drawing a truck upon London bridge, because he did not make haste enough in getting out of his way!

Tu qui summa potes, ne despice parva potenti!

Mr. Bish should have some mercy, if other people's wheels do not go round quite so fast as his have done. There is a difference as regards the degree of labour employed (as well as in the usefulness of the operation), between drawing a truck and drawing a ticket. Bish will

never be a member of parliament if he does not learn to behave better than this. It is that few day's property of Drury-lane theatre that has corrupted him.

The science of horse-stealing has been making great progress within these few years in England; but our brethren in America beat us in all the "useful arts" hollow. A Connecticut paper relates the apprehension of a horse-stealer, who had stolen thirty-five animals when he was taken, and was endeavouring "to get as many together as would load a boat, with which he meant to proceed to New Orleans!"

Talking of horses, there is an absurd exhibition, which they call "Poney races," now showing at Sadler's Wells. Six or seven black-guard boys galloping six or seven ragged ponies in an area about forty feet in diameter. If the boys were well flogged, and the horses sent to the green-yard, a great deal of service would be done to both parties.

Poulson's Philadelphia Chronicle contains an advertisement from a Miss Noah, offering to cure all difficulties and impediments in speech. This again is a step beyond our practice, though I am not quite sure if I should call it in a "useful art:" if any body can cure difficulty or impediment of speech, a lady, obviously, would be the only person to compass it.

It would be very much to the purpose, I think, if any impediment could be devised in the way of men's publishing books, when the matter which they publish has already been published five or six times over. Here are four volumes of "German novels," said to be translated by Mr. Roscoe, out of which there is not so much matter as would fill *one* volume, which is not already in print and translated before. Here are tales that have been translated as novels separately; tales that have been translated into dramas; tales that have been translated in recent collections; tales that have been translated in magazines; and a few tales—the only new ones,—which were not worth translating at all. Sad trading in authorship indeed!

Books are bad, generally, this month. A little volume has been published, called "Aphorisms of Dr. Parr:" there is no offence in any of the sayings, but there must be some mistake—they must have been delivered by "Old Parr," not Dr. Parr.

The Morning Chronicle of the 11th of August relates the death of two gentlemen who were killed in attempting to "shoot London bridge." Ours is an odd language: bridges now would seem to be the last game that any gentleman in his senses would go about to shoot.

The theatres have been dreadfully dull all the summer: but a Philadelphia paper supplies us with a fact in their arrangements, which, I dare say, half the people who visit them twice a-week were ignorant of. "The London theatres," says the Philadelphia, Evening Post, "are dreadfully infested with thieves. The robbers are generally well-dressed, respectable looking persons, and go in gangs of twelve or fifteen. If any one is caught, they immediately cry out, "a fight—fair play!" and in this way effect a rescue."

I like American information, especially about England. The same paper, The Philadelphia Post, states, that the York musical festival (England) of the present year, produced a profit to the managers of £190,000!!!

It is a pleasure too, when one can't visit a foreign people, to study their language critically and minutely; for an immense deal may be learned

from their mere application of epithet, as to their customs, manners, origin, &c. Now, in all the American works, we find a man's baggage, or property, constantly called his "plunder." This term has now become figurative; but the property of the original Americans would all have been, it will be recollected, of that particular description.

Speaking of Dr. Parr above, and of America, puts me in mind of Dr. Franklin's conundrum, that it would be possible for a man to swim from Dover to Calais by the help of a paper kite. A Buckinghamshire Journal contains an account of a gentleman who has gone beyond this feat, and constructed a carriage propelled by three kites, which he uses on the road, beating mail coaches, post chaises, and all before him. On a late occasion he ran five miles in twenty minutes, and passed the Duke of Gloucester, travelling with four horses, on the road. This is "flying the kite" to some purpose!

Our own style of applying epithets, if not so good as the American generally, is good in its way sometimes. There is a large white board, with half a volume of cautions upon it, put up just beyond Hyde-park Corner, addressed "To Lamp breakers and others:" a Frenchman now might imagine from this, that "lamp breaking" was a recognized calling in England.

All the world has been surprised at the verdict in the case of "The Smiths against the Birmingham Chronicle,"—the case of the idiot Smith confined in Gloucestershire. For a "plea of justification;" as the law stands, any such plea is little other than nonsense: the full substantial truth of any statement may be proved; and all the material circumstances; and yet some slight deviation, wholly unconnected with the real merits of the case, will saddle a defendant with costs to the amount of several hundred pounds. It would be *impossible*, perhaps, as the law now stands, to write such a narrative of any transaction as could be "justified" in court; but this case of the Smiths goes beyond a formal verdict. How any jury, after the evidence for the defence, could give such a sum in damages as four hundred pounds! it may be within the scope of those particular twelve persons to explain, but it would puzzle the understanding of many a thirteenth to consider.

I noticed a little way back an advertisement in an American paper from a Miss Noah, a lady who undertook to cure all impediments in speech. It is curious to observe how that knack—the faculties of speaking—sticks by the ladies in all ranks of life and situations. Mr. Owen's people, at New Harmony, who, by the way, don't get on quite harmoniously altogether, seem to be chiefly puzzled by the loud talking and contentious disposition of their female "co-operators." Thus the writer of a homily in the Harmony Gazette of the 19th of April, touches the subject delicately; but he is compelled to remark, in his "Considerations for those who wish to unite under the new system of Union," that "nothing tends more to distort the female character than *loud and stormy disputation*;" which, moreover, "has a great tendency to degrade them in the estimation of the other sex." And again, "no irritation," says this teacher, "ought to be felt towards the female members when they *brawl*, or *quarrel*, or *talk aloud*,"—(leading the world to suspect that such criminalities do occasionally happen);—"because they have been *taught to believe* that loud talking is an effectual way of giving force to what they have to urge in their own favour." A third suggestion as to the course advisable "when individual members are *afflicted* with the *disease* of

laziness," applies equally, both to "male and female;" but I suspect that the ladies have formed Mr. Owen's chief difficulty in his plan. I do think that, like the unskilful conjuror who raises the devil in his circle, and then cannot lay him again, our Doctor finds sometimes that he has got more within his parallelogram than he well knows how to deal with.

There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that the world, *en masse*, is hard-hearted. On the contrary, I cannot find any body who is not shocked at the slightest act of tyranny or ill-nature committed by his neighbour. Here it is not a fortnight ago, that all England combined to fight the battle of the boys whom Mr. Chamberlayne put into the tread-mill for stealing his apples; and, to-day again, no less a personage than Lord Maryborough has been at Bow-street, expressing the highest indignation that a particular old woman should have been taken up as a mendicant under the provisions of the Vagrant Act. The truth is, this peculiar beggar was a *protegée* of the noble lord's. As he always gave her money, her begging produced no inconvenience to him, and, of course, it seemed to him the most inconceivable thing in the world, how that which produced no inconvenience to him, could be objectionable to any body else! For that part of the statute, however, which makes a virtual asking of alms sufficient to constitute an act of vagrancy, without waiting for the literal demand: I confess I see no objection to it; because whether you are tortured to bestow a penny, or to purchase a farthing's worth of matches, the assault is just the same. The vagrant act can only be justified at all, upon the supposition that, for those persons who require relief, an actual refuge is provided. That being the case, the fair question is upon the substantial, and not upon the formal act. People should not be baited as they go along the public street upon one pretence any more than upon another. Now I think of it, I wonder if something could not be done, under this act, for the benefit of the box-keepers at the Haymarket theatre. For, if you change your seat ten times in a night, every rogue that opens a door to you asks, "If you don't want a bill?" that is to say, if you don't mean to give him a shilling? And there are dogs among them, unless you rather ostentatiously display the elasticity of your right leg as you say "No!" who would even venture to shut the door more loudly than a skip-kennel's duty can warrant after you refuse.

Lord W. Lennox and Lord Glengall have fought a duel, and no harm done. I don't understand all this: I wish gentlemen—I beg pardon, I mean noblemen—would not fight, unless they mean to do one another a mischief. Vincentio Saviola (who, with all the quizzing of Shakspeare and Fletcher, was a smart fellow) holds that they ought not to do so. And he maintains a good deal more too, which, as I don't wish to seem to be a promoter of strife, I will not mention. There is a translation if any of the higher classes should wish to read the book.

August 28th. Lord Maryborough has sent his attorney down again to Bow Street. There is something about that old woman of his more than about old women in general, that's certain.

NOTICES REGARDING THE CLIMATE OF RUSSIA, WITH SOME MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS ON METEOROLOGY.—BY WILLIAM HUTCHINSON, ESQ.

THE latitude of a country and its elevation above the level of the sea, although they supply the necessary data for the ascertainment of its mean annual temperature nearly approximative to the truth, present no indications for the determination either of the maxima and minima of temperature in ordinary years, or of the mean temperature of any particular season. To exemplify this statement, it may be observed, that the lowest temperature that has been remarked at *Cape Nord* (in north latitude 70°), according to *Von Buch* is $17^{\circ} 5'$ of the scale of Reaumur; whilst, in a latitude 20° more southern (that is 50°) in Russia, at an elevation not more than 400 feet above the sea, but few winters pass without a temperature of at least 20° of the same scale; and 25° is not of very rare occurrence. In the month of January 1823, 13° was observed at Constantinople, which is 39° more southerly than *Cape Nord*. The lowest temperature, in an ordinary winter in England, in the latitude of 52° , is about 8° Reaumur; in Russia, in the same latitude, it is 25° . On the other part, the highest temperature in England (in the latitude just mentioned), in an ordinary summer, is about 20° ; in Russia, in the same latitude, it is 25° or 26° , often of several weeks almost uninterrupted duration; and 28° has been frequently observed. *Von Buch* states that the sea is never frozen at *Cape Nord*, not even in the gulphs there. The Caspian sea is frozen to some extent from its shore every winter, and the Black Sea, 25° south of *Cape Nord*, in winters of ordinary severity. Vienna is situate about $40'$ south of Paris, but the winter is much colder than at Paris: and a lower temperature is generally witnessed at Paris than at London, which is nearly 3° north of Paris.

It has been said that the eastern parts of the earth, in respect to our longitude, are colder than western countries; and that the cold increases as we proceed eastward—but this is a vague and incorrect statement; for, having passed the central region of Siberia, the cold diminishes again, in the same latitude, as the eastern ocean is approached. A similar diversity, too, with that just mentioned, is equally observable between England and the continent of North-America. In the vicinity of the sea, throughout the globe generally (meaning the ocean, and not small mediterranean seas, like the Caspian and Euxine), the cold in winter is much less than it is about the interior of large continents in the same latitude; on the other part, the heat of the summer is also much less in the former than in the latter situation. The reason of the increase of cold in winter and of heat in summer, as we proceed eastwardly from our longitude, arises from our approaching the centre of a large continent.

The temperature of the earth, at the depth of a few feet beneath its surface, is never so low as the freezing point. *Von Buch* states that there is a rivulet in Finmark that flows constantly in a situation where the mean annual temperature of the atmosphere is below the freezing point. This does not depend upon any peculiar local circumstances. Springs of water flow throughout the winter in the open plains of Russia, issuing from the earth at the ordinary level of the country (that is, wholly unconnected with hills or valleys), where the temperature is at 25° of Reaumur: and where, during two months, the temperature has never been higher than 6° , and the mean temperature of that period 10° . The earth must, then, communicate heat to the atmosphere in the winter, in such a region; but it effects this to a much less extent than the ocean. The ocean, at a certain depth, is every where nearly of the same temperature; water transmitting heat with such facility, that the sea of the polar regions participates rapidly of the heat of the equatorial regions, much more rapidly than the earth can derive heat in this way. So the sea in the polar regions is much warmer than the earth in the same regions in winter, and it communicates more readily and abundantly to the superambient atmosphere than the earth. In winter the earth and the sea, but the latter more especially, are warmer

and in summer colder, than the superambient atmosphere—the temperature of the sea and of the earth, at a certain depth from their surfaces, (which, depth varies in the two instances) being the mean annual temperature of that region—so that they are each a source of abstraction of heat from the atmosphere when this is hotter, and of communication of heat when it is colder, than those media. These effects take place more extensively, and with more rapidity, from the sea than from the earth, because the surface of the sea is much warmer than that of the earth in winter, whilst in summer it is cooler; and water transmits heat more readily than the earth does. Besides this, the perpetual movement of the sea, and the copious evaporation from its surface in summer, contribute respectively to the results which would ensue from its temperature considered in a more absolute manner. It is hence, that islands and coasts (the former more especially) have a more equable temperature than the interior of continents. This is universally true; and it is more conspicuously evident as the relative localities are more subservient to the causes just mentioned. Ireland is in the same latitude as the country about Moscow. In the former, the temperature in the ordinary winters is not below 5° Reaumur; in the latter region, there are but few winters, when it is not at least as low as 30° ; and the mean temperature of the month of January of a series of years is about 11° . The heat of summer is equivalently greater about Moscow than in Ireland.

The communication of heat from the earth to the atmosphere, when the temperature of the former is higher than that of the latter, does not take place to any considerable extent in plain countries devoid of forests—or, to speak with more precision, it takes place to but a small extent in comparison with what occurs in respect to the sea. In a country covered with forests of old trees, whose roots penetrate deep into the earth, it is much more remarkable. The atmosphere, when it is perfectly calm, has been observed two or three degrees warmer in the centre of a large forest than in the plain surrounding it. Reflection of the heat *radiated* from the earth by the branches of the trees may perhaps contribute somewhat to this effect, but it is not the sole cause of it, and it is not probable that it can contribute much to it in winter, when the trees are without leaves. A thermometer placed in the centre of a hollow tree in winter, always indicates a higher temperature than in the open atmosphere: and this does not arise from the vitality of the tree developing heat; the same result may be observed in a perfectly dead tree as in a living one; and it occurs even in a post of wood, or a wall, and that to a greater extent as they penetrate deeper into the earth, and as their dimensions are more considerable. When the temperature of the atmosphere is but little above the freezing point, snow about the basis of posts, columns of stone, or walls, is observed to become thawed, as well as that around the trunks of trees. This result takes place to an extent in respect to trees of different species, inproportion to the extent of their roots, and the depth they penetrate into the earth; and it is more considerable in respect to a large tree than to a smaller one of the same species. In the case of mist freezing on the trees, in Russia, covering their branches with a layer of ice, it is always remarkable that this takes place more extensively on small and young than in larger and older trees of the same species; when, on the former, this coating of ice covers not only all the small branches, but the trunk of the tree, even to a small distance from its root, it occupies on the latter only the branches, and perhaps more or less of the superior part of the trunk. On trees of the same species, planted at the same time, of equal growth, the coating of ice may be observed to terminate almost precisely at the same distance from the earth. When the cold is greater, all the trees become thus cased in ice; but it is the largest and oldest trees, whose roots penetrate deepest into the earth, that are the last to suffer this, as well as the first from which it disappears, when the frost becomes less severe.

The abstraction of heat from the atmosphere by the earth, when the latter is colder than the former, is too evident to require any illustration, as it is

from this cause that the air is cooler in a forest than in another merely shaded place; and in a church or other large building with massive walls, passing deep in the earth, than in a small house. In several countries, where the summer is very hot, the inhabitants carefully shut the doors and windows of their houses during the middle part of the day; and it may be observed, generally, that in ordinary houses thus closed the temperature of the air is several degrees below that of the exterior atmosphere, where this is perfectly shaded. Even after several weeks of continued hot weather, the walls of a house will be found several degrees colder than the mean temperature of the air during that period; and very often colder than the air has been at its lowest temperature. This shows that the walls of the house are colder than the air, not merely because they cannot, regarded abstractedly, become warmed by the sun as readily as the air, but also because, from their communication with the earth, they suffer a constant abstraction of heat.

There is another thing that contributes, but not in a considerable degree, to render islands in the great ocean less cold in winter than plains remote from mountains about the interior of large continents, which is, that the atmosphere of the former is generally less clear than that of the latter region. The extremes of cold, in respect to any certain region, never exist when the atmosphere is clouded; and this arises, as it appears we must infer, from the clouds reflecting the heat radiated from the surface of the earth. With the extremes of cold there is always a clear deep blue sky; and the intensity of the blue tint in Russia, with such cold, exceeds what is observable even in Italy at any time. The air is so little charged with vapour when the frost is intense, that the atmosphere appears of the deepest, most absolute black hue at night, whilst the stars shine with a degree of brightness that is not observable in more temperate climates. It is not extraordinary for the mercury of the thermometer to fall five or six degrees of Reaumur's scale within an hour in Russia, when the atmosphere, after having been clouded, is rendered clear by wind; and this does not result from the wind itself being a colder atmosphere, because the phenomenon mentioned occurs when the wind comes from a southern and actually less cold region. On the other part, a north wind, when the weather is actually colder in that region, if it bring clouds over a certain more southern region, will be accompanied by an equally considerable rising of the mercury of the thermometer. It appears that it is from those phenomena that the coldest period of the day is about the time of sun-rise; this is generally the case in Russia, where the nights are ordinarily without wind, and a breeze or more considerable degree of wind occurs about this time, rendering the atmosphere more clear than it is ordinarily during a few hours previous to sun-rise. In England, a precipitation of mist or dew but rarely occurs when the sky is clouded, in the autumnal season; because there, with a clouded atmosphere, there is sufficient heat—originally radiated from the surface of the earth—reflected from the clouds to maintain the atmosphere at a temperature above that at which any portion of the aqueous vapour in solution in it would be precipitated at the ordinary temperature of that season. In Russia, mists appear sometimes with a thickly clouded sky, but it is when the cold is great—freezing the mist on the trees, covering these and other objects with a layer of ice—and chiefly when clouds and an atmosphere abounding with vapour are brought from some remote region by wind. This happens sometimes, in the southwestern provinces of Russia, when the wind is south-easterly, and brings the clouds of the Caucasus, and the vapour exhaled from the Caspian and Euxine seas. Persons travelling in Russia, in the night, may commonly observe a mist or dew to appear and disappear several times in succession in a night—its disappearance always following the diffusion of clouds in the sky, and its re-appearance ensuing from the atmosphere becoming clear.

It does not appear probable that the elevation of temperature ensuing from a clouded sky, above described, proceeds—at least not in any considerable proportion—from the diffusion of heat resulting from the condensation of gasses in the atmosphere into aqueous particles; because it happens when the clouds

are brought by wind from a remote region. There is sometimes a transient augmentation of heat, even to the extent of two degrees of Reaumur, which immediately precedes a thunder-storm in summer, that, it seems probable, results from the diffusion of heat just mentioned,

The range of the mercury in the barometer has a strict coincidence with the range of temperature, on the plains of the interior parts of Russia. In winter, the greatest cold is always accompanied by the greatest height of the barometer; and a diminution of cold is always immediately preceded or accompanied by the descent of the mercury of the barometer—this occurs in such a regular and constant manner, that the waving lines of the ranges of the barometer and thermometer exactly correspond, during a period of two months, which is the whole time that a register of observations from the two instruments was kept for several weeks in succession. From many observations, each series comprising periods of a few days only in succession, it is indicated that the reverse, as regards temperature, is the case during the summer months—that is, that the barometer is highest in fine clear weather, when the heat is greatest. So that it appears that the greater degree of elevation of the barometer have a relation to the causes which in winter produce or accompany extremes of cold, and in summer extremes of heat; and as each of those states is accompanied with comparatively great clearness of the atmosphere—absence of clouds, and a bright, deep, blue tint of the sky—there is nothing in those observations that is calculated to perplex our hypothetical reasonings about the causes of those phenomena.

About the eastern part of the continent of Europe, all meteorological phenomena occur with an appearance of order that is not observable either in the western part of Europe, or in the islands situate in the Atlantic Ocean, where such phenomena appear to be deranged by many conflicting causes. This order is remarkable in the winds—during the summer months, that is to say from May, to September, each inclusive there is a wind from the north, which occurs about two or three hours after sun-rise, and ceases about an hour before sun-set, with great constancy and regularity. The nights, generally, are perfectly calm. This wind is generally north-easterly in May, June, and July, and north-westerly in August and September. Other winds sometimes occur in those months, but this is for the most part when the weather is unsettled and tempestuous, and then the wind exists in the night as well as during the day. About the time of the equinoxes, the winds are very variable. During the winter, the most frequent wind is easterly in clear fine weather; but this wind does not occur with the regularity of the northerly wind in summer; though when it exists, it is chiefly about the middle of the day, the nights being calm. For the most part, however, the finest clear weather, with the greatest cold, exists when the air is nearly or quite calm. A greater degree of cold not unfrequently attends a northern wind, but such weather is commonly of but short duration, and it is succeeded generally by tempestuous weather, with a great fall of snow; and when this is about to happen, the wind usually comes in a few hours from a directly opposite southern quarter—generally south-western.

REMINISCENCES.

WHEN the bright summer day of youth is silently waning away, and the twilight gloom of age sinks on the horizon of life, and the shadows of past years grow darker in the vale of tears through which we have wandered, it is pleasant to forget the infelicities of the present while remembering the joys of the past, and to gaze through the *dino vista* of protracted existence on the innocent pleasures of our early childhood. If, in the chill evening of life, we have a home and a shelter from the storms of the world, and the voices of our offspring sound sweetly around

our fire-sides, and quietude and peace possess the throne of our hearts, and gratitude inspires thanksgiving for the many mercies of our long wayfaring, the asperities of our path will be smoothed by the feet of our children, and the darkness of our destiny enlightened by the sunny smiles of affection. Those spirits are doubly blest who, amid the adversities and trials of sublunary being, have allowed no shade to obscure their brightness, no stain upon the mirror of their hearts; whose intercourse with their fellows has been in affectionate brotherhood, shunning all evil, and doing as they would be done unto. Thrice happy are they whose hearts are withered only by the hand of age—whose rigour is impaired only by the gradual decay of life, whose hands are unstained by deeds of ill, and whose consciences are pure as in the holy days of childhood; no music is so delightful as that which flows from an old instrument, whose tones are mellowed, not impaired, by vibration, and which rolls forth the full volume of its early sound without the inequalities of its former use. While the rapid current of being wears away the strength of our manhood, and effaces from the agitated surface the images of many whom we loved, the chords of the human heart wind closer around the few who are left, and attach with unceasing interest to the shadowy forms of those whose names now dwell only on the silent but eloquent lips of memory. Nor is the melancholy pleasure, with which we behold the past, confined solely to man; we look upon the ancient trees, whose shade was over us in younger days, and on whose massive trunks we graved our names in rude mis-shapen characters, with that mingled feeling of joy and sorrow which allies itself with every thought and emotion of age. We behold the scenes of our boyhood changing into the lapse of time; the old oaks are withering as if in sympathy with our fate, the bowers have disappeared where once we gaily dwelt, the long rank grass has grown over the sepulchres of our friends, and every object warns us that human life, like all things else in this transitory state, is perishing and sinking into dust. While these thoughts are passing over our minds, like the rays of a setting sun over broken clouds when the tempest is passed, we cannot fail to admire the infinite wisdom which ordained a period to the life of man; we must adore that Power which diffuses rigour over all the operations of his creatures, by withdrawing the weak and the aged from the scene, and sending forth the young, the aspiring, and the undaunted. In pursuance of these reflections, we correct the past and the present; while before us the grave is opening for our last couch of rest, behind us rise in melancholy beauty the images of all we esteemed and loved. Here, in the freshness of his youth and the ardour of his hope, a friend faints by the way-side and is seen no more; there, in maturer trust and higher promise, another companion leaves us and wanders we know not where; we cannot pause to comfort them—the arrow is behind us and we are hurried on. Few maintain their places by our side in the journey of life, and those few, like us, are now waiting for the sound of that voice which will summon them to the silent halls of death.

Following with solemn steps the deviating path of by-gone years, we meet often with the swelling mound which tells of human frailty: we pause and contemplate; we remember and lament: here lies the associate of our happier years—the confidant of our feelings, the partaker of our joys; one whole spirit flashed far onward in the maze of futurity, and beokned vividly amid those shades which have closed around his forgotten name. We remember the last fond grasp of his clay-cold hand

—the faltering accents of his last farewell—the anxious gaze of his filmy eye—the convulsive heaving of his heart, when his spirit was struggling for its flight, and sundering the manacles that bound it down to earth. We remember the deathful stillness of the house of mourning; we watch for the last fitful flash of life's wasted lamp, and catch the last sigh that ever will be heaved; and we start from our long reverie as if the moan of death were that moment passing by, and the shades of dissolution flitting over the countenance of our friend. Ah! years on years have gone since this scene of sorrow, and he, who sleeps below, is remembered but by one heart in the wide world. His body hath gone down to its mother earth, and his spirit to the Deity from whom it came.

On the confines of our youth we meet with yet sadder scenes. There stands the sepulchre of all our gayest hopes and choicest loves; there slumbers the idol of our visions—the fairy one whose beauty transcended, even the ideal loveliness of which

———“ Youthful poets dream
At Hallowed Eve by haunted stream,”

and whose misfortunes added sanctity to her charms like that which surrounded Eloisa in the convent of the Paraclete. We trace each lineament of her soul-breathing countenance; we follow each motion of her moulded form; every word of love rises fresh and glowing from the unclosing sanctuary of the heart; every scene of blessedness gradually unfolds, and the fountains of feeling gush forth again like waters in the desert. There are eras in life which cannot be forgotten; scenes which are imaged in the depths of the bosom, impenetrable to the eye of man, but radiant over with the colouring of hope, blighted ere fruition, yet retaining the hues, without the fragrance, of its first all-matchless beauty. Such is the remembrance of our first love—a time, a feeling, a bewildering glory, which dwells awhile in the radiance of its own divinity, and then sinks amid the dusky clouds of fate, a mass of lurid grandeur, portentous of despair. Though many years have fled, and many events transpired, still while hanging over the grave of her we loved but too well in early days, the parting scene, the last farewell will recur, and all the agonizing passions of the hour will awake from their slumbers in the bosom, and riot once more on their consuming sacrifice. We look back upon the scene and it is present—bold interest forbids alliance—unfeeling power dooms two fond hearts to misery. They meet for the last time in silence—the silence of despair; words, eloquent as a bleeding spirit can utter, have been wasted in unavailing deprecation, and why should the tongue strive vainly to impart what a pierced and broken heart alone can feel? There is a close linking of the arms as they walk; a still but dreadful communion of tearful eyes; a long and close embrace; a last grasping of locked hands; a warm, a farewell kiss—and all is over! A few years pass and the lover weeps over the sepulchre of her who died (as the world avers) by some of the casualties of mortality, but whose death-blow was inflicted by a parent's hand. Such is the history of true love—“ It never did run smooth.”

There are others, whom we knew in the days of youth, who have left us for foreign climes, and become strangers in strange lands. At long intervals in our distant dwellings, we have heard chance news of them. Their afflictions had been manifold—they had been chastened by the rod of adversity, and the iron had entered into their souls. Some had perished in the first days of their rejoicing; others had heaped up

riches which they knew not who should gather; and all at last had passed away from among the multitudes of earth. When death has been around us in his silent but overwhelming power, and parted from our view the forms with whom we have been accustomed to mingle in the daily pursuits of life; when we bid adieu for ever to their cold remains, and see them borne to their undreaming bed in the clay, the thousand petty injuries we have experienced sink into forgetfulness, and all their forgiveness, benevolence, kindness, and generous acts rise in succession before us. Their virtues are estimated when the garb in which they were clothed is passed over and forgotten: so true it is that a reflecting mind must always feel something like grief, when bidding farewell for ever to persons and objects in themselves indifferent. There is an awful feeling in eternal separation; and, however brightly faith may unfold a meeting in an after-state, the constitution of our minds is so interwoven with earth, that the certainty we shall behold one no more below, is attended with a persuasion of everlasting sundering. Gradually we are left alone in a strange world; human things are still around us in multitudes, but we no longer bear a part in any thing beneath the sun. Our places become causes of bitterness and jealousy to young rivals in the career of fame, and we feel as if our very offspring would hurry us through the portal of the grave. And yet with what tenacity we cling to life! The tomb is a cold, and a dark, and a silent dwelling-place; the path that leads to it lies through a gloomy vale, whose palpable darkness and shapes of fear we shudder to encounter. The shadow of death's invisible form is awful; the hollow sound of his bodyless voice alarms the feeble spirit; the withering impress of his icy hand is terrible. Could we pass away like a summer cloud from the portion allotted us below, without the "pompa mortis," the shroud, the bier, the sable plumes, and the marble tomb that would keep "the dust we have from mingling with the dust we are," much of the horror which now attends the idea of dissolution would vanish from the heart. The mere departure from this trying world is invested with too much observance, and too little care is bestowed upon that higher duty which should prepare the soul to meet its God in judgment. I have often gazed upon a mildewed flower, and watched its almost imperceptible decay; and I have fervently wished that my spirit might depart from this world as softly as the life (strange life) steals from the withered petals of the rose. Can it be that man is elevated in the scale of being only, in life and death, to be doubly wretched? Is it not rather true that, by the perversity of his inclinations and the obliquity of his judgment, he inflicts continually on his own heart those many miseries which he impiously imputes to imaginary fate?

Continued recurrence to the season of youth as the only season of enjoyment, sufficiently proves that men look back upon their earlier days with delight. But youth is not always a time of gladness and rejoicing. The young brow is sometimes furrowed with the woes of many years; the young form bowed with the burden of a crushed spirit and a broken heart. Adversity chastens unsparingly; the bright eye, beaming with sanguine expectation, is often dimmed with many tears, and the light smile of anticipating hope driven from the lip by the dark gloom of despondency. The eagle hides his death-wound with his mighty wing, and the proud spirit of youth often conceals the arrow that rankles in the heart, lest insulting pity should mock his agony. Human life, indeed, in all its changes and diversities, is full of error, sin, and sorrow. Neither youth

nor age, nor beauty nor genius, is a refuge from their ingress. Mutability is stamped on all mortal things; and the arm of death is extended to destroy all that is most precious to the eye and to the mind. The cultivation of benevolent affections and the practice of beneficent acts, can alone console us in our pilgrimage, and bring us peace at the last. Nothing is more delightful than serene old age, reposing all its hopes of future bliss on a blameless conscience and an uncorrupted heart. Ignorant of passion that mars the beauty of all it touches; unconscious of crime; relying on the constant indulgence of virtuous intention, and grieving that it was ever thwarted by unforeseen and uncontrollable circumstances; the venerable father contemplates the children he has reared through troubles and sufferings with that holy feeling which ambition never knew: and he lies down each night in the midst of his happy household, prepared to awake in earth or heaven. When he finally disappears, he leaves his name, and the sweet flavour of his virtues behind; and his tomb becomes to every feeling heart a holier shrine than Loretto to the Romanist. It should be both the pleasure and the duty of man to visit the sepulchres of the virtuous dead; there is a holiness breathing around them, which imparts its influence unto every visitant. Over the graves of those who have gone to the land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," the soft breeze sighs its music, as if attendant spirits were watching around the good man's tomb, and hallowing the earth with which his corse commingles. There the world-sick wanderer should come in the deepness of his despondency, and, in communion with the spirit of the scene, forgive what could not gratify him to revenge, and, being at peace with his own heart and all human kind, prepare to live as becomes a wise and accountable creature, in the fulfilment of his duties to himself, his fellow men, and his God.

H. K.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF WILLIAM HAYLEY.

(To Mrs. Spilsbury.)

DEAR EMMA:

April, 26 1806.

It grieves me to hear that you have been in the number of the *deeply afflicted*—alas, how extensive is that number!—When I received your letter, I was endeavouring to console a friend, whose affliction is similar to your's, but of *redoubled weight*. She lost an amiable brother by a most unseasonable illness—like you, she had the comfort of knowing that the sufferings of the departing mortal were soothed by her kindness; but while her heart was agonized by the recent loss, she had the *additional misery* of hearing that a distant brother, who had kindly endeavoured to reach the dying invalid before he expired, had suffered such an accident in his journey, that it not only prevented his reaching London, but occasioned immediate danger to his own life.

Our sublunary world is indeed a world of many sorrows, and blessed are those who are mildly and mercifully advanced to happier existence. Yet I had hoped your favourite seaman might become one of our *renowned naval heroes*, and add a *new lustre* to the name of Gibbon—a man so dear to me, that, to prove my affection for it, if you will send me a brief sketch from your own hand of your brother's life and character, I will try (in some favourable hour) to compose such a simple and just epitaph for him, in verse, as may perhaps be soothing to the heart of his affectionate sister.

Let this friendly suggestion atone for the refusal which I am under a necessity of returning to your request concerning a new periodical publication. In truth, my dear Emma, my hands and eyes are so overloaded with various pro-

jected and suspended works of my own (several of which I shall probably never have leisure to resume), that I must not pretend to afford even the slightest assistance to your friend. I wish him success: but, between ourselves, I greatly apprehend he is embarking in a very *troublesome* and *hazardous* adventure, for there is a *swarm of such publications*, that *must injure one another*. They all profess the *same object*—I have been frequently solicited to engage in several, old and new; but it has been an invariable rule with me through life, to *decline all overtures of this nature*, and to reject even splendid offers of emolument.—I tell you this, my dear Emma, merely that you may not think me a *churl* for my positive refusal of your request.

You will have the goodness to make my excuse in the *civilest terms* to your friend. In truth, I begin to feel that *age* affords me a sufficient title to *absolute repose*.

Adieu. Remember me kindly to Edgar, and heaven bless you both.

Ever your affectionate

HERMIT.

(To the same.)

DEAR EMMA:

Monday Morning, May, 5 1806.

When my heart intends a kindness, I do not like (as Lord Hastings says) "to let the coldness of delay hang on it;" I therefore send you a *speedy epitaph*—if it answers no purpose but to sooth your sorrow, remaining in absolute privacy in the recesses of your secret desk, it will be a gratification to

Your affectionate

HERMIT, in haste.

Give my kind remembrance to Edgar; assure him I do not wish to *lead him to waste any cash upon unnecessary ostentatious marble*; on the contrary, I would rather *advise him*, if he happens to have a few *spare guineas*, to devote them to the purchase of some *young lions* from the *Leverian auction* for his *future studies in art*. But now for your epitaph, which aspires only to gratify your feelings in *privacy*.—Adieu.

Epitaph

Seaman of gentle birth and generous mind!
Had Fortune proved to thy brave spirit kind,
What wreaths thy twice ten years of toil had won!
Glory had hailed thee as a favourite son:
But hardships, cares, and sickness (all thy doom!)
Have sunk thee here in this untrophied tomb:
Yet shall thy great historic kinsman's fame
Here lead inquiry to repeat thy name;
And here, young Gibbon! pity says with truth,
Had the Historian known thy modest youth,
He would have said, and from a heart benign,
His friendship, as his name, was justly thine:
Death, early death, allowed not him to aid
Thy virtues, struggling in misfortune's shade;
But woes so well sustained want no record,
Angels attest them, and the heavens reward.

(To E. A. Spilsbury)

Tuesday, 2 o'clock, July 12.

All creatures that live, my dear Edgar, are liable to mischance—I am very sorry for my good-natured old Hidalgo,* but I shall be still more sorry for my friend if he grieves *too much* for an accident he could not foresee.

I endeavour to draw good from evil on all occasions where I can employ such useful chemistry, and when we meet, I will tell you how it may be done in the case before us. I shall be happy to see you and Mr. Gibbon in the Turret, at any time *after eleven*. The Hermit is obliged to impose a strict law upon himself, and to work till that hour every day, when he is *not abroad*. I write from the apartment of our good Paulina, whose variable health makes me painfully anxious on her account. Adieu—united benedictions attend you and your's from this friendly house.—Adieu.

* His favourite horse.

(To the same.)

The Turret, July 22.

Joy to you and your munificent Emma, my dear Edgar, on the delightful present she has just consigned to your arms! I pray to heaven that your gratifications in educating this promising daughter may be similar to what I enjoyed in rearing my beloved Sculptor, without any such calamity as robbed me of that inestimable blessing, which I have yielded, I hope, to the Almighty who gave him to me, with such devout resignation, as may render me the more fit to be reunited to him in a brighter world.

Train your new daughter to the early use of the pencil, and she may prove what we have not yet seen, a *female painter of sentimental landscape*, a sweet profession for a woman who is early taught to relish all the inexhaustible charms of affecting scenery.

Many thanks for your attention to Paulina. Thank heaven, I receive this instant a good account from our excellent Paulina of Lavant, who will take a friendly interest in your domestic treasures—heaven preserve and increase them to you.

Remember you have kindly promised a continuance of your good tidings to

Your affectionate

HERMIT in haste.

Our dear Rose is deplorably weak. I could not prevail on him to allow himself the repose that I think essential to his recovery.

(To the same.)

Your friends at Lavant sympathized in your sorrow, dear Edgar of the pencil. Although religion teaches us to say, on these occasions, "the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord," yet no parent can lose a sweet little innocent without paying to nature the universal tax of tears. I hope, however, we may be able to say of your's and of Emma's,

"Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon."

I heartily wish to assist you in directing your thoughts to such topics as may engage more cheerfully your tender but active spirit.

A mole and a lynx wait upon you for this friendly purpose—two creatures who started into existence, ambitious of affording a moral subject for the young and highly promising *painter of animals*. Remember, that as they arose for *your service*, they request to be exposed to *no eyes* at present but *your own* and *Emma's*. So heaven bless you both.

Ever your affectionate

HERMIT.

I hope we shall meet on Tuesday. Adieu.

The other side of the paper will contain the diminutive fable.

The Mole and the Lynx, a Fable.

A young aspiring mole one day
To upper earth had worked his way,
And jumping forth with wond'rous glee,
Cried, "what a world were this for me!
Had nature, with more just esteem,
On me conferred the Lynx's beam!"

A Lynx who still the bullet bore,
That once his wounded body tore,
Reposing nigh, chanced to o'erhear
The proudly murmur'ing pioneer;
And, with a noble mind serene,
Thus disciplined his wayward spleen:—

"Creep back again, thou simple mole,
And bless the darkness of thy hole;
A Lynx, half-murder'd for his eyes,
Would kindly teach thee to be wise,
Those creatures, wheresoe'er they rest,
May justly hold their lot to the best
Who live content with nature's plan,
Sequester'd from the crimes of man."

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Gaston de Blondville, or the Court of Henry III. keeping festival in Ardenne, a Romance, by Mrs. Radcliffe, 1826.—In the memoir of Mrs. Radcliffe prefixed to the present volumes, there is so comprehensive and, altogether, so judicious a panegyric upon her peculiar genius, that nothing remains for subsequent eulogy.

The breathing generation of men and women have rendered to her romances the homage of their deep and ineffable interests, and our expectations turned with an almost childish longing towards this, her farewell effort, anticipating, as we did, a re-awakening of those ancient and hallowed feelings which waited upon St. Aubin and Emily, and Provence and Languedoc, and the Apennines, and the midnight airs of, as was insinuated, departed spirits. Alas, alas! Gaston de Blondville is but the sad application of dimmed and fallen faculties to a decidedly lower attempt than even her earliest powers would have stooped to.

The writer of the memoir lauds her boldness in bringing forward, as she does, a *real* ghost, upon the presumption that small and shadowy causes, under her hands, having produced such exquisite effects, the accumulation and realization of extraordinary agencies must of necessity elicit a result proportionably magnificent, or more. But this opinion every reader of Gaston de Blondville must feel to be erroneous in fact, and we are quite sure it is equally so in theory.

The effect of any kind of writing depends both upon the quality of the actual specimen compared with other specimens in the same department of literature, and *also* on the aptitude of readers for excitation in that particular department. Now, we know that this aptitude varies in great degrees from time to time with regard to all emotions which are of a secondary or associated nature. The primary ones, themselves—love, hate, ambition, jealousy, avarice, have their entrances and exits in the breast; but these ruling emotions of the soul occupy so large a space in the basis of all characters, that they are usually and readily excitable again under situations apparently the most disadvantageous to their production; and after even the fullest development, require but a very brief suspension to recruit their forces. But with the lesser and secondary and artificial tastes, those associations which are no more than the re-action of some individual's peculiar constitution and talents upon the taste of the age, when *these* have swayed the public mind for a while, and run their epidemic course, are felt no more for a long, a very long period, like measles and small-pox, &c. &c.:—those who have once fallen under their contagion are no longer obnoxious, certainly not in the same degree, to the same influence.

M.M. New Series.—VOL. II. No. 9.

The greatest possible effect *has been* produced; and we are sure that to produce the like again, especially upon the same minds, another *Mysteries of Udolpho* would fail. The old people have had the disorder, and the young have been so thoroughly vaccinated with Miss Edgeworth's anti-superstitions, as to be altogether unsusceptible of infection. Unimaginative pursuits have ossified their nerves against fanciful horrors; and arguments, cut and dried by dozens, for the use of youth, in disproof of ghosts, would drive a new Mrs. Radcliffe from the field with discomfiture; not so much would she be repelled by the armour, offensive and defensive, of mammas, or the frowns and contempt of governesses, as by the broad stare of the pupils—aye, even the pupils of seventeen, who would not deign so much as to smile at any body being fool enough to imagine it was aught but a mouse behind the arras.

We assert that even the *Mysteries of Udolpho* would, in this age of enlightened nurseries, meet with a supercilious greeting; and undoubtedly could never dispense with those final *éclaircissements* which, in our barbarous remembrances, were indeed looked upon as rudely breaking the previous enchantment. How, then, will they suffer the present monsters? a ghost on horseback, amidst and close to myriads of beholders of all sizes, and ages, and sexes; now here, now there, eluding mortal grasp, and deluding mortal eye; nobles, knights, ladies, servants, monks, priests, sentinels, beset in all their paths by the importunate infernal, who solicits, as plain as gesture and unwearied perseverance can speak, their aid in bringing a murderer to justice. These worthy persons, however, one and all, are far more afraid of the secular than the spiritual arm, and not one of them has virtue or nerve to boldly help the demon in his persecution of a royal favourite. The old plea of magic was urged against the genuineness of the ghost, and that plea alone was of weight sufficient to discredit the otherwise damning proofs of guilt afforded by the spectre. Here was a dilemma for the authoress, and she found no escape—for, like the Egyptians of old, whatever ghost did was supposed imitable by man; but the end must come, sooner or later, and the accused lord's sudden death, and subsequent re-appearance and confession of the crime to his royal master, bring the long-resisting mind of the king to conviction, who believes, at last, with about as much reason as he had before disbelieved.

It is needless to sketch the story. Every body has either read it, or, from the shaking head of some friend who has read it, no longer has the wish. Descriptions of pa-

geantries occupy nearly the whole ; no plot, no entanglement, no love. The question, is Sir Gaston de Blondville guilty of the murder or not?—it's an old murder—is the sole point, to which all is made subservient ; and the reader's sympathy, contrary to that custom which carries our hopes and fears along with the persecuted individual, goes in the present case with the persecuting ghost all the way, from first to last, until he has fairly hunted down his game.

A glimpse—a casual flash of her olden power of description, comes here and there across the heavy monotony ; the different aspects of Warwick Castle, by the setting sun, by moonlight, breathe of Mrs. Radcliffe again. Yet, on the whole, we gaze with unfeigned sadness upon this monument of mental decline. All her own peculiar witchery is put to shame when the real sprite appeareth.

The Poet's Offering ; an Appeal to the People of England in Behalf of the Distressed Manufacturers, 1826.—Well-meant as all this is, it is sad nonsense—not the poetry particularly, of which nothing need be said, but the purpose. The distress is of a kind not to be removed or relieved by the petty offerings of extorted or voluntary charity, not by the surplus of publication-profits (scarce things, by the way), or of subscription-balls, or the produce of under-sold silks, or the fruits of ladies' work-bags, young or old, but by national contribution, if the local and legal funds fall short of the demand upon them.

With all the grinding misery before us to touch the gentle and melt the obdurate,—with all the efforts that have been made, and the examples that have been set to stimulate, not more than £130,000 have been raised ; and that sum has been applied, not to the relief of the poor, but of the payers of the poor-rates—we do not say by design exactly, but in effect, and that indisputably. The relief afforded to the miserable must have been furnished by the poor-rates, a provision made by the laws of the land for distress, without limit ; and if any place be really pressed beyond its bearing, the adjoining parishes are directed to be taken in to its aid, and to this taking-in we see and know no limit till we reach the shores of the island.

The poor-rates cry aloud for some equalizing process. Under the existing system one place pays a shilling in the pound, another a sovereign. It is a prize to live in one part of the country, and a penalty in another. The pressure of public burdens should be made to bear as equally as possible : but this natural principle is perpetually lost sight of in the legislative measures of this land of equality.

A Letter to Henry Hallam, Esq., on the Conduct of the Catholic Priesthood during the late Elections in Ireland, by W. S. Rose, 1826.—If it were not for the respectable names which glitter in the title-page of this

petit morceau, destined henceforth, we suppose, to figure in Mr. Murray's list of publications "on the Catholic Question," it would scarcely be worthy of the very slight notice we are going to give it.

Mr. Rose, we presume, passes for a friend of Catholic Emancipation ; but save us from our friends, say we. The sum of his letter is this. The Catholic priests have, it seems, been interfering in Irish elections, and urging their flocks to vote for emancipators—that is, against the interests and in the teeth of the commands of their Protestant landlords. Now this is an enormous evil, says the alarmist, and one which emancipation will but augment. No, replies Mr. Rose, give complete emancipation—admit the Catholic into Parliament, for this very reason, because the priest will no longer have either the occasion or the opportunity of exercising his destructive influence ; his power will slip out of his hands into those of the Catholic gentry ; the Catholic poor will naturally and spontaneously vote for the Catholic gentleman ; and thus this influence, about which you are so much alarmed, will, of itself, go out like the snuff of a candle. You have given the Catholic the election franchise, adds Mr. R. : there you were wrong ; but admit him into the Parliament, and you neutralize the pernicious effect of the first measure.

Does it quite escape Mr. R., that the admission of Catholics into Parliament will not immediately withdraw the Catholic tenant from the Protestant landlord,—that, of course, as much whipping-in as ever will be required, and that the only effective whippers-in will still be the Catholic priests ? Surely the Catholic priest will bestir himself in a triple degree to seduce the tenant's allegiance from a Protestant landlord in favour of a Catholic candidate.

Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton, by the Rev. Dr. Channing, of Boston, North America, 1826.—We point out this very able review of Milton's writings and character to the notice of our readers, because we know the reprints of American publications have a very narrow circulation in this country. They do not get well advertised, and whatever, in our times, is not well advertised, has no chance of being extensively read. This is to be lamented. We shall be doing our readers good service by occasionally noticing American productions. They may rely upon it the Americans, progressing rapidly as they do, are destined to infuse new and youthful blood into the effete or wasting energies of English literature. There is among them a freedom of thought and an independence of manner to which we are strangers—a disregard of ancient dogmas in the creeds of criticism, to the height of which our flagging wings can no longer mount. They come fresh and full-born to the review of English genius, and instinc-

tively disdain, or rather are unconscious of, are unstained by our nursery and hereditary prejudices and partialities. Dr. Channing is manifestly a man of considerable discernment and eloquent powers, capable of taking comprehensive views, and of conveying them distinctly and fully to his readers. He is no common person, and we welcome his writings to this side of the Atlantic. Every one who reads the Edinburgh must have been pleased with Macauley's article on Milton. The present is superior, as it is more complete. It gives a more elevated and inspiring view of his character.

By the way, the Bishop of Salisbury is said to have undertaken to disprove Milton's right to the theological treatise which has given occasion to these reviews of his writings and character; on the ground that Milton was orthodox in his youth, and orthodox in his old age—"argol" he must have been orthodox in the intermediate period, and therefore not the writer of the treatise in question, which is any thing but orthodox. The venerable prelate has undertaken to prove odd things before, and argued them upon equally tenable grounds. But why this anxiety? Because the Unitarians, and Dr. Channing is a zealous one, are exultingly associating Milton with themselves, and he must not be lost to us without a struggle. It will be difficult, we take it, to reconcile the theology of *Paradise Lost* and *Regained* with our Thirty-nine—but that is the Bishop's affair.

Tales round a Winter Hearth, by Jane and Anna Maria Porter, 1826.—Neither of these accomplished women have, we hope, given up the construction of more voluminous stories, but still mean to favour us with more threes and fours. The present publication we must suppose to be the odds and ends of their *escrutoires*—occasional pieces—hints which have, from time to time, been reduced to a written shape, the materials of longer and more complicated tales, which proved, in the working, of inferior metal, or at least unsusceptible of expansion, yet not to be thrown away, for who likes now-a-days to throw any thing away? We are not told to which of the fair authors we are to attribute the several stories, nor are we sufficiently familiar with their respective performances to distinguish and appropriate the labours. There are only four tales—five they are called in the preface, but one is merely a prelude to the principal one. Of these the *Scottish Tradition*, the *Irish Legend*, and the *Tale of our Own Times*, are probably by one hand,—these are hazardous conjectures—and the *Pilgrimage of Berenice* by the other.

The *Scottish Tradition* is one of 1745. Col. Ferguson, a secret and staunch agent of Charles Edward, is entrusted with large sums and important papers for his service on the approaching invasion—which valuables are buried deep, a dreadful, dreary long way under ground, down a trap-door

known to nobody but himself. He wants to be with the invader and at home at the same time, to hand the supplies, or to have some one on the spot to unearth the needful on occasion. Luckily a young lady of more than ordinary nerves is at the time with his sister; on her he confides, and imposes the fearful task of visiting these regions below. She surveys them in company with him at midnight, and is carefully charged never to suffer the trap-door to fall. Certain signs are to be carved on a certain tree, by which she is to know what sums and papers she is to deliver to the carver of the signs, who of course will take care to be in the way to receive them. Why he cannot go down into the pit, and spare the frights and perils of the lady, we do not know. But we forget, it is a true story; and truth is often more improbable, they say, than fiction. Well, the intrepid Miss Mackay goes more than once to the "well," and returns safe and sound; but at last, as might be expected, the trap-door falls and encloses her apparently for ever. Providentially some particular paper is wanted, which none but the Colonel can find, and he comes himself to the cave just in time to rescue the lady from a death of hunger and despair.—That's all.

Lord Howth, the *Irish Legend*, is of a very different cast. The young Lord is of a gay and dissipated turn, the last of his family, and whose own death, a family prophecy bodes, will happen by a rat. On some occasion or other he rescues a rat from the jaws of a terrier, and this rat, in a manner most unprecedented, and quite unlike a rat, attaches himself staunchly to his preserver, and go where he will, for good or for ill, pursues him. It becomes at last a regular pet, and the young Lord's companions are, in consequence, perpetually teasing him about his singular favourite. He is of an impatient and irascible temper, and at length, no longer able to bear their gibes, coupled as they are with the persecutions of a lady match-maker, he resolves hastily to expatriate himself for a while. He takes an affectionate leave of the rat, and proceeds to the point of embarkation, when on a sudden he perceives the faithful animal scouring along in pursuit of him. He gets aboard, however, accompanied by a friend, without thinking of taking the pet with him. On landing at Holyhead, the friend says laughingly, "shall we see this rat again?"—"No," replies Lord Howth, pettishly; when, on the instant, the rat again presents itself, and my Lord in the heat of vexation, hurls a sea-shell at it, and kills it on the spot.

His conscience smites him for the murder—he can never forget it—he wanders over the earth, a guilty thing, and at last returns to his paternal estate, where, moody and melancholy, he, one stormy day, rescues from the surging waves a lady, young and beautiful, and full of mystery and

meaning—a foreigner, and speaking a language no one knows. This lady he, in due time, marries. She wears on her arm a bracelet which attracts his attention, and which he wishes to remove. She intimates that her life is bound up in it. He reluctantly yields; but his jealous and angry spirit dwells upon the repulse, and one morning catching her asleep with her arm out of bed, he unclasps the fatal bracelet, and finds within it—the identical gold thread which he had fastened round the leg of the rat. On the instant the lady dies, and a rat, the ghost, the fetch, or the double of his ancient friend, presents itself, throws a reproachful glance, and is seen no more. The noble Lord retires to a monastery, and survives but a few months. The story is well told, and the mystery judiciously left vague and unaccountable—fit for Irish wonderment.

Jeannie Halliday—the “Tale of our own Times,” is a sweet tale of humble Scottish life, where a very amiable girl is beloved by one, but loves another. She marries where her affections bid her marry; but after two or three years spent on their small farm, by untoward circumstances, particularly the failure of a Scotch bank (did Miss or Miss A. M. Porter consider what she was about when she talked of the breaking of Scotch banks?) her husband is obliged to go to sea. He unhappily returns not. The poor widowed girl has a sharp struggle for life and livelihood, and at last, at the end of seven years, is persuaded, for the sake of providing for her children, to marry her old admirer, who is in a dying state, but whose property is so tied up that he can only leave it to a wife. Within a day or two of the marriage her long-lost husband returns, after a captivity on the Barbary Coast. The new husband dies, and the bigamed girl is restored to her first husband's arms, rich and happy, and pure as he left her. This story is by far the best of the lot—told in a very simple style, full of deep feeling, and successful delineation of unsophisticated passion.

The larger and more ambitious tale is less to our taste. It describes the desperate attempts of Eustace de Bouillon, who had been cheated of his brother's throne, to recover his lost rights, by sacrificing his Christian daughter to the Mussulman Caliph. The pilgrimage is Berenice's progress from Jerusalem to meet the Caliph on the banks of the Euphrates. Eustace perishes by a violent death, and Berenice is rescued from the Mussulman's grasp, and meets with a more congenial spouse. There is a good deal of gorgeous description and pains-taking topography; and, as usual, frequent strokes of pathos and passion, with difficult positions and dexterous extrications.

The Lives of the Right Hon. Francis North, Baron Guilford, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal under Charles II. and

James II.; the Hon. Sir Dudley North, Commissioner of the Customs, &c.; and Rev. Dr. John North, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, &c., by the Hon. Roger North. 3 Vols. 8vo. 1826.—These volumes were well worthy of re-publication. To the greater part of modern readers they will be new, and to those of them who are lovers of ancient anecdote, not to say hunters of by-gone scandal, they will afford no inconsiderable gratification. The experienced reader will expect little more than a reprint. The editor's illustrations are of the slenderest description, and might easily and profitably have been largely extended. His short and well-considered preface, however, gives a fair and sufficient view of the characters of these three, or rather of these four distinguished brothers.

And they were extraordinary men for one family. The sons of an impoverished noble, they were, with the aid of a good education, left to be the architects of their own fortunes. Their connexions, however, were extensive, and must have greatly helped, though it might be indirectly, to push them forward in their prosperous course. The keeper, though not the eldest son of the family was the eldest of the four with whom we are concerned, and as his own circumstances advanced he effectually served his brothers. His first introductions to the bar were luckily of the most efficient kind; he came in under the wings of the Attorney-General Palmer (with whose son he had formed an early intimacy in the Inns of Court), whose countenance was alone sufficient to make the fortunes of any man—of any man, we mean, with abilities enough to turn opportunities to account. Those abilities the Keeper undoubtedly possessed. He was indefatigable in his profession, and the fair prospects that daily opened more and more upon his aspiring hopes incited him to labour. He had, besides, no strong and impetuous passions to seduce him from his purpose; his amusements were all of the quieting kind—music and the lighter branches of literature, with an inkling for science and the “new philosophy,” sedulously shunning plays and wine, the revelries of his age, and the coarse debauchery of his cotemporaries. He was well tutored by his able protector; and by the facile arts of observance and deference to the leaders and judges of the courts in which he practised, made steady friends, where a less cautious or a less dexterous person would have made enemies, against whom nothing but overpowering talents could successfully struggle. He thus insinuated along his ductile course, and winding his easy way through a crowd of perhaps abler competitors, which rather yielded to the gentle pressure than presented any stubborn obstacle, he reached, at an early age, the highest pinnacle of English ambition.

As a judge he was distinguished in his

day by abstaining from political violence or party obliquity. Once, and once only, do we catch him tripping. This was at Oxford, at an extraordinary Session of Oyer and Terminer, when, as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, he presided on the trial of Stephen College, on a charge of treason. His brother shall tell the story.

"His lordship," says he, "had not been long in Oxford before word was brought to him that some stranger had put a roll of papers into his (College's) hands. These were ordered to be brought and inspected; and thereupon it appeared that some concerned his defence and the testimony he was to produce at his trial. These were all delivered back to him. Others were found to be downright libels, most artfully and maliciously penned, to reflect upon the government, and tending to sedition, in the form of speeches to be pricked in at the trial, as the cues were given. As, for instance, when the attorney hath opened the evidence say thus—and the like at other pauses. These were detained; for it had been a prime jest if, under the pretence of a defence, the criminal should be allowed to vent seditious libels, full of mutiny and reflection, to amuse the people; and so to come forth and be published in print; when, as the law then stood, they were not allowed counsel to plead—(this was written after the law was enacted, in William's reign, granting counsel in cases of treason),—but upon question of law shewed, and to be assigned, who should behave themselves modestly. Criminals of that sort should not have any assistance in matters of fact, but depend upon plain truth, which they know best, without any dilatorious arts or evasions. But this was the chief, if not the only pretence of clamour against the conduct of that trial, which was all the indulgence in form and matter that could be demanded."

Instead of ourselves remarking upon the tone of these sentiments, which have still their admirers, we give a note of the Editor.

"The detention of College's papers was certainly a most arbitrary and unjustifiable proceeding, and deservedly brought great discredit upon the Chief Justice. 'North's behaviour in that whole matter,' says Burnet, 'was such, that probably if he had lived to see an impeaching parliament, he might have felt the ill effects of it.' Roger Coke also speaks of the transaction in very indignant terms, observing that Sir Francis North was a man 'cut out to all intents and purposes for such a work.' It appears, from Oldmixon, that *Roger North was one of the counsel against College*. The papers withheld from College were actually minutes prepared for his defence by his legal advisers, Mr. Aaron Smith and Mr. West.

This might naturally be supposed no solitary instance of the oppressions of office, but we incline to credit the author, who has furnished no other, and manifestly has no squeamish scruples, or rather no consciousness of wrong, where the *keeper* is the culprit. But of his general rectitude in the discharge of his judicial functions, we need only the following honourable testimony.—

Sir Dudley North's aunt, the Lady Dacres, used to complain of her nephew, the Lord Keeper North, saying that, to get himself credit he decreed against her. "Madam," said Sir Dudley, "he decreed also

against me, that had a cause so and so." "Aye, indeed," said she, "even so he serves all his relations." "But Madam," said he, "my adversary shewed against me so and so." "Nay then," said she, "by my troth, I think my nephew served you but right." "Pray Madam," said he, "tell me what your adversary shewed against you." That confounded her so, that she said no more.

As Lord Keeper, he was insignificant. He had little political connexion, and no political authority. Charles liked him for his unpresuming, perhaps for his upright conduct, and may be said himself to have kept him in place by his personal influence to his death. He held the office onward under James for a few months, when death interposed to prevent the painful expulsion which would inevitably have overtaken him very speedily, to make way for Jefferies, a more thorough-paced courtier. North was of the Church of England party, as hostile to the Catholic as the Dissenter, and equally opposed to the relaxation of all restrictions. Except this tendency to bigotry—and that party, be it remembered, was the least illiberal of all the bigotry of the times, when all were bigotted—he was every way respectable; and, compared with leading and official men of his day, conspicuously good. In public life he was honest after his own measure, and beyond the measure of his cotemporaries. In private life he was amiable, social, debonnaire; fond of literary conversation—the noctes, cœnæque Deûm—an amateur of music and an admirer and an encourager of the arts; beloved and courted for his personal qualities; but neither feared nor very much respected for either his official or his professional authority.

Sir Dudley North was articled to a merchant, and sent by him while a mere boy as supercargo to the Levant, where he resided for more than twenty years, and returned at last to his country, with considerable property and the reputation of high commercial knowledge. The credit of his brother introduced him to the King's notice, and he was made first a commissioner of the customs, and afterwards of the treasury. He served the office of Sheriff for Middlesex to further the purposes of the court. He was of a far different temperament from his brother, and calculated, by the resolute intrepidity and stirring energy of his character, to make his own way—with the same opportunities, more vigorously and decisively than his more successful brother. He made that way from first to last, mainly by his own industry and intelligence. It is surprising—surprising we mean, considering the extravagant fuss that is made about the mysteries of political economy—how thoroughly Sir Dudley anticipated all the valuable parts of *modern* discoveries in this over-rated science.

The third brother, the Master of Trinity, was a scholar and a theologian, a man of

retired habits, to which he was disposed both by the delicacy of his constitution, which brought him to an early grave, and by his insatiable love of study. Of superior talents perhaps, and unquestionably of superior acquirements, he was narrowed by the prejudices of his profession, that is, by the bigotries of his day; but not incapable of business, or indisposed to assert his rights—a stickler for the privileges of his college, he boldly and dexterously, on several occasions, opposed the “mandates” and encroachments of the court, by timely filling up the vacancies on which it proposed to fix its grasp.

The biographer himself was the youngest brother, and survived the rest many years. He was a pleader, and under the auspices of the Chief-Justice and Keeper very successful. His respect, or rather reverence for the Keeper, is not only grateful, but profound—not only profound, but prostrate. The feelings of fraternity are lost in admiration of greatness—with the beggarly humility of a grovelling protégé. Be his brothers what they might, he himself appears, on his own shewing, most unamiable. His sentiments are those of the most undisciplined prejudice. There is not a grain of liberality, or of independent thinking, in his whole composition. Hale and Jefferies are tarred with the same brush. We have the characters of all the distinguished men of the time—particularly of the bar; but his sole criterion plainly is—were they the friends, or the foes and the rivals of his ‘Lordship?’—The book is amusing—we speak of the Keeper’s life chiefly: but we can scarcely take the representation of a Jefferies from the Hon. Roger North—or any such ‘honest chronicler.’

Mary, Queen of Scots; her Persecutions, Sufferings and Trials, from her Birth till her Death: with a full Exposure of the Intrigues of Queen Elizabeth; the Conspiracies and Perfidies of the Protestant Lords; the Forgeries of Buchanan and Walsingham; and the Calumnies, Misrepresentations and Mistakes of Knox, Randolph, Robertson, Laing, M’Crie, and Miss Bengier.—Unassuming as is the appearance of this little volume, and tranchant as the title may seem, it is a capital performance—an independent, vigorous and comprehensive sketch of Mary and her times. We welcome the publication as an event of good augury. Our histories want all writing over again, and this specimen may shew us *how*. The tone of most of them is taken from some one contemporary writer, whose labours were seldom spontaneous, and therefore rarely disinterested; and the rules of sound criticism have never been severely applied to ancient authorities. Credulity has been the besetting sin of our historians and biographers. It is only slowly that collateral and unsuspecting documents come to light, and still more slowly that they are employed to detect established errors. But,

what is worse, these errors, though detected, are not, therefore, removed: the narrative continues to be reprinted in its original deformity, and the detections are known only to a few careful inquirers. With all its depravities, the bane passes from mouth to mouth—rarely accompanied by its discovered antidote, which is thus, for the most part, provided in vain. Therefore it is, that we say our histories and biographies require re-writing, as well to admit the corrections of particular facts, as to receive the change of tone, which the multiplicity of such corrections would compel a new historian to throw over the whole expanse of the narrative. Authorities demand close questioning; the great principles of human conduct, self-interest and self-delusion, eternally operating, should never for a moment be lost sight of in estimating the actions of mankind—no, nor the motives of those who represent them.

What are our authorities for Mary’s character and conduct? Knox, an intemperate fanatic—an audacious rebel—an insulting contemner of female royalty, and a blind detester of papal influence. Randolph, Elizabeth’s supple and subtle agent, despatched as her spy to the court of Scotland, to promote her unrighteous purposes, and ready to adopt any tone to flatter her vanities and prejudices. Next comes Buchanan—Murray’s, Maitland’s, and Morton’s despicable tool—the flexible instrument of those ambitious hypocrites to colour all their plans and plottings. These were all palpably Mary’s enemies. Then follows her sole defender and friend, the generous Bishop of Ross. Buchanan’s ‘Detection,’ and Leslie’s ‘Defence of Mary’s Honour,’ were contemporary publications; but had they equally fair play? No: Buchanan’s calumnies were eagerly and profusely circulated by Elizabeth’s orders; and Leslie’s defence as eagerly and solicitously suppressed. It was seized at the printer’s before it was finished; but afterwards printed on the Continent. Baillie was imprisoned and tortured on account of copies found in his possession; and Lord Southampton imprisoned for ‘speaking’ with the author. Buchanan had thus undisputed possession of the field, and generations were thus taught to imbibe with their milk impressions of Mary’s crimes. Two centuries afterwards Robertson gives a modern narrative. On whose authority relies he? Buchanan’s, blindly. Could his testimony be doubted—a presbyterian—a foe of catholicism—the friend of covenanters—a scholar—a writer of latinity of acknowledged elegance? Hume follows on the same side. Tytler, Whittaker, Chalmers, in succession, have examined their narratives and exposed their blunders; but who reads any but Robertson? Laing, notwithstanding the powerful assistance he received, is scarcely worth regarding. More recent still comes an incarnation of Knox—Dr. M’Crie (in

his life of Knox); and finally, Miss Benger, who, with her maiden apprehensions, should have had prudence enough to leave the subject alone. It is really beyond mortal patience, to see persons of intellects so narrow, and principles so fettered, scribbling upon controverted topics—where there are motives to scan, and evidence to balance. Let them cater for nurseries and pulpits. It was reserved for the present writer—what's his name?—to give us a new and consistent version of Mary's fate and fortunes, unawed by established authorities—provoked by the prejudices of his precursors, but stimulated by the conscious possession of superior powers—not, in the idle language of romance, to break a spear in defence of injured innocence and beauty; but, backed by common-sense and sagacity, to step forth in vindication of violated truth, and in exposure of blindness and bigotry.

Etymons of English Words, by the late JOHN THOMSON, M.R.I. and A.S.; Private Secretary to the Marquess of Hastings in India.—This is a work of no common pretension, and, we believe, of some performance too; but let not the unwary purchaser expect too much. After all the contempt poured on poor Dr. Johnson's head, for his lack of etymon-knowledge, he will be surprised to find—if he be at the pains, as we have been, to compare two or three hundred words, taken at random—how very much less that alleged deficiency really is than the noisy vituperations of certain scholars had led him to suppose. Considering who and what Horne Tooke had to contend with in his political career, his overbearingness and occasional rhodomontading were excusable enough; but the same spirit carried into a question of literature is perfectly intolerable. On the hustings or in the closet, he never minced his phrases; and his disciples, and of course few of his readers, make no allowance for emphasis. His depreciations are construed literally, and Johnson's Dictionary comes to be considered as an incurable lazaretto of blunder and disease. It will regain its estimation, when Tooke, and his dialogues, and his scorn are all utterly forgotten.

The work is given alphabetically; and words originally Greek or Latin, as well as others not strictly regarded as English, are omitted.

The object (says the Preface, distinctly enough) is to trace the descent of English words, their affinity with the different dialects of Gothic spoken in Europe; and the connexion between our own and some other tongues, both of Europe and Asia, without introducing any remarks where the general meaning is obvious.

Gothic words from five dialects of that language are introduced as concurrent etymons; to which the Russian and Irish vocabularies, in the proportion of at least one-third, bear evident affinity, either by cognation or adoption; although so much disguised, by a different orthography, that they could not be usefully added without explanations too diffuse for

the present object. The plan, as the reader will observe, is studiously concise; being intended rather as an index than a glossary. The cursory observer will find it sufficient for his purpose.

Of the 'observations' which precede the lexicon, and which are of some length, it is impossible to give any intelligible—at least, any satisfactory account.

The object in contemplation, [the author says, speaking of these observations] is to trace the probable origin of its words [of the English language], to mark their adventitious changes, and indicate their principal analogies.

And this he may have accomplished; but to search for it, is like searching for a needle in a bottle of hay. If the reader discover it, he will not be much indebted to the author's direct assistance. Though full of curious information, and concerning every language under heaven, the observations are piled one upon another, mountains-high, apparently without the slightest regard to any one particular purpose—a mass of confusion merely. But bad as is the arrangement of these observations, it affects not the value of the rest of the book, which is intended to accompany Todd's edition of Johnson, and may do so very usefully.

The Chronological History of Great Britain and its Dependencies from the Invasion of Julius Caesar to the Present Time, by W. TOONE, Esq.—Many attempts of this nature have been made, and always unsuccessfully. The great difficulty of course is not so much to hit the happy medium between brevity and prolixity, as to discard insignificancies. The present compiler has had no better success than his precursors—if so much, professing as he does, too, to be fully aware of the Scylla and Charybdis that beset his path. It is, indeed, the task of no ordinary person, requiring, as it obviously does, sound judgment, clear discernment of what is of general and permanent interest, with no common resolution to reject (though it should contract the size of the book more than the writer or publisher might desire) whatever does not decidedly bear that character. The compiler, W. Toone, Esq., complains of one of his predecessors in this line—Salmon, we believe—that his work contained long and uninteresting details of coronations, funeral processions, and prolix narratives of events, some of little, and others of no political importance. It has been the study of the present compiler to omit the unimportant.

Let us see—we open the book at random towards the end, page 708-9.

1824. June 8. A fire broke out at Carlton Palace, which burnt one of the sitting-rooms; before it was extinguished several valuable paintings were destroyed.

— Another battle took place in the neighbourhood of Chichester between Spring and Langan, which ended in the defeat of the latter after seventy-seven rounds.

— The Rev. C. J. Bloomfield, D.D., was promoted to the Bishopric of Chester.

1821. July 19. The Coronation [occupying, after all

his convictions, no less than twelve entire pages of very small type].

We will try again—page 512-3.

1003. April 23. General David Dundas created a Knight and invested with the order of the Garter.

— May 20. Died, the Rev. Richard Hole, author of an epic poem, called "Arthur," and other works of great taste and merit. [Who ever heard of him ?]

— June 17. His Royal Highness Prince Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, promoted to the rank of Lieut. Gen. in the army.

Again—page 488-9.

1800. July 29. S. F. Waddington was tried at the Worcester assizes for forestalling hops, and found guilty.

— J. S. Boothy Clapton, esq. committed suicide by blowing out his brains with a pistol; he was possessed of an estate of £7000 a year!

— Oct. 6. Sir Wm. Staines elected Lord Mayor of London for the year ensuing.

Once more—page 364-5.

1788. Aug. 5. Joseph Ewart, esq. appointed envoy extraordinary at the Court of Berlin.

— Aug. 16. The new coinage of guineas of this year's date to the amount of £6000 was issued this day.

— Sept. 18. The Court of Proprietors of Bank Stock declared a dividend of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the half-year ending the 10th October next.

— Sept. 28. Alderman Curtis and Sir Benjamin Hammett were sworn in sheriffs of London.

— Sept. 30. The French King made a complete change in his ministry.

All alike!—Still the book has its value. Events, great and small, are brought down to the end of 1825; all that can be required chronologically is here, and we dare say, correctly enough; what we complain of is, that there is more than there ought to be: facts of perfect insignificance, and justly forgotten by every body

De Foix, or Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the 14th Century, an historical Romance. By ANNA ELIZA BRAY, late MRS. CHARLES STOTHARD, author of *Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, &c.* 3 vols. 12mo.—Count de Foix is sovereign of Bearn and Foix, at the foot of the Pyrenees. He has two sons, Evan and Gracien, and with these, residing at his feudal castle, are two female wards; one of them, a kinswoman, is Isabel de Greelly. She, by her father's will, is bound to marry according to De Foix's appointment, or to lose her large inheritance: he consequently and disinterestedly designs her for one of his own sons.

The other, Jane de Boulogne, is daughter of the Count de Boulogne, and heiress to the lands of Comminges. Of these territories a neighbouring lord, Armagnac, has violently despoiled the beautiful heiress. In consequence of this spoliation, Jane is placed by her mother under De Foix's powerful protection, with the view both of securing his assistance towards the recovery of her inheritance, and safety to her person against the further designs of Armagnac, who wishes, by marrying her, to confirm

his otherwise precarious seizure. De Foix means to bestow her upon his other son.

Besides these sons and wards, there is one Eustace, a youth of unknown parentage, supposed to be a peasant's son, whom the Countess de Foix in her life-time had persuaded her lord to adopt as his own; and who had grown up in the palace under its master's eye and especial protection, together with the Count's sons. To this hero Isabel, with whom he had been familiar from boyhood, all in the usual way, gives her affections, instead of, as in duty bound, reserving them for the far less worthy, less handsome, less clever Sir Gracien de Foix. The remaining damsel also, Jane de Boulogne, at a splendid tournament in honour of the assumption of the Virgin, parts with her's, in a no less perverse and orthodox manner, to a stranger knight, who is successful in the lists. Both these unpermitted attachments are discovered by a plotting abbot of a neighbouring convent. Eustace is forthwith turned to the right-about. The stranger knight, whom they find to be the Duke de Montpensier, son of the Duke de Berry, an enemy of De Foix's, narrowly escapes the indignation of De Foix at his intrusion; but, at Jane's intercession, with the promise of never marrying him without the Count's concurrence, is allowed to go away too.

Now, many years previous to these events one Arnaut de Bearn was holding the fortress of Lourdes for England; this fortress was invaded by the Duke of Anjou. De Foix was afraid of the Duke, and wanted his friendship: he therefore beguiled De Bearn from his strong-hold of Lourdes to the castle of De Foix; and as soon as he had the person of De Bearn in his power, made proposals for the surrender of Lourdes to himself, under flimsy pretences, which could not cover his insidiousness. De Bearn rejected his requisition, and De Foix thereupon stabbed him to the heart.

John de Bearn, brother of the murdered Arnaut, succeeded to his inheritance, and together with Le Meneant, a freebooting chief, ruled over the free bands of Lourdes and its neighbourhood. These chiefs employed themselves from that time in planning vengeance against De Foix, and, in furtherance of that aim, enter into an alliance with Armagnac, the afore-mentioned despoiler of Jane de Boulogne's territories. Upon these alliances and hostilities, and their influence on the fortunes of Eustace, and the two wards, the story is built. Eustace turns out to be the son of the murdered Arnaut de Bearn, and, by means of a secret understanding between his widowed mother and the late Countess de Foix, had been effectually screened from the Count's pursuit and persecution, and his education provided for, by being placed under that Count's own care as a peasant's son, whom his lady desired to adopt.

Finally Armagnac, the alliance being

broken with De Bearn on private accounts, is besieged at one moment on both sides of his castle, by De Foix on the one hand and De Bearn and Montpensier on the other; all three parties mutually hostile. The castle is taken, and Armagnac slain. Eustace is presented with Isabel by his old patron, the repentant De Foix, whose life he had saved in the scuffle. As for Jane of Boulogne, she may not marry Montpensier, because De Foix, once in a passion made an oath against it. The Duke de Berry therefore, father of Montpensier, with a loving eye to the lands, demands her for himself; and the wily De Foix is well content to purchase such an alliance with the resignation of his son's claim to her.

The professed object of the novel is to give an account of the manners and customs of the fourteenth century, and accordingly, throughout the three volumes, we are not allowed above one page of genuine story to two of tiresome, entangled and foolish description of the exterior and interior of buildings, with all their confused intricacies, together with the paraphernalia of monkish devotion and chivalric rites. Surely there is a full abundance of conventional etiquettes of this present day to be gotten by heart, without an additional load upon the memories of youth of a mass of exploded ceremonial.

What importance the author attaches to these transient peculiarities of past times is sufficiently manifested by her weaving them into a story, the main and declared object of which is an elucidation of them. But, although there can be no objection to an acquaintance with chivalrous and monkish usages, or the cobwebbed corners and passages of abbeys or feudal castles; and although *one* gifted pen has graven their details like spells about our hearts and memories; yet we must deprecate the *cold study* of a thing so evanescent, and so little applicable to our universal wants and interests, for the supply of which, universal and permanent truth alone can suffice. We consider the able representation of human character, under whatever conventional forms it may be moulded, or in whatever garb arrayed, as of the nature of universal truth; but the present novel has no claim to ability upon such a score, or indeed upon any grounds at all; and our duty alone, and the sweet consciousness of discharging that zealously and impartially, has enabled us to wade through the book.

Sir John Chiverton, a Romance. 1826.—In some dedicatory verses of great tenderness and smoothness, the author announces the present work as his first and last attempt at fiction. He succeeds too well, not to break his word. He plainly possesses some of the right qualities for story-telling. Natural scenery, and the movements of living objects, he describes with warmth, taste, and distinctness; and some little touches, as elicited in the conflicts of

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action, afford us occasionally a glimpse of some real power of observation, and considerable felicity of language.

The character of Chiverton, who seems to be a villain almost of necessity, and that of his physician, retainer, and adviser-general, Scymel, who is one by choice, are cleverly contrasted.

Chiverton, a high-spirited youth of the time of Elizabeth, retains the family inheritance to the prejudice of his only sister, who, by a peculiar custom of descent in favour of females, is the legal proprietor. The minutiae of contrivance by which this sister is still strangely made to love, to confide in, and to live with her unjust brother, all unwitting of the fraud, are not sufficiently detailed, or rather are left quite undeveloped. A young man, however, of family, fortune, and honour, who has been for years attached to her, and who has been treacherously kept in other countries by Chiverton's artifices, to prevent a disclosure to his sister of the real state of things, manages, nevertheless, finally to return to see her, and to divulge the full complexities of the plot—not only to her, whom it principally concerned, but to Chiverton's own betrothed, whom and whose father he had most unaccountably imposed upon with respect to the succession. The physician, however, and Chiverton, with the aid of a certain Moor (who we strongly suspect, not only from his hue, but his wiles, must be a lofty personage in the lower realms), defeats the defeater, and to a great degree the ends of poetical justice also. The sister's life is sacrificed to the dilemma in which their iniquity has involved them; and although the fate which they have violently brought upon her does extend at last to themselves, it does so unsatisfactorily.

Unusual events, when the order of causes do not affront experience, cease to be monstrous; but we must either have only every-day occurrences, or else special good reasons for extraordinary ones; and these, the author has been too lazy to trace through all their steps.

Scymel's character, perhaps not an impossible one, is stretched to the extremest point of improbability—a man of the noblest mental and personal endowments, who has reasoned and philosophized down all sympathies, passions, and propensities, save faithfulness to his employer, and love of stratagem.

On the whole, we should say, the incidents, the characters and conversations, do not go hand in hand sufficiently. Scymel is far too full of his own notions—too fond of descanting upon his infidelity, fatality, and self-subjugation, for one who so entirely acts in accordance with these principles as he seems to do. People who have to this fearful degree mastered the strongest impulses of nature, are not so “loose of soul;” and the writer shews

little wisdom in giving his readers such full opportunities of remarking whether the thought, the action, and the word tally, as they should do, in the ideal objects, which he sets before them. Such criticism he might escape, by not bringing the metaphysics of his characters so much into relief. The difficulties, however, which he creates for himself, he sometimes ably and eminently masters, and would in the end, we are sure, if it were not for his rash resolution, be victorious in a distinguished degree.

Researches into Fossil Osteology, partially abridged and re-arranged from the French of the Baron Cuvier, Member of the French Institute, &c. Part I. 4to. 1826.—Cuvier's researches, in this particular department, are too well known by the naturalist to render any account of them here necessary; if it were necessary, we have no space for such a purpose. We deem it, however, quite sufficient to announce to our readers the design of the present publication. That design is, not to give a full translation of Cuvier's text, nor a full transcript of the plates, which could not be accomplished for less than twenty or twenty-five pounds; but by a little curtailment he is occasionally very diffuse—and a new arrangement of the original materials, with a considerable reduction of the plates, to present an abridgment scarcely less useful to the man of science, and undoubtedly more attractive to the public in general. The plates are very distinctly and carefully engraved, and altogether the book has a very handsome appearance. It is proposed to comprize the whole in eight parts. We have here the first at a very moderate charge.

Tales in Verse, illustrative of the several Petitions of the Lord's Prayer, by the Rev. H. F. Lyte. 1826.—In this little volume, the successive clauses of the Lord's Prayer have each a poem attached, to which they serve as texts. The style resembles Crabbe's in its general vigorous flow, though not perhaps quite equal to Crabbe's occasionally irresistible pathos. The object, as may be gathered from the title, is decidedly and pointedly religious; and the allusions, illustrations, and broad descriptions, derived from worldly sources, are used only for the purpose of enforcing the writer's more serious reflections. The tone of his mind is generally too sombre to communicate much pleasure to the reader; but the terseness of his expression—giving point to every syllable—the solemn piety of his sentiments, and the deep and eloquent truth of each of his descriptions, entitle him to no vulgar praise. We might challenge any body to cull a worthless, an inflated—even a feeble passage from the whole book; while, at the same time, we hardly know how to select one, in its bearings, insulated enough for extraction. But not to extract we

cannot consent to, and therefore we must quote amply; since in these short and rapid poems, the action and reflection are so interwoven, that any thing short of a considerable extract will not enable the reader to judge of the elevated position of mind from which the writer's thoughts proceed. We choose the 'Missionary' for this purpose—being, as it is, a beautiful picture of devotional feelings, as existing in an elegant and cultivated mind, whose sustained delicacy of sentiment half veils the unbending resolution with which it is mingled.

A young man of good family, fortune, talents and acquirements is betrothed to a lady of corresponding endowments; all is arranged with regard to their union—

—— “and nothing now there needs,
But fix the day, and draw the marriage deeds.

I say not how the hours from hence were spent;
I pass each sigh, and look, and blandishment,
The air-built castle, the sequestered walk
With trembling arm-in-arm, and all the talk
'Bout poetry, and trees, and flowers and skies,
And young Love's thousand hopes and phantasies;—
Nor can I tell how they had matched for life,
What husband he had made, and she what wife:
For when all else was settled, and there now
Remained but just the priest, and ring, and vow,
News came, that one, on whom, as on his soul,
He rested, and resigned to him the whole
Of his affairs, was fled, and with him bore
The bulk of all his patron owned before.

“But there was more to suffer. Ah! the crew
Were mean and base with whom he had to do!
Much had been proffered, and it was not much
To look for some concern, some kindly touch
Of sympathy to mitigate his shock:
But all fell off, like waves from round a rock.
They that were yesterday all cringe and bow,
Stared in his face, or swaggered past him now.
At once their smiles and welcomes and respect
Grew cold civility, or proud neglect.”

The lady refuses to see him, and

“A letter followed cold and brief, expressing
Her thanks for past attentions, and professing
A high esteem; but she regretted much,
That circumstances were no longer such,
As would admit their union; and in fine,
She begged all future visits to decline.

It was enough. He now had known the worst:
He wept not, though his heart was nigh to burst:
He raved not, cursed not, though to both inclined;
But calmly turned his back upon mankind.
He made the woods his mate, and to the breeze
Poured out his spirit's baleful reveries.
He walked the mountain tops; and loved to lie
And follow the light clouds along the sky,
And shape and name them in his moods: he pryed
Into the cups of flowers; and o'er the side
Of streams would lean and watch the fish at play:
Or at the close of evening roam away
Among the dews, and linger till the sky
Grew beautiful with stars, and sounds from high
Came to him through the stillness of the night,
And his soul mingled with the infinite
And rose from earth; and here it was that first
Upon his intellectual darkness burst
The Majesty of God: amid the woods,
The solemn rocks, blue skies, and sounding floods
He grew familiar with Him, learnt to trace
His power, His love, His wisdom, and His grace,

From suns and planets down to the poor blade
That trembled at his foot. His spirit made
A friend of God; and with the flowers and birds
Breathed up a worship which no earthly words
Could adequately utter; till with Him
Conversing, this poor earth grew dark and dim;
And the large spirit bursting every bond,
Rose on immortal wing and soared beyond
The bounds of time and space, and joyed to roam
And drink the glories of its native home;
And heavenly longings swelled within his breast,
And his heart thirsted for eternal rest.

"A few more suns and moons," he thought, and
then
A long farewell to earth and earthly men;
A full release from guilt, and guile, and woe,
And all the spirit weeps or fears below."

He goes abroad at last, and sends the
faithless the following letter,—

"Beloved and lovely," (thus his letter ran)
"Hear the last words of a devoted man.
I write not to implore, reproach, or grieve:
I simply send to say that I forgive:
Blest if that word from any pang may free
A heart I would not have distressed through me,
A heart round which I wish more joys to twine
Than thy repulse once seemed to snatch from mine.
But this is over now. My soul, though late,
Has found a nobler aim, a higher mate;
God is the object of my love; and I
Go forth to distant lands to lift on high
His glorious ensign. We no more shall meet,
Till thou shalt see me to their Judge's feet
Leading my little flock. O may this be
A joyful meeting to both thee and me!
May we be joined in better bonds than e'er
Our fondest thoughts anticipated here!
Farewell! my prayer shall rise when far away
For thy dear sake to Him I there obey;
And ah! do thou at times a thought bestow
On him who scarce knows how to let thee go,
So loved, so lost;—I feel I must not dwell
On themes like these; once more, Farewell, Fare-
well!"

The 'Preacher'—the last and most
strongly in relief of all his pictures, is a
dreadful, but faithful, representation of the
horror of mind resulting from pride hum-
bled to the dust by conscious sin,—or more
correctly we might say—pride resisting the
summons to humiliation. This is beyond
any of Crabbe's in strength of description.

*Specimens of German Romance, selected
and translated from various Authors. 1826.*

—Mr. Soane, the translator, announces that
if he had not originally contemplated a
much more extensive collection of stories,
the present limited number would have
been selected with greater caution than,
he confesses, was actually employed; and
one of the Tales, 'Master Flea,' would
certainly not have appeared at all. This
story occupies one of the three volumes,
and is the most indescribable production
we ever read—its scope and bearing re-
maining utterly incomprehensible to us
after two careful perusals. It may be a
satire on men or fleas—we cannot tell.

Some of its details are, however, amusing;
and belonging, as it does, to the light-
hearted fairy-land of metamorphosis, with
talking plants and animals, and supernatural
power, exercised in ridiculous feats, we
were able to bear with our entire ignorance
as to the main drift of it.

The 'Patricians,' filling another volume,
is the best story, we think, with the trans-
lator, of the set. But on the first setting
out, we are so confused by a multitude of
stormy characters with German names,
and by the noisy feuds of the nobles and
burghers of Sweidnitz, whose contests form
the foundation of the plot, that before
interest is awakened the memory takes
alarm at its preliminary task. Still these
obstreperous knights of the flagon,—when
we have once persuaded ourselves to min-
gle in their stunning society, and have
grown enough familiar with their discord to
distinguish the individuals who compose it,
do gradually develop distinct character-
istics, and some of them amiable and
attractive ones. Tausdorf, who is the
hero of the story, is a good specimen of
healthy greatness of mind; Althea, his
betrothed wife, is an example, equally agree-
able, of that real nobility of soul, which
can adopt itself to every change of circum-
stances without the contraction of a single
stain. Erasmus, the burgomaster, old in
city-dignities and in the pride of office,
and avaricious to his heart's core, displays
what it is difficult to represent well—rooted
passions operating their steady ends through
technical forms, and employing the appar-
atus of decorum and established usage as
active agents in remorseless cruelties, when
these are necessary to secure vengeance, or
to confirm or augment power: thus, as
a requital for submitting to the exactions
of society, requiring and obtaining from
that society, by means of those very re-
straints, powerful instruments for whatever
the patient and untiring spirit has long
desired

There is, besides, a fairy tale—and we
like fairy tales—'the Adventurers,' a very
lively story, and another, called 'The Blind
Passenger,' which we do not like at all.

We trust these tales are only the pre-
cursors of multitudes more; and entertain
a secret hope that the racy tone of a litera-
ture, which allows of more interest than
love and adultery, and the metaphysics of
blue devils, will brace up our own vicious
and fastidious tastes, and gradually compel
our sympathies to a more extended action.

The translator's duties have been well
performed. The language is English. Why
does Mr. Soane withdraw his name from
the title-page, after it has been announced
over and over again in advertisements?
There is nothing to be ashamed of, and it
is too late to play the 'anonymous.'

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REVIEW.

THE Lyceum has taken the lead during the last month: and the facility with which the lead might be taken has yet no right to depreciate the merits of the manager's zeal and activity. Mr. Arnold is a man of character and understanding, and such a man has only to follow the dictates of his good sense, to succeed. The public have had to thank him for the introduction of the *Freischütz* among us, an immortal work, which might yet have been a stranger to us till this hour, but for the intelligence which hazarded its production at the Lyceum, while the wise managers of the winter theatres had been repelling it for upwards of a year. The success of the *Freischütz* has now naturally led public attention to the German school, and the Lyceum has to boast of another opera of great foreign celebrity, and, to a considerable extent, of deserved London popularity.

Winter's *Opferfest*, which had been for a number of years a highly favourite performance on the Continent, is now running its course to large audiences. The vocal force of this theatre is unusual for the summer performances, and a remarkable improvement has been made in the general style of preparation. Sapio and Miss Paton take the principal parts, and the remainder are filled up by a very respectable list of singers.

The *Opferfest* is founded on one of those Peruvian stories which, fifty years ago, made so large a share of the light reading of the Continent. Marmontel had turned the Indians into romance, and the half savage men of the transatlantic forests and mountains became heroes and lovers after the true Parisian mode. Marmontel was of all writers the feeblest—but his style was thoroughly Parisian; it was affected, meagre, superficial in the extreme, but it was the very language of the *salons* and the *beaux-esprits* of the literary *côteries* that then carried every thing before them. On this hint the whole mob of French novelists spoke; and as France was, for her day, the dictator of fashions in books, coats and cookery, the taste of Paris ran through the Continent, and all was Incas, Virgins of the Sun, Rollas, Pizarros, and Alonzos. The mania first overlaid Germany, where every phrenzy can find some brain or bosom extravagant enough to foster it. We had our luckless share of it soon after; and Pizarro is to this day a monument of popular absurdity, and the degradation of the matchless wit who stooped his pen to its production.

The *Opferfest* has its Alonzo, its Elvira, and its Cora under other names; and a slight change would turn the whole into a German version of Pizarro. A Spanish officer has joined the Peruvians, and assisted them to defeat his countrymen in a sig-

nal battle. The Inca's daughter falls in love with the young hero, and her hand is pledged to him by the sovereign. A Peruvian chieftain, indignant at this preference, suborns one of the priests to utter an oracle charging the Spaniard with blaspheming the divinity of the sun. The charge is sustained by the princess, who has been deceived into supporting this treachery. The Spaniard is condemned to die. A son of the Inca, an admirer of the victim's bravery, determines to save him, enters the place of execution with troops, and stops the national crime. A civil conflict is about to occur, when the priest who had pronounced the oracle is brought forward to acknowledge the treachery. The Spaniard is set at liberty of course—and of course marries the Inca's daughter, who had gone *mad* previously in the idea of his sacrifice; but suddenly recovers her senses, and becomes delighted and domestic ever after, according to the fashion of stage heroines.

The music of this opera is, on the whole, heavy: the opera is too long, the music too frequent, and the chorusses are too clamorous: but it comprehends a great deal of rich and powerful composition. The first act, the *finales* of the second and third, and some of the symphonies, exhibit variety, skill, and conception of a remarkable order. There is a deficiency of striking airs, and the vocal soliloquies are of a length that nothing but German patience—the patience of a nation of smokers—could endure. But still there is power and beauty enough left to do great honour to the name of Winter. The fine melody of "*Paga piu*," has been transposed from the "*Ratto di Proserpina*," and probably some similar changes would be of service to the opera but even in its present state it is popular, and what can a manager ask more?

An improvement has been made in the scenery, which hitherto at this theatre had been *very mediocre*. We can by no means yet congratulate Mr. Arnold on his drop-scene, which looks as if it were composed out of the frontispiece to a nursery-book, and coloured with something between chalk and buttermilk. Mr. Grieves has no reason on earth to rejoice in this fruit of his brush: and if he is to flourish among the immortal operators in distemper, he must found his claim to deathless distinction on some less equivocal testimony. The new scenery of the opera is not altogether the finest production of the art, but it is at least not chalk and ocre alone, there is some attempt at colour and some at design, and there is some variety, and even some appropriateness in the design; and so far forth, any one who has been in the habit of visiting this very pleasant summer theatre, will feel and acknowledge that there has

been a very extraordinary and very unexpected improvement.

The singers are in general familiar to the public. Miss Paton has an arduous part, if straining her fine voice, and distorting her really pretty features, is to be the criterion of difficulty. No singer certainly seems to make a more willing sacrifice of beauty to song—for Miss Paton is a handsome personage, however seldom it can be suspected by those who see her only in full bravura. She accomplishes a cadence with more dislocation of the loves and graces than any female on record; but she will amend this as she grows older, and finds reason to be more chary of her charms.

Sapio is the same thing he was two years ago, when he constituted the united Apollo and Adonis of Drury-Lane, except that his voice quavers more and that his figure is more stooped. We cannot believe that both are from increased age. His time will come like that of other men, even if he were ten times a better singer and a more "enchanted man" than he will ever be. But until that hand, which neither actor nor manager can resist, which is bowing the sinews of Young, and infuriating the irascibility of Macready, has finally crushed him into decrepitude, Mr. Sapio ought at least to try to stand straight, move with the boldness of a man not yet much used to crutches, and make the experiment of pitching his voice to tones not altogether emulous of the unhappy distinctions of Signior Velluti.

As for the rest: Mr. Thorne plays the fool, and has the advantage of perfectly looking the part. However, its humour is so grave, and its frolic so much the opposite of sportive, that we think him supremely fortunate in getting over his task without any worse consequences to his feelings than the box on the ear which Miss Goward—who seems created for such purposes and for no other—gives him with such palpable good-will.

The Death-Fetch has been played some nights at the Lyceum. It is one of those German horror stories, from which common-sense and natural feeling equally turn away. Two lovers see alternately each others' ghosts; thus apparitions are equivalent to a sentence of death, and those two doomed and loving people waste away day by day, looking at what each shall be before the play is over. They at last retire to the Hartz Mountains (the seat of all the romance of Germany since Goëthe has made romance and mountains fashionable) where they see each other, in reality and in vision, until they are sufficiently far gone to die; then Miss Kelly falls into Mr. Archer's arms and they both drop dead. We cannot comprehend the kind of taste which may be indulged by seeing such preposterous things.

Of poetical justice it would be, of course, burlesque to talk in these little, unnatural

fabrications; but the stage ought to be a source of either high sensibility or easy merriment—stories of goblins can be neither. Moral is out of the question, and meaning is out of the question too. The stage should not be made a nursery of nonsense that would revolt any other nursery, nor a chapel of ease to the charnel-house. *The Death-Fetch* is laid, and we hope laid in perfect, as in deserved, oblivion.

"*Lying made Easy*," no bad successor to the hobgoblinism, is a little farce in which Wrench plays the knave with his usual adroitness. The plot is simple to the full amount of being silly. A young man is in love with a niece of the lady of the mansion. The valet persuades the husband that this lover, his own nephew, is attached to the wife! Another stratagem persuades the wife that her husband is attached to the niece. Jealousy rages in the house, until the valet recommends, as the only sedative, that a fortune should be given to the young people as a bribe to marry each other, and thus get rid of both. The wife and husband snatch at this lucky conception with the headlong simplicity appropriated to such matters on the stage, and the lovers are made happy, if that dubious indulgence, marriage, can make them so.

Wrench is pleasant and lively in every thing, and ought to have been long since transferred to the winter theatres. The race of the lighter men of fashion, the "young fellows about town," as they used to be termed in our comedies, has passed away in a singular degree: Covent Garden has one representative of them, and but one—Jones, a delightful actor in his style, dexterous, spirited, and brilliant; never negligent, never vulgar, never commonplace; always throwing his best powers into his part, and perhaps, on the whole, the preserver of a greater number of performances—which without him must have perished at once—than any actor of his time. But of this style Drury-Lane affords no specimen whatever. Elliston is gone—and whether he lingers in London, attending the police-offices in the day, and figuring at Vauxhall in the night—whether Mr. Poole is to have the honour of mulcting him a second time in his last farthing, or he is to go forth on the general plunder of the transatlantic Thalia, he will never be the "glass of fashion and the mould of form," on this side of the earth again.

The taking of Drury-Lane by the American manager will produce some change of affairs, and so far all is well. He is a lively locomotive person, and obviously thinks but little about a voyage across the ocean. He takes to the Atlantic like one of its own leviathan, and refreshes New York with English of the latest pronunciation of any man alive. He is a sort of general trader in human stock, and has now grown into a monopoly of the rejected,

the ambitious, and the avaricious in the northern hemisphere of the drama. We sincerely hope that he will proceed in his export system with increased vivacity, and we could point out a considerable number of names that the English stage could very conveniently spare. In time the western world may become prolific, and when the age of smugglers, buccaneers, and piracies is past, and the law of the legislature, when American painters no longer consider themselves the first artists upon earth, when her novelists no longer live on copying every worn out romance among ourselves, and when in her whole limits from New York to New Orleans, she can produce a single poet, then, in the lapse of ages—and those things will require time—America may contribute something to Europe besides bad pamphlets and the yellow fever, and an American actor may flourish on our boards.

Mr. Price has, however, commenced his career in a rather unpromising manner. A voyage to America may be a trifle to his aqueous habits; but let him sail as he will, it must take up the period during which all his energies, and ten times his energies, would have been required for the opening of Drury-Lane. He is said to have carried off Macready to the land of liberty; and though Macready is, beyond all comparison, the most repulsive mannerist that ever trod any boards since the days of Thespis, and though his intractableness makes him the most uneasy of subordinates, and his self-sufficiency the most troublesome of equals, yet he has some qualities that might fill up a place, which Mr. Price will find it rather difficult to fill without him. This actor is thus cut away from his strength. Kean is utterly blown upon, and, unless another Shakespeare arise, will have lost all popular effect—for all his principal parts have been played till the world is weary of both them and the actor. But another Shakespeare will not arise; and the old prediction, that as Kean came from harlequin, to harlequin he shall return, is infinitely likely to be verified.

It is undeniable, that the stage is at this day in the lowest condition within the "memory of the oldest inhabitant."—Neither tragedy, comedy, opera nor farce, worth the smallest coin of the realm—our whole modern stock purloined from France, and nothing to palliate the crime but the worthlessness of the robbery. Paul Pry, followed for the mere grimace of an actor, and the exhausted fun of that eternal chip hat, which he wears alike in street and parlour, in the presence of gentle and

simple. Liston knows his *forte*, and knows the importance of keeping any ridiculous appendage that makes the rabble laugh, and keeps it, in spite of all decorum and probability, things essential to true comedy. Like a desperate admiral, he nails his colours to the mast, and sink or swim will keep up his flag. But it is Liston's actual misfortune to have fallen into this kind of performance. Its profits are tempting: but to a man of ability they should form no compensation to the humiliation of being bound to be a *face-maker* for life. Grimace is the lowest purchase of low popularity—and the actor who will be a grimacier may make money undoubtedly, till some mime of a more ferocious distortion or more unsparing mummery, ousts him from the worship of the galleries; but as an actor, what is he but a speaking Grimaldi? We should wish to see a man of Liston's powers rescued from this fate, and tried in a genuine comedy.

But who will write such a comedy? No man, until the stage is capable of supplying him with that fair remuneration without which exertion must cease. The emolument of stage-authorship is contemptible, compared with that of any other brilliant and popular writing. The difficulties of stage-writing must make success at all times rare; the talent required for it is peculiar—the knowledge of life, the constant animation and piquancy of dialogue, the vigorous conception of character, the dexterous arrangement of story, all essential to an able production of this kind, are absolutely among the most unusual qualities to be met with, even among the most intellectual classes of society. Yet for this exertion the whole recompense is naturally—depending too on the caprice of the multitude—is absolutely trivial. And this is scarcely the fault of the theatres; they have not the means of supplying a larger recompense. It is the fault of the legislature—that legislature, which protects the most trifling property of trade with a wall of penalties, while it throws open stage authorship defenceless to every marauder. Why will not some public-spirited member of Parliament take up the question, and by a liberal and manly appeal to the common sense and literary feeling of the House, place this interesting and nearly extinguished branch of literature at least on an equality with all the rest? The subject deserves the most speedy and sincere attention of the legislature, for the British drama is on the point of extinction, and nothing but a well-directed public patronage, and a wise public protection, can secure it from ruin.

NEW MUSIC.

"*There is a Love,*" *Cavatina*, sung by Mr. Sapio. F. J. Klose. 2s. J. Willis and Co.—This is an extremely elegant and appropriate melody, the accompaniments are unpretending and effective. Perhaps it would have been better for the reputation of the composer if the short middle movement in C. had been omitted; not that there is any thing particularly objectionable, except the manner of introducing the A flat in the third bar; but we can trace some plagiarisms from which the other movements are free. We recommend this song as one of the most pleasing that have appeared for these three months.

"*A two-fold Care disturbs this Breast,*" sung by Mr. Sinclair in the *Hebrew Family*, composed by Pio Cianchettini. 2s. 6d.—This song, though not destitute of merit, is precisely dissimilar in character to the last. The air, which in its simple state is deficient in melody, is rendered florid and highly ornamented to suit the peculiar style of the singer; the accompaniment of a clarinet obligato is shewy, and nearly of equal prominence with the voice. Mr. Cianchettini has shewn some judgment in his manner of writing for a performer to whom feeling and energy are a dead letter; he has made his air little more than a thread on which to string divisions. The passages of execution, on which he has principally relied, are elegant and graceful, and place the singer in a favourable point of view.

"*The Farewell Song,*" sung by Miss Foote in *Benjowsky*. By M. Kelly. 2s. Willis.—"*My Heart is Young.*" Do. Do. 1s. 6d. Do.—These two ballads, like all of Michael Kelly's, are of very simple construction; the former is really a very sweet air, and is superior in the adaptation to most of the accompaniments of his compositions. The latter, an andante pastorale, is wofully common-place: we should suspect, from the style, it is one of his early efforts, which has been restored to light from the bottom of a dusty portefeuille after many years slumber.

"*Nunca de ti me,*" *Bolero* for two voices, with accompaniments of Piano-forte and Guitar, sung by Mrs. Hammond, composed by P. Verini. 2s. Willis and Co.—We have not the pleasure of knowing who Mr. P. Verini is; but he appears to have some very odd ideas respecting the length and accentuation of his musical phrases: perhaps regular rythm is a branch of the science unknown in the land of his nativity. If we could render our ears callous to this defect, we should admire the duet; for the melody is pleasing, and there is a peculiar character about it—and really any thing like character is to be valued in the present day, when we are refining away every thing into a polished insipidity.

Piano-Forte.

Romance by Mehul, arranged with *Variations* for the Piano-Forte, by C. M. Von Weber. 3s. 6d. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.—The theme which Mr. Weber has chosen, "*à peine au sortir de l'enfance,*" we do not think particularly adapted to the development of his peculiar style: but the talent of the composer is of such a nature as completely to throw the homely old proverb of the silk purse and the sow's ear into disrepute; he can do any thing, and with any sort of materials. The whole aspect of these variations is terrific to the eye of any but a first-rate performer: in the last we have chromatic chords of four notes each, following each other in semiquavers; they are seven in number, and follow one another in the following order: The first, *con passione*, is an expressive movement with rich harmonies; the second, a powerful dashing variation in demisemiquavers for the right hand; the third, octaves in the bass hand; the fourth, *piu moderato-brilliant*, but with expression; the fifth, *presto con fuoco*, demisemis for the right hand, in groups of six energetic and brilliant. The seventh variation and coda are in triplets *staccato*, and remarkable for the harmonies being much crowded in both hands. A passage of which Weber has made free use in this variation has generally been considered as beyond the allowed license in music, and is therefore remarkable; the air in the upper part is doubled by one of the inner parts in the bass hand, with some of the intermediate harmonies filled up. The effect of the passage is pleasing and original, though it has been scarcely considered allowable heretofore.

Rondo Brilliant for the Piano-Forte, by J. B. Cramer. Op. 72. 4s. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.—This rondo, in the key of E. with four sharps, requires a finished expression, a delicate touch, and correct performance, to do it any thing like justice. With these advantages it is truly a *bijou*; but we should scarcely recommend it to the generality of amateur performers, to whom, generally speaking, musical rythm is a *terra incognita*, and the marks of expression Arabic at least.

Useful Extracts for the Piano-Forte, consisting of *Scales and Exercises*, by J. B. Cramer. 5s.—As an introduction to the studii of the same author, and those of Woelfe, Clementi, &c., we consider this as a most valuable work; the first eleven exercises are on the scales limited and extended, the last eighteen exclusively for the practice of double notes in every form, and the remaining nineteen includes practices of the shake on skips, contraction, the various arpeggi, and almost every species of passage, all excellent of their kind.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Chronometers at Greenwich.—We alluded some time since in our number for June to the singularly capricious performance of the chronometers which, to use a common but incorrect phrase, are entered for the prize at Greenwich. We were not at that time as fully aware as at present of the treatment these very delicate instruments receive, and of the circumstances under which the rates are determined upon which the adjudication of the prize depends, and by which the character of an artist may be unfairly raised, or his reputation unjustly injured. We have seen a letter from the observatory in reply to some specific charges, in which it is stated that "the business of the chronometers" is conducted "with the *greatest degree of honour and attention*;" but we have likewise perused another communication from the same quarter, in which, after repeated denials, it was at length reluctantly acknowledged, that a chronometer entered for the prize had been let down. Now for this neglect the astronomer-royal may not be accountable; we are aware that he disavows all responsibility for the conduct of his assistants, and, for the present at least, we admit his plea; but, without we are greatly misinformed, this gentleman pledged himself a very few years back that, if the salary of his assistants were augmented, no money should hereafter be received for the rates of chronometers, and the salaries were in consequence increased; still the dishonest* practice exists in flagrant notoriety. If it be intended to form a just estimate of chronometers, it is necessary that the greatest regularity should be observed in the winding of them up; any variation in the time of doing so producing a corresponding variation in the rate, which last is altogether changed when the instrument is allowed to go down; and, above all, the works should never be touched. Now of the time-keepers entered at Greenwich some have been allowed to go down, and no notice taken of the fact, which was even for a time denied; of others the hands were altered; one, with a fast rate, when returned to the maker was found to be two hours slow; of another the glass had been screwed off, and between the second and minute hand there was found to be a difference of ten seconds; but it is needless to multiply instances, and we shall only add one more case in which a most able artist, not a little surprised at

* If a chronometer were recommended to the captain of a vessel, the rate having been kept by the maker himself, the former might object to the correctness of the entries, but if the rate were supplied from the Royal Observatory, no suspicion would be entertained of a fraudulent certificate; hence the practice of *purchasing good rates at Greenwich*.

the vagaries of his chronometer, found that the pendulum stud had been unscrewed and not tightly screwed down again. Registers are kept at the Royal Observatory in which the daily rate of the time-keepers is supposed to be entered, and in which should be noted down whatever is done to accelerate or retard the rate of the instruments, to vary their performance or to evince their regularity. If these registers can be made out by the assistants, it is not for us to condemn the unintelligible manner in which they are at present kept; but we do say that no figure when once entered should be altered or erased, and, in the official returns at least, every artist should be informed if not why his instrument in particular has been neglected, still that such has been the case, and that their regularity of the machine proceeds not from any defect in the workmanship, but from the heedlessness (?) of the persons to whom it was intrusted. As an eminent philosopher has observed "England has now lost her supremacy in the manufacture of achromatic telescopes, and the government one of the sources of its revenue. In a few years she will also lose her superiority in the manufacture of the great divided instruments for fixed observatories," and if by neglecting the chronometers which first-rate artists have produced, and treating others with scrupulous attention, the pledge of comparative perfection, a national prize be conferred upon inferior makers, our hitherto unrivaled reputation in this branch of the arts will be soon and wantonly sacrificed. "When these sources of occupation for scientific talent decline, the scientific character of the country must fall along with them, and the British government will deplore, when it is too late, her total inattention to the scientific establishments of the empire. When a great nation ceases to triumph in her arts, it is no unreasonable apprehension, that she may cease also to triumph by her arms."

Sympathetic Ink.—The following application of a modern chemical discovery has never before been communicated to the public, and affords a sympathetic ink very far superior to any, as yet, in use. Dissolve a small quantity of starch in a saucer with soft water, and use the liquid like common ink; when dry no trace of the writing will appear upon the paper, and the letters can be developed only by a weak solution of iodine in alcohol, when they will appear of a deep purple colour, which will not be effaced until after long exposure to the atmosphere. So permanent are the traces left by the starch that they cannot (when dry) be effaced by Indian rubber, and in another case, a letter which had been carried in the pocket for a fortnight had the secret characters displayed at once, by being very slightly moistened with the above-mentioned preparation.

New Cement.—A patent has recently been obtained for a composition of marble, flint, chalk, lime, and water, which is denominated Vitruvian cement, and when dry is capable of being brought to a high state of polish. The proportions are one part of pulverized marble, one part of pulverized flint, and one part of chalk, mixed together and sifted through a very fine sieve; to this is to be added one other part of lime which has been slacked at least three months. A sufficient quantity of water is to be added to make the whole into a thin paste, and in that state it is to be spread as thinly as possible over a coarse ground, and brought to a smooth surface by the trowel. This cement when dry, may be polished with pulverized Venetian talc until the surface has become perfectly smooth and shining.

Fossil Bones.—After the various geological systems which have been framed to account for the different fossil remains dispersed over the continents of Europe and Asia, we are scarcely surprised at any new hypothesis, unless it carry with it an appearance of truth. A gentleman of the name of Ranking, in a recent publication of the highest merit, has stated as his opinion, that the remains of different animals which have been found in countries very remote from those to which they belong, have not been transported to their present localities by the action of a deluge, but are some of them the result of the Roman sports in the amphitheatre, and of the great hunting matches of the Mongols, while the rest have accompanied the armies of these two nations, the mighty conquerors of the eastern and western world. This is the outline of Mr. Ranking's very able work, of which we shall give an abstract in a future number.

Surveying Signals.—As a signal to be employed by night in grohesical and other similar operations, a ball of lime intensely ignited and placed in the focus of a parabolic mirror (the ingenious invention of Lieutenant Drummond), will supersede every other. In the last volume of the American Philosophical Transactions, a new form of signal to be employed by day is described, that is preferable to any except the heliostal of Gauss at present in use. It consists of a vessel of planished tin plates, the lower part has the form of a truncated cone open at bottom, whose height is 19 inches, the lower diameter 17, the upper 14. The vessel is closed at the top by a plate 3 inches in diameter and elevated five inches above the upper diameter of the truncated cone; the intervening space is enclosed by a tin-plate, which has in consequence also the form of a truncated cone of a greater verticle angle than that beneath. Under favourable circumstances of light and distance these signals appeared like a strong luminous disk, often requiring the use of a dark glass before the eye. Even in distances of from thirty to forty

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miles they presented a distinct illuminated point, when the sun was in such a position as to leave its rays reflected directly to the observer; and the continuance of this reflection is sufficiently long to admit of every necessary observation. As the point of reflection is not always in the direction of the centre of the signal, a reduction was used in America to correct the observed angle for the error arising from this cause. To perpetuate the recollection of the position of the signals larger truncated conical vessels of earthenware were buried, with their axes exactly corresponding with the axes of the signals. As earthenware is almost indestructible, it is probable that no monument equally durable can be obtained at so small an expence.

Hardening of Steel Dies.—In Franklin's journal it is stated that Mr. Adam Eckfeldt was the first who employed the following successful mode of hardening steel dies. He caused a vessel, holding 200 gallons of water, to be placed in the upper part of the building, at the height of forty feet above the room in which the dies were to be hardened; from this vessel the water was conducted down through a pipe of one inch and a quarter in diameter with a cork at the bottom, and nozzles of different sizes to regulate the diameter of the jet of water; under one of these was placed the heated die, the water being directed to the centre of the upper surface. The first experiment was tried in the year 1795, and the same mode has been since pursued (at the mint) without a single instance of failure. By this process the die is hardened in such a way as best to sustain the pressure to which it is to be subjected, and the middle of the face, which by the former process was apt to remain soft, now becomes the hardest part. The hardened part of the die so managed, were it to be separated, would be found to be in the form of a segment of a sphere resting in the lowest softest part as in a dish; the hardness of course gradually decreasing as you descend towards the foot. Dies thus hardened preserve their forms until fairly worn out.

New Manufacture of Glass.—A patent has been granted in France to a M. Segnay, for a new method of manufacturing glass without the use of free alkali. The following is the process: take 100 parts of dried sulphate of soda, 656 parts of silica, and 340 parts of lime which has been exposed to the air; all these ingredients must be mixed with much exactness. The furnace and pots are to be heated till full red, when the mixture in small balls should be charged into the pot until the latter is full, the mouth of the pot should then be stopped up, and with its contents introduced into the furnace, and as soon as it is perceived that the materials have sunk in the pot more of the same mixture must be put in until the pot is filled with a melted

vitreous substance. A strong fire must be continued in order to obtain a complete fusion in as little time as possible. When the fumes diminish small portions must be taken out at different times to ascertain whether the glass be sufficiently refined, which generally happens in about twenty-two hours. This glass is then fit for use; it may remain double the time in the furnace without risk. Another mode proposed is to take 100 parts of well dried muriate of soda, 123 parts of silica, 92 parts of lime which has been exposed to the air, well mixed together and fused in the way above described: in sixteen hours a good glass will be obtained, which will be fit for use for any purpose that may be required. Other proportions are likewise assigned—100 dried muriate of soda, 100 slacked lime; 140 sand; from 50 to 200 clippings of glass of the same quality—or 100 dried sulphate of soda, 12 slacked lime, 19 powdered charcoal, 225 sand, 50 to 200 broken glass—or 100 dry sulphate of soda, 266 slacked lime, 500 sand, 50 to 200 broken glass.—*Annales de l'Industrie Nationale.*

Butter in a Bog.—A letter from the Viscount Dunlo, of which the following is an extract; was read at the meeting of the Royal Dublin Society, June 5, 1826. "In a bog upon an estate of Lord Clancarty's, adjoining Ballinasloe, has just been dug up a tub of butter, which, from the circumstance of the wood-work having been quite rotten, so as to fall off when touched, must be of great antiquity. It was this morning discovered by turf-cutters at the depth of eight feet from the surface of the bog. Upon probing it with a long knife some hard substance was found to resist, in consequence of which it was cut into two pieces. The resistance appears to have arisen from a great part of it having become hard and dry; about one-half of it is in this state, the rest to all appearance fresh and good, and emitting no smell. The two parts have been put together again, and at present lie in Lord Clancarty's cellar at Garbally. The marks of the tub on them are quite distinct."—*Annals of Philosophy.*

The Burrampouter.—The military operations of our countrymen have led to an examination of the course of the Burrampouter, one of the greatest rivers of Asia, but of which, except the name, very little was known with certainty. In a journey, of which the details have not been as yet communicated to the public, Lieutenant Boulton obtained the following information. The river, which enters the bay of Bengal in latitude $22^{\circ} 40' N.$, is navigable to $27^{\circ} 54'$. Nearly under this parallel, where the Ganges takes a westerly direction, the Burrampouter tends to the eastward, running between the mountains of Miri, Amor, and Michini, behind which many lofty chains of snowy mountains are visible, and whose summits embrace the whole northern horizon. At 120 leagues

distance from its mouth in a direct line it receives a large river, which last, in the upper part of its course, communicates with another which discharges itself into the Burrampouter, offering a singular example of an island, thirty leagues long by sixteen in breadth, formed by a large stream proceeding in different directions. It was for a long time believed, and Major Rennel inclined to the opinion, that the Chinese maps were erroneous in distinguishing the river of Sanpo, or of Alou-Tsang-pore, from the Burrampouter; but the accounts of the natives of all the neighbouring countries confirm the accuracy of the Chinese geographers. They affirm that the source of the last of these rivers lies nearly in latitude $27^{\circ} 44'$ and longitude $96^{\circ} 2'$ from Greenwich; its waters issue from the eastern mountains, by an opening which discharges the overflowings of a lake called Bramah-Khoond. It is known that a similar basin, which unites the waters from the Himalaya and the Cailas, forms between their lofty chains the lakes of Manassavouer and Ervon-Irad, from which the Sutlej and probably many other great rivers of Asia have their origin. No European traveller has as yet approached nearer than six days' journey, or from forty to fifty miles to the source of the Burrampouter, and at the farthest point they have reached the channel of the river has not been less than from 6 to 700 yards in breadth. People very different in their habits have been found on the banks of this mighty stream, and among others the Miris, half barbarous mountaineers, whose language, appearance, and manners, have no resemblance to those of the inhabitants of Assam. They use the bow with great dexterity, and in the chase employ arrows imbued with a vegetable poison produced by a plant which grows in the country, but the flesh of animals killed by this poison is eaten without any ill effects. All the Hindoos regard as sacred the source of the Burrampouter, which was formerly an object of pilgrimage. The inhabitants of all classes pointed out to our countrymen the direction in which it lay, by showing them, at about fifteen leagues distance, a very distinct opening in the lowest of a chain of mountains running towards the east, behind which, according to their report, is the reservoir from which the stream issues; this is described as a circular basin in the side of the mountains below the region of snow, the inaccessible summits of which rise towering above it on every side.

Natural Phenomenon.—In the last number of the *Révue Encyclopédique*, under the head of Naples, mention is made of a young man, at present resident in that city, who is twenty-eight years of age, and was born at Brischel, in Barbary, all of whose hair has attained the surprising length of four feet, and is of the thickness of pigs' bristles.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

Royal Society.—May 25. The reading of the paper on the burrowing and boring of marine animals, by Edward Osler, Esq., was concluded.

June 1.—The following papers were read: Account of some experiments relative to the passage of radiant heat through glass screens, by the Rev. Boden Powell. An account of a telescope having only one reflector, and of easy management in observing, by the Rev. Dr. Abram Robertson. Account of some experiments on the laws of electrical accumulations on coated surfaces, by W. S. Harris, Esq. On the construction and use of a magnetic balance, by the same. On the electrical conducting power of various metallic substances, by the same.

June 8.—The Bakeman lecture, on the relations of electrical and chemical changes, by Sir H. Davy. On the discordance between the sun's observed and computed right ascensions, as determined at the Blackman-street Observatory, by J. South, Esq.

June 15.—The following papers were read, or announced. Observations on a case of restoration of vision, by J. Wardrop, Esq. On the existence of a limit to vaporization, by M. Faraday, Esq. On electric and magnetic rotations, by C. Babbage, Esq. On the compressibility of water, by T. Perkins, Esq. On the figure of the earth, by G. B. Airy, Esq. Observations for determining the amount of atmospheric refraction at Port Bowen, by Capt. W. E. Parry, Lieuts. Forster and Ross. On the crystallization of uric acid, by Sir E. Home. Microscopical observations on the muscular fibres of the elephant, by Herbert Mayo, Esq.

The Society then adjourned till Thursday, November 16.

Geological Society.—The following papers were read:—May 19. Notes on the geological position of some of the rocks of the N. E. of Iceland, by Lieut. Portlock. The conclusion drawn is, that the density and crystallized structure of basalt is not affected by the amount of pressure.

June 2.—On the fresh water strata of Hordwell, Beacon, and Barton Cliffs, Hants, by C. Lyall, Esq.

June 16.—Notes on the geological structure of Cader Idris, by Arthur Aikin, Esq.

FOREIGN.

Paris Institute Academy of Sciences.—The only communications of any interest

made during the last sittings were the following. M. Robinet explained a process for removing stones from the bladder by means of chemical dissolvents, and displayed his apparatus for the purpose. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire showed two remarkable cases of incubation, where a pullet's egg contained twins. In the first instance, the subjects had died after about the third part of the ordinary time of incubation had elapsed; that which had lived the longest continued to grow, and was about double the size of the other. In the second example, the subjects had increased in size till the incubation was finished; one emerged from the shell and lived; the other perished in its envelope and only on the twenty-first day. Each had a separate umbilical cord, but they were connected by a common canal going from one yolk to the other. In reply to a question that had been submitted by the Minister of the Interior, regarding the use of hail-rods, M. Fresnel, in the name of the philosophical department, said that the electric theory of hail does not rest on a sufficiently solid basis, and the effinity of hail-rods appears too uncertain for us to recommend the employment of them. No attempt hitherto made has given any positive result, and to decide the question by suitable experiments would require much time and expence, disproportionate to the probability of success. M. Arago presented an aerolite which fell in the principality of Ferrara, January 19, 1826, which had been sent by M. Creoli, professor of natural philosophy at Bologna, and of which M. Cordier undertook the mechanical analysis by the microscope. The statistical and mechanical prizes, founded by M. de Monthyon, were not adjudged this year, but the amount will be doubled for the ensuing one, if any deserving productions should appear. The decision of the physical prize was postponed till March 1, 1827, but M. de Monthyon's physiological prize was awarded to M. Breschet, author of a memoir on the functions of the nervous system.

Royal and Central Society of Agriculture.—At the last public sitting five silver, and ten gold medals were adjudged. M. Polonceau, chief civil engineer at Versailles, received one for his success in obtaining a cross breed between the Cachemire goats and Angora bucks; the hair of the kids is in much greater quantity, and much more long.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed, 1826.

To Jas. Barron, Birmingham, Warwick, brass-founder, &c. a combination of machinery for feeding fire with fuel, and for other purposes.—Sealed 24th July; 6 months.

To Wm. Robinson, Esq., Craven-street,

Strand, for a new method of propelling vessels by steam, on canals, &c. by a moveable apparatus attached to the stem or stern.—24th July; 2 months.

To Wm. Parsons, Dock-yard, Portsmouth, naval architect, for improvements

in building ships calculated to lessen the dangerous effects of internal or external violence—24 July; 6 months.

To Wm. Johnston, Caroline-street, Bedford-square, jeweller, for improvements on ink-holders—24th July; 2 months.

To Wm. Davidson, Gallowgate, Glasgow, druggist, for his new invented process for bleaching bees' wax, myrtle-wax, &c.—1st August; 2 months.

To Thos. J. Knowlys, Esq., Trinity college, Oxford, and Wm. Duesbury, Bousal, Derby, colour-manufacturer, for improvements in tanning—1st August; 6 months.

To Count Adolphe Eugene de Rosen, Princes-street, Cavendish-square, for a new engine for communicating power, to answer the purposes of a steam-engine, communicated by a foreigner—1st August; 6 months.

To Joseph B. Wilks, Esq., Tandridge-hall, Surrey, for improvements in producing steam for steam-engines, &c.—2d August; 6 months.

To Lemuel W. Wright, Borough-road, Surrey, engineer, for improvements in trucks or carriages applicable to useful purposes—2d August; 6 months.

To John Williams, ironmonger, and John Doyle, merchant, Commercial-road, for an apparatus and process for separating salt from sea-water—4th Aug.; 6 months.

To Erskine Hazard, United States,

North America, now in Norfolk-street, Strand, engineer, for a method of preparing expletive mixtures, and employing them as a moving power for machinery, communicated by a foreigner, and additions made by himself—12th August; 2 months.

To John T. Thompson, Long-acre, camp equipage maker, for improvements in making metallic tubes, whereby strength and lightness are obtained, and for applying them with various other improvements, to the construction of the elastic tube and other bedsteads.—17th August; 5 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in September 1812, expire in the present month of September 1826.

25. Leger Didot, London, for his improvement in moulds for making paper.

— Duris Egg, London, for improved construction of fire-arms and their locks, and in the apparatus for trying and loading them.

— Thomas Handford, London, for a travelling trunk on an entire new construction.

— John Bunn, of Halliford, for an improved method of manufacturing of rods and hoops from old iron hoops.

— John Baptist Terrey, Chelsea, for improvement in the methods already known of raising sunken vessels and other matters, and in the machinery used for such purposes.

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES, &c.

The manufacturing districts, which we represented in our last political summary as being in a state of alarming depression, have, since that article was written, been gradually improving; so much so, that before Christmas we may expect to find commerce, though not what it was at the commencement of last year, yet restored to a healthy and comparatively active state. Great and unnecessary alarms have been raised throughout England for at least six months past: it has been reported that our manufacturing resources are not merely suspended, but extinct; that our credit is lost; and, in short, that nothing but a national declaration of bankruptcy can restore us to a state of solvency. The consequences of these rumours have been obvious: a general distrust has taken place of our former commercial confidence; and those who but a year ago were among the foremost to circulate money, by promoting all active and plausible speculations, have since limited their circulation, and thus set an example of distrust which others have but too generally followed. Thus commerce is, as it were, at a stand-still, from want of "the thews and sinews" that should set it in motion. It is not that money is scarce in England—at least not to the extent that is generally supposed—but that it is prevented from coming forth and being actively diffused throughout the country from the apparent dangers attending such diffusion.

The accounts from the North—to enter without further preliminary upon facts—are, on the whole, extremely cheering. At Manchester, indeed, occasional riots and meetings have taken place, but yet not sufficient to impeach the general character of the country for order and subordination. In the neighbourhood of Birmingham trade is manifestly improving: at Sheffield the usual number of operatives are engaged; and the cotton business goes forward with increased activity. Liverpool has, perhaps, suffered less (if we may rely on the statements of their weekly provincial papers) than any other great mercantile town in England. This, perhaps, may be owing to its general indifference to home trade—it relies principally on its foreign commerce; that branch of trade, especially with the two Americas, is as brisk or brisker than ever. But with what far different feelings do we turn to the consideration of poor neglected Ireland. The distress here is awful! we might almost add, unprecedented. In addition to the usual distress of the times, pestilence has added its horrors; hundreds have been dying weekly throughout Dublin of a fever occasioned solely by famine, and hence emphatically termed, "the famine fever." This distress regards not Dublin alone; in Cork it is equally urgent. In Scotland, however, we are happy to find that such unparalleled misery is unknown. To be sure it has suffered;

Glasgow particularly, and Paisley, in their manufactures; but the clouds are breaking, and in a short time will be entirely dissipated. Thus much with respect to our domestic policy: the foreign is more satisfactory. France goes on pretty much after the usual fashion, that is to say, improving—if not in essence—at least in the externals of devotion, and giving preference solely to the Jesuits. All this is done at the instigation of Charles the Tenth, who, relying on the truth of the old adage—"the greater sinner the greater saint," is spending the latter part of his life in atoning for the delinquencies of the former. Doctor Squintum, in Foote's Minor, called this good logic; for "there is nothing," says that exemplary ecclesiastic to Mrs. Cole, "like committing a few swinging follies in one's youth; because then, you see, a body has matter to repent on." Unlike France, at present reposing on its oars, Portugal is all restlessness and activity. A few weeks since, Spain made some verbal resistance to its measures with respect to a Regency; but the country of the Braganzas, backed by the influence of England, spiritedly resisted all foreign interference. It seems that the infant and presumptive heir to the crown has resigned all claims to it, preferring a limited monarchy in the new world to bigotry and despotism in the old, in consequence of which resignation a Regency, headed by the Queen Mother, has been appointed; but as its measures and its own stability are as yet undecided, we cannot do more than speculate. Of Spain we have little to observe, and that little is condemnatory. It continues fixed only in its anarchy, and its determined opposition to the intellect of the day, which giant, as it is elsewhere in influence, has here been paralyzed, as if by the touch of the torpedo. As the Jesuits in France, so the monks in Spain carry all before them. Ferdinand himself is a monk, a genuine one, and we know not that we can say any thing worse of him. He is perpetually changing his ministry, one of whom has got undue but sovereign influence over him, by the masterly skill with which four months since he hemmed a silver petticoat for the Virgin. The affairs of Turkey resemble those of Spain, in their wild and lawless character. The Sultan—a spirited and decided monarch—appears to have been somewhat premature in his destruction of the Janissaries, as detachments of that formidable body scattered throughout the country, and particularly in Aleppo, Damascus, and Smyrna, have announced their intention of rising to revenge the slaughter of their fraternity. Should this be really the case the Vicar of Mahomet will do well to look to his own head, or it may chance to keep company with those of his refractory Janissaries on the highest pinnacle of the Mosque of Saint Sophia. It seems, indeed, but too likely that a civil war will

break out in Turkey. The numberless executions that have taken place during the last two months throughout Constantinople have diffused terror and subordination solely within the sphere of their action; without that sphere, from one end of the empire to the other, the unanimous cry is "Revenge." Should this be so—and our modern politicians, one and all incline to it as a certainty, what an opportunity will open upon Greece! The wrongs of upwards of four hundred years, from the period when Mahomet I. entered the gates of Constantinople over the bleeding bodies of Paleologus and his heroic subjects, up to the massacres of Scio and Missolonghi, will all be terribly revenged. Unaided by the sublime Porte, Ibrahim Pacha and his wild Arabs can obtain no permanent footing in the Morea. He may indeed persevere for a time in his work of death; but the spirit of the country is in arms, and though split into factions and divisions, will at least be unanimous in one opinion—hostility to an Egyptian despot. Besides, Egypt itself is too far distant for its Viceroy to be enabled to make foreign conquests without the assistance of Turkey; and she, crippled by the Janissaries on one side, and her own persevering bigotry on the other, can do nothing. With respect to Saint Petersburg, all is prosperous and pacific. The Emperor has successfully eluded the late dangerous conspiracy against the lives both of himself and his deceased brother; and by behaving with moderation to the guilty (few of whom have suffered the punishment of death), has won all hearts to his cause. Among the number of foreign noblemen lately presented at his levee, in order to congratulate him on his escape from the conspirators' daggers and his accession to the throne, Marshal Marmont, and the Duke of Devonshire, ambassadors from France and England, have rendered themselves conspicuous by the splendour and greatness of their display. It is reported that they will remain at Saint Petersburg (or rather Moscow) until the coronation, which they will of course attend as representatives of their respective nations. In the two Americas, South more especially, a few political disturbances have taken place. The government of Bolivar in Colombia has been objected to by a Mulatto General, named Paez; but an amicable arrangement has since, we are happy to say, been effected between the two contending parties. In North America the principal public occurrence has been the deaths of those celebrated Ex-presidents Adams and Jefferson—the former at the advanced age of ninety, the latter at eighty-two. Adams, it may perhaps be remembered, was the illustrious rival and friend of Washington. While the one fought his country's battles in the field, the other upheld her independence in the cabinet; and by their joint exertions,

aided by the dexterous diplomacy of Dr. Franklin at Paris, enabled her to annihilate the British troops. Of that illustrious band, the heroes and statesmen of 1770 and 1780, one only now remains—the celebrated Marquis La Fayette. He too (if report

speak truth) will shortly be lost to the world, and thus the last link that binds the present to the past will be snapped, and the successful triumphs of America over the unwarrantable slavery of England will live alone in history.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE AMERICAN EX-PRESIDENTS, JOHN ADAMS, AND THOMAS JEFFERSON, ESQRS.

The coincidence attendant on the departure of these two transatlantic statesmen is very remarkable: they both died on the 4th of July, the 50th anniversary of American independence, of which they had both been amongst the chief supporters. Taking the age of Mr. Jefferson at 33 years when the declaration of independence was signed, and that of Mr. Adams at 40, which was the fact, it has been calculated, that the chance of their *both* then living 50 years longer, and *both* dying at the precise expiration of the 50 years, was only as *one to twelve hundred millions*!—Of the political lives and characters of these remarkable men we are about to offer succinct sketches, commencing agreeably to priority of birth, and priority of Presidential honours.

John Adams, the son of a wealthy yeoman, was a native of Boston in New England. He appears to have been born in the year 1736. Like his namesake Mr. Samuel Adams, he was educated (at Cambridge) for the law; and so eminent were his attainments in that profession, that at an early age he was appointed Chief Justice of the State, but he declined the office. Resisting the second attempt at taxation made by the mother country in 1767, numerous meetings of the inhabitants of Boston took place. At these meetings Mr. Adams, with Mr. Hancock, their great leader, and Mr. Samuel Adams, were very active in supporting the cause of liberty and independence. In 1770 Mr. Adams was returned as a representative from Boston. In the course of the same year an affray took place, in which the English soldiers fired upon the populace, three of whom were killed. Mr. Adams, notwithstanding his known political attachments, was retained as counsel for the soldiers; and, in conjunction with Mr. Quincy, he conducted the defence most ably and successfully. Afterwards he was equally successful in his defence of Captain Preston. In 1774 he was elected a member of the Council; but the election was negatived by Governor Gage, from the part which he had taken in politics.

By this time Mr. Adams had sacrificed his profession, and become altogether a public character. From the year 1770 till 1776 he was constantly engaged in all the measures which were adopted in defence of the colonies against the efforts of the English parliament. In 1774, when the

colonies determined to hold a congress at Philadelphia, he was elected, with Mr. Samuel Adams, Mr. Cushing, and Mr. Treat Paine, to represent the province of Massachusetts's Bay. He was also one of the representatives of this province in the second congress. In the memorable discussions of 1776, Mr. Adams and Mr. Dickenson took distinguished parts; the former for, the latter against the declaration of independence. The original motion, by a member from Virginia, is said to have been made at his suggestion: he seconded the motion, and supported it by powerful arguments. On a division, the cause of independence triumphed. By the committee who were appointed on the subject of a separation from the mother country, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams—the former, it is understood, through the influence of the latter—were appointed a sub-committee to frame a declaration of independence. The draft reported was that of Mr. Jefferson. From this period until the peace Mr. Adams was employed in the same cause. On the capture by the English of Mr. Laurens, who had been sent as ambassador to Holland, Mr. Adams was dispatched in his room, and was admitted as Minister Plenipotentiary to the States. He succeeded also in procuring a loan, and in concluding treaties of amity and commerce. He was subsequently nominated, in conjunction with Dr. Franklin, Mr. Jay, and Mr. Laurens, commissioners for negotiating a peace with Great Britain. He joined his colleagues at Paris, and the preliminaries of peace were soon adjusted. He had the credit of insisting on an acknowledgment of independence previous to treating, and of securing the debts due to British subjects before the war.

Soon after the signature of the treaty, Mr. Adams had the honour to be appointed Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the King of Great Britain. On the adoption of the Constitution, in 1789, he was elected first Vice-President of the United States; during the whole period of the presidency of Washington he filled the office of vice-president, and he was as uniformly consulted by the President on all important questions, as though he had been a member of his cabinet. On the death of Washington, Mr. Adams was elected his successor. He may be considered to have been then at the head of the federalists, but at a subsequent period of his life he joined the republican ranks.

During the administration of Mr. Adams, party spirit raged without restraint. As President he had at least too much of the semblance of independence to be warmly supported by either party. At all events, his character was not a supple one. Speaking of Washington, an observing writer of the present day says, that he "made the government like himself, cautious, uniform, simple, and substantial, without show or parade. While he presided, nothing was done for effect, every thing from principle. There was no vapouring or chivalry about it. Whatever was done or said, was done or said with great deliberation, and profound seriousness." Of Mr. Adams, the same writer observes:—"He was quite another sort of man. He was more dictatorial, more adventurous; and, perhaps, more of a statesman. But look to the record of his administration, and you will find the natural temper of the man distinctly visible in all the operations of the government, up to the moment when he overthrew himself and his whole party by his hazardous political movements. The cautious neutrality of Washington, which obtained for him, in the cabinet, what had already been awarded to him in the field—the title of the American Fabius—was abandoned by Mr. Adams for a more bold and presumptuous aspect, bearing, and attitude. The quiet dignity and august plainness of the former, were put aside for something more absolute and regal. The countenance of the American government under Washington, throughout all its foreign negotiations and domestic administration, was erect and natural, very strong, simple, and grave. But under Mr. Adams, although it appeared loftier and more imposing, and attracted more attention, it had a sort of theatrical look, and was, in reality, much less formidable."

At the expiration of Mr. Adams's term, Mr. Jefferson, the candidate of the Republican party, received four votes more than his predecessor; and Mr. Adams, in consequence, retired to the enjoyments of private life at his seat in Quincey. So satisfied, however, were those who had been politically opposed to him of his merits and services, that he was selected by the republicans of Massachusetts as their candidate for governor, on the death of Governor Sullivan; but he declined the proffered honour. He was one of the electors, and president of the electoral college, when Mr. Monroe was elected President of the United States. As a speaker, Mr. Adams was warm and eloquent; and as a writer he possessed considerable power. In 1787, he published, in three volumes 8vo., "A Defence of the Constitution and Government of the United States," and a new edition of that work appeared in 1794, under the title of "History of the Principal Republics in the World."

Mr. Adams had been some time in a state of declining health. On the morning of his death he is said to have been aroused by the sound of the public rejoicings; he inquired the cause of the salutes, and was told that it was the 4th of July: he answered—"It is a great and glorious day." These are said to have been his last words. About noon he became very ill, grew gradually worse, and at six o'clock expired. His remains were some days afterwards deposited in the family tomb at Quincey, with every token of veneration, respect, and affection. His private character is described as perfectly pure. There was no christian or moral duty which he did not fulfil—he was one of the kindest of husbands and best of fathers.

Thomas Jefferson was born on the 2d of April 1743, according to some accounts in the county of Albemarle, at Shadwell, a country seat which now belongs to his grandson, within a short distance of Monticello, and within half a mile of his Rivanna mills; but, according to others, in Chesterfield county, Virginia. His family were amongst the earliest emigrants to Virginia; of which colony his grandfather, Thomas Jefferson, was a native. His father, Peter Jefferson, was commissioned, with Colonel Fry, to determine the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina, in the year 1747.

Mr. Jefferson was educated in America, from which he was never absent before the time that he went to Paris in the capacity of envoy. He received the highest honours at the college of William and Mary; he studied law under the celebrated George Wythe, late Chancellor of Virginia. He applied himself closely to the study of geometry, geography, natural history, and astronomy; and he was devotedly attached to literature and the fine arts. When he came of age, in 1764, he was put into the nomination of justices of the county in which he lived; at the first election following he became one of its representatives in the legislature; and, before he attained his 25th year, he was a distinguished member of the Virginia Assembly, and took an active part in all the measures adopted in opposition to the English government. In 1775, he is said to have been the author of the protest against the propositions of Lord North. From the Assembly of Virginia he was sent to the old Congress, which brought about the revolution, and was there distinguished by the warmth of his sentiments and the energy of his compositions. Afterwards he was employed two years, with Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Wythe, in the revision and reduction to a single code of the whole body of the English statutes, the acts of the Virginia assembly, and certain parts of the common law. In 1780, (succeeding Patrick Henry, the successor of Lord Dunmore) he was elected Gover-

nor of Virginia, an office which he held during the whole of the revolutionary war. As a member of Congress, it has been already seen that he drew up the record of independence by which the colonies broke their connexion with the mother country. Much difference of opinion occurred respecting his conduct as governor, at the time of the invasion of Virginia by Cornwallis and Arnold; but, as he received the thanks of his fellow-citizens, it must be presumed that by them, at least, it was deemed satisfactory. In 1783 he was employed in drawing up a Constitution for Virginia. He was nominated ambassador to Spain, but afterwards his destination was changed to France. There, obtaining the confidence of Vergennes and Calonne, he received many concessions in favour of American commerce. From France he came over to England, went back to Versailles, and returned to America in 1789, rendering to Mr. Jay, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, a satisfactory account of his negotiations. Shortly after his return, he was appointed Secretary of State to the new government. Soon afterwards the House of Representatives directed him to form a plan for reducing the currency, weights, and measures to one standard; and subsequently he was also employed to draw up a report respecting the fisheries.

On the arrival of an English envoy and a French consul in America, Mr. Jefferson is thought to have found some difficulty in keeping the balance even; and indeed, he has always been considered by the English as having a strong partiality towards France. Another report which he was officially called upon to make, respecting the commerce of the United States, gave great satisfaction to the government and to the country. Early in 1794 he resigned his office as Secretary of State, and retired to his seat at Monticello. From that period he was regarded as the chief of the opposition. After remaining some time in retirement, he was, in 1797, called on to fill the vice-president's chair, under Mr. Adams; and, as it has been already stated, he was, on the expiration of Mr. Adams's term, in 1801, elected as his successor. In 1805 he was re-elected, and in his first message to the Senate and House of Representatives, he developed his grand project of improvement in the public administration. In the year 1807, in consequence of the differences which arose between the governments of Great Britain and the United States, he called a meeting extraordinary of the congress, and submitted to them his plan for defending the country. To preserve the shipping and commerce of America from the cruisers of France and England, he laid an embargo on all the ports of the United States until the danger was over. When his second term of presidentship had nearly expired, he was solicited by the

Assembly of Pennsylvania to accept the office a third time. This, however, he resolutely refused—was succeeded by Mr. Maddison—and, like his friend Washington, retired to private life. The writer whom we have before quoted on the merits of Washington and Adams, speaking of Jefferson, says,—“He was undoubtedly a man of more genius than either of his predecessors. His talent was finer, but not so strong. He was a scholar and a philosopher, full of theory and hypothesis. And what was the character of his administration? Was it not wholly given up to theory and hypothesis, experiment and trial? he turned the whole of the United States into a laboratory—a workshop—a lecture-room; and kept the whole country in alarm with his demonstrations in political economy, legislation, mechanics, and government. Hence it is that, to this day, it is difficult to determine whether his administration, on the whole, was productive of great benefit or great evil to the American people. The most extraordinary changes, transmutations, and phenomena, were continually taking place before their eyes, but they were generally unintelligible; so that he left the country pretty much in the situation that his farm at Monticello is at this moment—altogether transformed from its natural state—altogether different from what it was, when he took it in hand—a puzzle and a problem to the world.”

At an early age Mr. Jefferson married a lady, the daughter of Mr. Wright, an eminent barrister in Virginia. By her, who has been some years dead, he had four daughters, only one of whom we believe survives.

Mr. Jefferson first appeared in print in the year 1774, when he published “A Summary View of the Rights of British America.” In 1781, he wrote his “Notes on Virginia.” He has also written “Memoirs on the Fossil Bones found in America.” As an agriculturist, he was active and fond of experiment. He invented a new plough, or, rather, effected an improvement in the old one.

Mr. Jefferson had been some time indisposed. During his illness, he constantly expressed a wish to see another 4th of July; and, though he had been speechless from the evening of the 3d, he expressed, by signs, great satisfaction at being permitted to do so. He died about 10 minutes before one, p. m. Mr. Randolph, his grandson, in a letter to a friend says—“He died as he lived, the same calm, serene, benevolent, great man—cheerfully committing his soul to God, and his child to his country; gratified in his only wish, that this day and hour should be the moment of his death.” *One o'clock*, it should be remarked, was the hour on which the declaration of American independence was officially read in Congress.

THE HONOURABLE BASIL COCHRANE.

August 12.—The noble family of which the Earl of Dundonald, eldest brother of Mr. Cochrane, is the representative, took its surname from the barony of Cochrane, in Renfrewshire, North Britain, where it appears to have been of great antiquity. Strictly speaking, however, the family name is Blair. William Cochrane, by Margaret his wife, daughter of Sir Robert Montgomery, of Skelmorley, in the county of Ayr, had a daughter, his sole heiress, who married Alexander Blair, Esq., of Blair. The Cochrane estate was settled in 1593 on this lady and her issue male, who were to bear the name and arms of Cochrane; and accordingly Mr. Blair, on his marriage with the heiress, assumed the said name and arms. William Cochrane, their grandson, having been very zealous in the cause of Charles I., was in 1647 created a peer by the title of Lord Cochrane, of Dundonald, and in 1669 he was advanced to the dignity of Earl. One of his descendants, Thomas, eighth Earl of Dundonald, was married to his second wife, Jane, eldest daughter of Archibald Stuart, of Tovience, in the county of Lanark, in 1744. By that lady he had a family of twelve children, of whom Archibald Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, father of Lord Cochrane, formerly Captain in the Royal Navy, M. P. for Westminster, &c. was the eldest surviving son. Basil, the subject of this sketch, was the seventh child. He was born on the 22d of April, 1753. He was

placed upon the Madras civil establishment at the early age of sixteen. He remained in the service of the East-India Company about forty years, accumulated a splendid fortune in India, and returned to England in the month of May, 1807. After his arrival, he purchased the barony of Auchterarder, in the county of Perth. At his town-house in Portman-square, he erected vapour baths on a new plan and construction; and, in the hope that similar baths might be adapted to medical purposes, he, in 1809, published a tract under the title of "Improvement of the Vapour Bath." In the succeeding year that tract was followed by an appendix.

It was highly to the honour of Mr. Cochrane, that, almost immediately after his arrival in England, he paid numerous outstanding debts, mortgages, annuities, &c. of his brother, the Earl, to a very large amount. When in India, his establishment was at once extensive and magnificent, and his hospitality unbounded. Not long after his return to England, Mr. Cochrane took a lady, a Miss St. Julian, under his protection: but the parties quarrelled; and he subsequently prosecuted Miss St. Julian and a Mr. Harrison for a conspiracy to extort money from him.

Mr. Cochrane was accustomed to expend large sums in acts of generosity and benevolence. He had resided for some time, we believe, chiefly on the Continent, and he died at his apartments, Rue Royale, Paris.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

WE are all prepared to hear of the prevalence of sickness at this season of the year, but though the metropolis has certainly enjoyed no exemption from the general lot, nothing has occurred here to stamp with any peculiar feature the medical history of the past month. The newspapers announce that typhus fever has become epidemic in Dublin, and no one would be surprised if a similar visitation should affect the distressed districts of our own island. Such at least has been the usual course of events in former times. Plague and pestilence always follow in the wake of scarcity and famine; nor is it difficult to understand why this should be. When the body is imperfectly nourished, and the mind harassed by the want of present employment, and the prospect of still greater evil, the seeds of disease are too surely sown, which, after the lapse of a certain time, require but little to quicken into a severe and wide-spreading epidemic. The metropolis has happily escaped the pressure of general distress, and we have only, therefore, to look for the usual consequences of *summer heat*. These have shown themselves in the several forms of *bilious disorder*, which, though abundantly prevalent, have nevertheless not been marked by any peculiar *intensity*. The finest seasons, in fact, are always the most healthy, and never surely was this country blessed with one more favourable than that which we are now enjoying. The only occasion on which the reporter ever observed in London a *true bilious epidemic*, was in 1821, remarkable for the vast quantity of rain that fell during the months of May, June, and July.

It is difficult, if not actually impossible, to offer a satisfactory explanation of the influence of long-continued atmospheric heat in deranging the functions of the liver, stomach, and bowels. That the vascular system, especially that of the *vena portæ*, is implicated, and that *congestion* takes place in its branches, no one would venture to dispute; but still, the phenomena of bilious disorders, their sudden accession, rapid course, and peculiar mode of termination, point rather to the *nervous system* as the prime source of mischief, and to *vitiating secretion* as the more direct and palpable cause of the phenomena. *Bilious disorders*, as they are popularly but very expressively styled, vary in the character of the *leading* or *urgent symptoms*, as well as in the degree to which the

constitution sympathizes. Such indeed is the variety both in the local and general symptoms, that a very extended field of observation is required to enable the practitioner to class them properly together, and to appreciate fully their close and intimate relation. The following are the principal forms of abdominal disorder which the reporter has witnessed during the last month:—Bilious vomiting, bilious diarrhoea, their combination, called cholera mitis, bilious cholic, with incessant tenesmus, bilious fever, characterized by headache, languor, pains of the limbs, and *oppression* at the epigastrium, and, lastly, true yellow fever.

In all such complaints as are now prevalent, much anxiety is usually manifested by the patient or his friends to determine accurately the *exciting* cause; and in one case, plumbs, in another nuts, and in a third oysters, or pickled salmon, are accused in their turn as having been the direct source of the mischief. To a certain extent this is true; that is to say, when the system is predisposed, the slightest accident will disturb the balance; bad wine, excess in eating or drinking—any thing, in short, which offends the stomach; but in the greater number of cases the exciting cause is of a more general kind—great fatigue of body, late hours, anxiety of mind, cold. The shortest and mildest cases are those which are ushered in by copious evacuations. The disease in this manner brings with it its own cure. The severest cases which have fallen under the reporter's notice are those which assumed the form of bilious cholic, that is to say, where the secretions of the liver and upper bowels were locked up by spasmodic contractions of the alimentary tube. No particular difficulty has been experienced in the treatment of these affections. When vomiting and diarrhoea mark their onset, it is desirable for a time to encourage the evacuation, and subsequently to repair the loss of tone by aromatics and cordials. Where languor and feverishness become the urgent symptoms, an emetic of ipecacuanha followed by two or three doses of calomel and rhubarb usually effect a cure. In cases of severe tormina and tenesmus, approaching the character of dysentery, the reporter has prescribed, with excellent effect, a combination of calomel, James's powder, and opium.

The most remarkable of all the cases which the last month has produced in the reporter's practice is one of pure yellow fever, bearing all the characters of that formidable complaint which is the scourge of Walcheren, of the West-Indies, and of Sierra Leone. It originated in the most unhealthy part of the Essex coast, and was characterized by the following combination of symptoms:—excessive excitement of the whole circulating system, determination of blood to the head and liver, deep jaundice, and at last, buffy and cupped blood. The pulse was full and bounding, and when a vein was opened, the flow of blood was with great difficulty checked. It was the *febris ardens biliosa* of the old writers, the *bilious remittent* of modern times. The violence of the febrile symptoms unquestionably abated on the alternate days, but no shiverings were ever experienced, the only sure criterion of intermitting fever. The reporter, therefore, is induced to prefer the more ancient appellation. The treatment pursued in this case, which happily proved successful, consisted in repeated blood-lettings, and a succession of the most active aperients. The reporter is given to understand that fever of a similar character is frequently met with about this season of the year, at Sheerness, and the adjoining coasts of Kent and Essex.

Low fever, of a typhoid kind, is at present rather more prevalent than usual in the outskirts of London; but the central parts of the town do not afford more than the usual proportion of such cases. Small-pox is scarcely to be met with, and other eruptive disorders are of rare occurrence.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, Upper John-street, Golden-square, August 23, 1826.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

So little corn or pulse is now remaining abroad, that we may very safely state, before this report shall have issued from the press, harvest will have been completed, throughout Britain and Ireland. We apprehend that an earlier or more expeditious harvest is not upon record in Europe. With us, the constancy and power of the solar heat and drought had such a quickening effect, as to ripen all kinds of grain and pulse nearly at the same time; even those between which, in other seasons, there has been more than a month of interval. Hay and corn harvest, also, were actually carried on together, by those who had deferred cutting their grass in the hope of a change of weather. This necessarily occasioned a great and sudden demand for labourers, and some disappointment, where they had not been timely provided and assembled. In some parts of Kent, we heard heavy complaints among the labourers, that the Irish in great numbers took the work out of their hands at an inferior price; whilst in others, we saw in a long track of country extensive fields of wheat, the ears bending and nodding from ripeness, a state in which much loss may be incurred, where only two men, or a man and woman, were at work. On the whole, however, never was corn harvested, stacked, and housed, with greater expedition. Certain of our correspondents lament the necessity of using the

scythe, the ripening progress in the corn advancing so rapidly; but mowing all kinds of corn is an old and prevailing custom in some parts of the North, and also upon the Continent. The late attempts to re-introduce trials of the Hainault scythe do not appear to have succeeded: our labourers deem it a heavy and inconvenient tool. From 8s. to 16s. per acre have been given for reaping wheat; and men by the day, have been paid 2s. to 3s. 6d. with meat and beer; women 1s. 6d. to 3s. per day with beer.

As to the quantity and quality of the various articles of produce, we can add little to our last report. It is most probable, among various accounts, that the wheat crop, in some considerable degree, exceeds an average in quantity; but the quality is not of such general characteristic excellence as has been witnessed in some former years. The corn, however, being universally dry, and consequently heavy, will be profitable to the flour manufacturer. The straw, not indeed so bulky as in some seasons, yet in great plenty, is of the finest and most pure. Barley, oats, and pulse, take them generally, are perhaps barely half a crop; but there are certainly, in various parts of the country, considerable breadths of barley and oats of which the growers do not complain, and the quality of which is fine. On potatoes we are no longer sanguine; the crop will be far below our former expectations. In Ireland, a peculiar misfortune, potatoes are a failing crop. Accounts of the hop plantations are universally encouraging. In Scotland they speak in still higher terms of the wheat crop than in the South; their Lent corn is reported as two-thirds, and pulse as one-third of an average. Potatoes have generally failed.

Our expectations, from the sudden copious showers which fell in July, have been completely disappointed; the thirsty earth quickly absorbed them, and there has been no efficient succession. Our hopes for the re-sown turnip plants, of an autumnal crop of grass have thus vanished; and the ensuing seasons, both autumnal and winter, will unavoidably rank among the most embarrassing ever experienced by the farmer and grazier. The lovers of oil-cake beef and mutton will be amply gratified. Should the winter prove frosty and severe, the inconsiderable turnip crop will go but little way indeed; and they will act discreetly who adopt in time the old and almost forgotten method of *drawing and stacking*. This is far more deserving the consideration of farmers, than the vain theories of preventing blight and fly on turnip plants, by manuring with this or that, or any particular superinduction; nothing can prevent blight, and drought, and fly, and destruction as a necessary sequence. In the mean time, far from interdicting, we desire to be the strongest advocates for ample manure, whether animal, lime, ashes, bone, or any which may be found suitable to the soil. The hay crop has shared a similar fate with the turnips, and at this moment barges are employed in transporting hay from London to Hull. Winter vetches must fail, as the summer ones have done. The corn-fields being cleared, the sown grasses may yet spring and produce something of an autumnal crop, should the weather change; and a fitter season could not present for proving the experiment originally recommended in the "New Farmer's Calendar," of making a stack with alternate layers of straw and grass, for cattle and sheep food after Christmas. Oat straw, in course, is to be preferred. Rain coming in time, winter-barley and rye, for spring food, should be sown to the greatest extent of land that can be spared. Oats, also, will stand the winter, and sometimes produce a greater bulk than either of the former. Let it be remembered by our country friends, that a long summer drought is probable to be followed by a long and severe frost in winter. The farmer surely stands, at the present season, in a peculiarly distressing predicament; he has no other productive crop or *matériel* to turn into money but his wheat. Yet the consequences of a drought like the present are not so destructive as those resulting from the blight of superfluous moisture and cold.

Cattle have been dreadfully distressed for water in the fen districts of Lincolnshire, it being often necessary to drive them from five to seven miles to obtain it. Much half-fat stock, and even in a store state, has in consequence been sent to market. Sale very dull, and price depressed of all, milch-cows and pigs excepted, for which prices are improved. Some faint hopes have been entertained for a rising demand of wool. Ordinary horses are not easily saleable; but those of high figure and qualification, never in plenty, are at present very scarce and dear. At Horncastle-fair, according to report, three superior saddle horses were sold to a great London dealer for £550: the same purchaser, it seems, took £2,000 to the fair, but could not find horses in which to invest it. The farmers in some of the western counties have wisely changed their plan of having none but out-door labourers, taking them into the house, as in former days: no doubt finding it more advantageous to maintain them in that mode than in the form of parish-rates. This mode should be universally adopted during the ensuing winter, which will inevitably be a critical one.

Smithfield.—Beef, 4s. to 5s.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 6d.—Lamb, 4s. to 5s. 2d.—Veal 4s. 8d. to 5s. 6d.—Pork, 3s. 8d. to 5s. 4d.—Raw Fat, per stone, 2s. 2d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 46s. to 68s.—Barley, 30s. to 40s.—Oats, 27s. to 40s.—Bread, 4lb. loaf, 9½d.—Hay, 70s. to 120s.—Clover, ditto 90s. to 135s.—Straw, 36s. to 46s.

Middlesex, August 21st, 1826.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Cotton.—The market both in London and Liverpool continues much depressed, and few purchases have been made, owing to the stagnation in the market of Manchester; a decline of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 1d. per lb. on all sorts for exportation may be stated.

Coffee.—The depressed state of the market has prevented the importers from bringing their supplies to public sale; Jamaicas sold from 46s. to 67s. per cwt. Dutch from 53s. to 68s., Dominicas 53s. to 60s., Domingos 45s. to 48s., Brazil, 45s. 48s., and Mocha 77s. to 84s.

Sugar.—The market continues steady with little variation in prices, except for yellow colouring for grocers, which are wanted at this season of the year, particularly low lumps for preserving and for wine.—The stock of Muscovadoes in dock is 2,666 casks less than, at this time last year, and prices full 10s. per cwt. lower.

Rum.—Fine rums are in demand, and command full prices; but Leeward-Islands are dull and heavy in the market; the former at 2s. 8d. to 3s. per gallon, and the latter at 1s. 10d. to 2s.

Indigo.—At the East-India Company's sale, an advance of 2d. to 4d. per lb. has taken place, and the market has become brisker than usual for some time past.

Tea.—The East-India Company have issued their declaration of Sale for 5th September next, Prompt 1st December following. viz. "7,500,000 lbs. tea, inclusive of Private-trade."

Spices.—The market has been dull for the sale of spices for some time past; at Messrs. Tucker and Hunter's sale, 1,238 bags of pepper sold for $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. to $3\frac{3}{4}$ d. per lb. in bond; ordinary nutmegs 1s. 10d. to 1s. 11d. per lb.; mace 3s. 6d. to 4s. per lb.; cloves 1s. 8d. to 1s. 10d. per lb.

Hemp, Flax and Tallow.—Hemp without any alteration, at our quotations; flax advanced full £2. per ton; and the holders of tallow appear firmer, and prices rather higher.

Oil.—Remains at our quotations; but sperm oil and head matter are inquired for, and prices of both advanced.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 8.—Rotterdam, 12. 9.—Antwerp 12. 9.—Hamburg, 37. 7.—Altona, 37. 8.—Paris, 25. 95.—Bordeaux, 25. 95.—Berlin, 7.—Frankfort on the Main, 156.—Petersburg, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$.—Vienna, 10. 26.—Trieste, 10. 26.—Madrid, 34 $\frac{1}{2}$.—Cadiz, 34 $\frac{3}{4}$.—Bilboa, 34 $\frac{1}{2}$.—Barcelona, 34 $\frac{3}{4}$.—Seville, 34 $\frac{3}{4}$.—Gibraltar, 45.—Leghorn, 47.—Genoa, 43.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 38.—Palermo, 114. per oz.—Lisbon, 50.—Oporto, 50.—Rio Janeiro, 41 $\frac{1}{2}$.—Bahia, 45.—Buenos Ayres, 43.—Dublin, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.—Cork, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3. 14s. 0d.—New Dollars, 4s. 9d.—Silver in bars, standard 4s. 11d.

Premiums on Shares and Consols, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Barnsley CANAL, 270l.—Birmingham, 255l.—Derby, 200l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 105l.—Erewash, 0.—Forth and Clyde, 590.—Grand Junction, 265l.—Leeds and Liverpool, 375l.—Mersey and Irwell, 800l.—Neath, 330l.—Oxford, 640l.—Stafford and Worcester, 800l.—Trent and Mersey, 1,850l.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 3l. dis.—Guardian, 15l. 5s.—Hope, 4l. 10s.—Sun Fire, 000l.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 50l.—City Gas-Light Company, 157l.—British, 14l. dis.—Leeds, 0.—Liverpool, 0.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Mr. Alexander Morris is preparing a second edition of his "Outlines of Lectures" on Mental Diseases, wherein he intends to illustrate the physiognomy of various species of Mental Disorder.

The author of "Recollections in the Peninsula," is preparing the sixth number of Select Views in Greece to be engraved in the best line manner, by H. W. Williams, esq., of Edinburgh.

The Golden Violet, with its Tales of Romance and Chivalry, and other Poems, is nearly ready for publication.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lindley

Murray, in a Series of Letters written by himself, is arranging for publication.

Dr. Whitelaw Ainslie, M.R.A.S. announces for publication, *Materia Indica*, or some Account of the articles which are employed by the Hindoos, &c.

Travels of the Russian Mission through Mongolia and China, and Residence in Peking, in the years 1820-21. By George Timkowski, with Corrections and Notes by Ab. J. Klaproth, 2 Vols. 8vo. illustrated by Maps, Plates, &c., is preparing.

Mr. W. H. Prior announces Lectures on Astronomy illustrated by the *Astronomicon*, or a Series of Diagrams, in 12mo.

A Treatise on the Steam Engine, Historical, Practical and Descriptive. By John Farey, jun., is nearly ready.

Miss Benger is preparing *Memoirs of Henry the Fourth of France* in 2 Vols. 8vo.

Mr. Noble is preparing for the Press a *Grammar of the Persian Language*, with copious Extracts from the Works of the best Persian Authors, and a Vocabulary and Index.

A Volume of *Essays and Sketches of Character and Imaginative Speculations*, called *Facts and Fancies*, will shortly issue from the press.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

EDUCATION.

The *Rudiments of the Latin Tongue* combined with the *Elements of the English Language*. 12mo. 1s. 8d. bound.

Stenography; or an Easy System of Short-Hand, upon Mathematical and Mechanical Principles. By E. Hinton. 8vo. 7s. bound.

Edward and Alfred's Tour in France and Switzerland. 18mo. 5s. bound.

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The *Rudiments of the Greek Grammar*, as used in the College at Eton. By the Rev. J. Bosworth, M.A. &c. 12mo. 5s.

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A *Compendious Saxon Grammar of the Primitive English or Anglo-Saxon Language*. By the Rev. J. Bosworth, M.A., &c. &c. 5s.

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Euclid's Elements of Geometry, containing the whole twelve books, translated into English, from the Edition of Peyrard. By George Phillips, Queen's College, Cambridge. 8vo. 6s. sewed.

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A Collection of *Fragments illustrative of the History and Antiquities of Derby*. By Robert Simpson, M.A., F.S.A., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. illustrated with Cuts. £1.

Historical and Topographical Notices of Great Yarmouth in Norfolk and its Environs, including the Parishes and Hamlets of the half-Hundred of Lothingland in Suffolk. By J. H. Druery. 8vo. 12s.

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Lord F. Montagu, to be his Majesty's Postmaster General, v. the Earl of Chichester, deceased.

R. F. Fitzherbert, Esq. to be Clerk of the Cheque of his Majesty's Guard of Yeomen of the Guard.

Approved of by His Majesty.—Mr. J. G. Behrends, as Consul in London for the free City of Frankfurt.

ARMY PROMOTIONS.

R. Horse Gu.—Lt. E. Packe, Capt. by purch., v. C. Smith, prom.; Corn. Hon. G. C. W. Forester, Lt. by purch., v. Packe; and C. D. Hill, Corn. by purch., v. Forester, all 1 Aug. Lt. J. C. Trent, Capt. by purch., v. Riddlesden, prom.; and Corn. Lord C. J. F. Russell, Lt. by purch., v. Trent, both 2 Aug.

1 Dr. Gu.—S. A. Bayntun, Corn. by purch., 20 July; Lt. R. F. Poore, from h. p., Lt., v. Sir G. G. Aylmer, who exch., rec. dif. 27 July.

3 Dr. Gu.—As. Surg. A. Campbell, from 64 F., As. Surg., v. Ingham, prom. in 29 F., 27 July.

4 Dr. Gu.—Surg. R. Webster, from 51 F., Surg., v. Micklam, dec., 3 Aug.

7 Dr. Gu.—Lt. W. Elton, Capt. by purch., v. Pratt, prom.; and Corn. W. D. King, Lt. by purch., v. Elton, both 15 Aug.

1 Dr.—Lt. S. Goodenough, Capt., v. Methuen dec.; and Corn. J. B. Petre, Lt. by purch., v. Goodenough, both 20 July; Corn. H. J. Stracey, Lt. by purch., v. Curteis, prom., 15 Aug.

2 Dr.—Lt. V. W. Ricketts, Corn. by purch., v. Hely app. to 7 Dr. Gu., 13 July.

6 Dr.—As. Surg. W. Knott, from 15 F., As. Surg., v. Campbell dec., 12 July.

3 L. Dr.—Maj. C. H. Somerset, from h. p., Maj., v. R. S. Sitwell, who exch., rec. dif., 2 Aug.

9 L. Dr.—Lt. R. Wright, Capt. by purch., v. Somerset prom.; Corn. G. Vesey, Lt. by purch., v. Wright; and Alex. Viscount Fincastle, Corn. by purch., v. Vesey, all 1 Aug.

11 L. Dr.—Corn. T. H. Pearson, Lt. by purch., v. Barwell, prom., 1 Aug.

13 L. Dr.—E. C. Hodge, Corn., v. Smith dec., 3 Aug.

15 L. Dr.—Capt. J. M'Alpine, Maj. by purch., v. O'Donnell, prom., 15 Aug.

16 L. Dr.—Lt. Col. R. Arnold, from h. p., Lt. Col., v. J. H. Belli, who exch., rec. dif. 22 June; J. W. Torre, Corn. by purch., v. Blood, prom., 27 July.

Coldstr. F. Gu.—Ens. and Lt. W. J. Codrington, Lt. and Capt. by purch., v. Dundas, prom., 20 July; Ens. and Lt. E. D. Wigram, Lt. and Capt. by purch., v. Hall, prom., 1 Aug.; Lt. Col. C. A. Girardot, from h. p., Capt. and Lt. Col., v. Sir R. Arbuthnot, who exch., 27 July; Lt. St. J. Dent, Lt. and Capt. by purch., v. Chaplain, prom., 15 Aug.; Ens. J. Forbes, from 53 F., Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Codrington, 1 Aug. M. G. Burgoyne, Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Wigram, 2 Aug.

3 F. Gu.—Capt. J. Berners, from h. p., Lt. and Capt., v. C. Coote, who exch., rec. dif., 20 June.

1 F.—J. G. Wilson, Ens. by purch., v. Carr prom., 1 Aug. Ens. C. Ford, Lt. by purch., v. Carter prom., 3 Aug.

2 F.—Capt. W. Hunt, Maj. by purch., v. Cash, prom.; Lt. J. L. King, Capt. by purch., v. Hunt, both 15 Aug.

3 F.—As. Surg. R. Ivory, Surg., v. T. Anderson, who rets. on h. p., 20 July. Lt. W. Scott, from h. p. 60 F., Lt. v. T. Shiel, who exch., 13 July.

7 F.—Ens. G. C. Bowles, from 55 F., Lt. by purch., v. Forbes, prom., 27 July.

10 F.—Lt. H. A. Hankey, Capt. by purch., v. Vandeleur, prom., 15 Aug. Ens. H. C. Powell, Lt. by purch., v. Hankey, 15 Aug. E. Lanauze, Ens. by purch., v. Musgrave, prom., 27 July. J. H. Broom, Ens. by purch., v. Powell, 15 Aug.

11 F.—2d Lt. J. P. Walsh, from h. p. 90 F., Ens.

v. C. Cooke, who exch., 20 July. Lt. A. Bolton, from 3 Dr. Gu., Capt., v. Wiltshire dec., 3 Aug.

12 F.—Lt. W. T. R. Smith, from 47 F., Capt. by purch., v. Forbes, prom., 15 Aug.

14 F.—Ens. W. L. O'Halloran, Lt., v. Lynch, prom.; and J. Watson, Ens., v. O'Halloran, both 20 July. Lt. J. Higginbotham, from h. p. 62 F., Lt. v. Evans, whose app. has not taken place, 3 Aug.

15 F.—Lt. F. L. Ingall, from Vet. Comp. Newfoundland, Lt., v. Dewson, app. Qu. Mast., 3 Aug. Lt. J. W. Dewson, Qu. Mast., v. L. Hardy, who rets. on h. p. New Brunswick Fenc., 3 Aug.

17 F.—Ens. A. Lockhart, Lt. by purch., v. Boscowen prom., 1 Aug. 2d Lt. W. F. Harvey, from 60 F., Ens., v. Graham prom., 13 July. Ens. W. Wood, from 27 F., Ens., v. Lockhart, 1 Aug.

19 F.—Lt. J. F. May, from 57 F., Capt. by purch., v. Hely prom., 1 Aug. J. Semple, Ens. by purch., v. Grant prom., 20 July.

20 F.—J. Chambre, Ens. by purch., v. Scott prom. in 35 F., 27 July.

22 F.—Lt. W. Bartley, from 50 F., Lt., v. H. Croly, who rets. on h. p., rec. dif. 20 July. Lt. Col. P. C. Taylor, from h. p., Lt. Col. v. Sir H. Gough, who exch., 27 July. Ens. S. B. Boileau, Lt. by purch., v. Gough prom., 1 Aug. R. Bayly, Ens. by purch., v. Boileau, 1 Aug.

23 F.—Brev. Lt. Col. A. Anderson, from h. p., Maj., v. Dalmer, prom., 20 July. 2d Lt. H. Seymour, 1st Lt. by purch., v. Tupper prom., 1 Aug. S. Powell, 2d-Lt. by purch., v. Ottley prom., 13 July. C. S. Bunyon, 2d-Lt. by purch., v. Seymour, 1 Aug. As. Surg. T. Smith, Surg., v. E. Weld, who rets. on h. p., 13 July. Capt. W. L. M. Tupper, from h. p., Capt., v. C. Beale, who exch., rec. dif. 3 Aug. Hosp. As. A. Browne, As. Surg., v. Smyth prom., 3 Aug.

24 F.—Ens. H. Young, Lt. by purch., v. Walsh, prom.; and T. Rowley, Ens. by purch., v. Young, both 1 Aug.

25 F.—Lt. A. Mackenzie, Capt. by purch., v. Taylor prom., 1 Aug. Ens. W. Jackson, Lt. by purch., v. Mackenzie, 1 Aug. T. Osborn, Ens. by purch., v. Seton, app. to 85 F., 20 July. F. F. Laye, Ens. by purch., v. Seton app. to 85 F., 27 July.

26 F.—Capt. R. Brookes, from h. p., Capt., v. Campbell prom., 13 July. Ens. A. Munro, from h. p. 1 F., Ens., v. W. Hagart, who exch. 26 July.

27 F.—E. O'Grady, Ens. by purch., v. Wood, app. to 17 F., 1 Aug.

28 F.—Lt. C. Ruxton, from h. p., Lt., v. G. Shawe, who exch., rec. dif., 13 July. Hosp. As. M. Bardin, As. Surg., v. Lavens, prom. in 51 F., 8 Aug.

29 F.—As. Surg. C. T. Ingham, from 3 Dr. Gu., Surg., v. W. Milton, placed on h. p., 25 June.

33 F.—Ens. T. Fiske, Lt. by purch., v. Kelly prom. in 97 F., 13 July. Ens. R. W. W. Young, from 78 F., Lt. by purch., v. Deshon, prom., 20 July. Ens. A. Stanford Lt., v. Clandineau dec., 20 July. Ens. W. T. P. Shortt, from h. p. 6 F., Ens. paying dif. to h. p. fund, v. Stanford, 20 July. Lt. W. Everett, adj., v. Thain prom., 13 July.

34 F.—Capt. G. Ruxton, from h. p., Capt., v. Cradock, who exch., rec. dif., 3 Aug.

35 F.—Capt. W. Hodgson, from h. p. 5 Dr. Gu., Capt., v. Anton, prom., 20 July. Ens. A. Scott, from 20 F., Lt. by purch., v. Tennant prom. in 73 F., 20 July.

36 F.—Brev. Lt. Col. W. Rowan, from h. p., Maj.

v. E. Browne, who exch., 13 July. Maj. C. Ford, from 58 F., Maj. v. Rowan, who exch., 27 July.
 37 F.—Lt. T. Smith, from 35 F., Capt. by purch., v. Bowers, prom., 15 Aug. Lt. S. R. J. Marsham, from h. p., Lt. v. B. Sarsfield, who exch., rec. dif., 27 July.
 44 F.—Ens. R. B. M'Crea, Lt. v. Donaldson dec., 6 Dec. 25. Ens. G. M. Dalway, Lt. by purch., v. Williams prom., 13 July.
 46 F.—W. J. Yonge, Ens. by purch., v. Crompton, app. to 65 F., 27 July.
 48 F.—Ens. E. G. H. Gibbs, Lt. by purch., v. M'Cleverty whose prom. by purch. has not taken place, 3 Aug. R. C. Hamilton, Ens., v. Gibbs, 3 Aug.
 50 F.—Lt. A. F. Wainwright, from h. p., Lt. paying dif., v. Bartley, app. to 22 F., 20 July. Ens. C. F. Hatton, from 66 F., Lt. v. Kennedy prom., 27 July.
 51 F.—Lt. R. Mawdesley, Capt. by purch., v. Bayley, prom., 15 Aug. As. Surg. P. H. Lavens, from 28 F., Surg., v. Webster app. to 4 Dr. Gu., 3 Aug.
 52 F.—Ens. W. Butler, Lt. by purch., v. Kelly prom.; and C. W. Forester. Ens. by purch., v. Butler, both 1 Aug.
 53 F.—H. Walsh, Ens. by purch., v. Forbes app. to Coldstr. F. Gu., 3 Aug.
 54 F.—Maj. J. Moore, from h. p. 15 F., Maj., v. Lumley prom. in Afr. Col. Corps, 1 Aug.
 56 F.—Capt. W. Mitchell, from h. p., Capt., paying dif. to h. p. fund, v. Grant prom., 1 Aug. Lt. J. P. Nelley, from h. p., Lt., v. B. Mason, who exch., rec. dif., 13 July. Serj. Maj. Pollock, from R. Marines, Adj., with rank of Ens., v. Woulds dec., 3 Aug.
 57 F.—Ens. H. Hill, Adj., with rank of Lt., v. Aubin prom., 3 Aug. E. Lockyer, Ens., v. Hill, 3 Aug.
 58 F.—Maj. G. Ford, from h. p., Maj. paying dif. to h. p. fund, v. Campbell prom., 13 July. Corn. and Sub-Lt. H. L. Bulwer, from 2 Life Gu., Ens. v. Kinlock, who exch., 21 June. Br. Lt. Col. W. Rowan, from 36 F., Maj., v. Ford, who exch., 27 July. Ens. R. H. Creaghe, from h. p., Ens., v. H. L. Bulwer, who exch., 27 July.
 60 F.—J. B. Serjeant, 2d-Lt. by purch., v. Tucker prom. in 41 F., 13 July.
 62 F.—Maj. J. Ried, from h. p., Maj., v. Roberts prom., 27 July.
 64 F.—Hosp. As. C. Brown, As. Surg., v. Campbell, app. to 3 Dr. Gu., 27 July.
 66 F.—W. L. Dames, Ens. by purch., v. Coryton, app. to 85 F., 26 July. J. W. Jackson, Ens. by purch., v. Hatton prom. in 50 F., 27 July.
 71 F.—Ens. A. Seymour, Lt. by purch., v. Lord A. Lennox prom., 1 Aug. Ens. C. A. Dean, from 84 F., Ens., v. Seymour prom., 3 Aug.
 72 F.—C. W. M. Payne, Ens. by purch., v. Barton prom., 1 Aug.
 73 F.—Maj. R. Drewe, from 91 F., Maj., v. Owen, whose prom. by purch. has not taken place, 13 July.
 79 F.—Ens. C. B. Newhouse, Lt. by purch., v. Christie prom., 1 Aug. T. Isham, Ens. by purch., v. Newhouse, 1 Aug.
 81 F.—Capt. C. F. Maclean, Maj. by purch., v. Horton prom.; Lt. G. V. Creagh, Capt. by purch., v. Maclean; Ens. H. M. Blaydes, Lt. by purch., v. Creagh, and T. Gravatt, Ens. by purch., v. Blaydes, all 1 Aug. Lt. L. A. Spearman, from h. p., Lt., v. T. C. Wheat, who exch., rec. dif., 27 July.
 82 F.—Lt. Col. T. Valiant, from h. p., Lt. Col., v. Conyers who exch., 18 July.
 84 F.—D. Laird, Ens. by purch., v. Dean app. to 71 F., 3 Aug.
 85 F.—Ens. A. Coryton, from 66 F., Ens., v. Henry prom. in 56 F., 20 July.
 87 F.—Ens. N. M. Doyle, Lt., v. Baylee, killed in action, 3 Dec. 25. Lt. F. Stanford, from h. p. 34 F., Lt., v. E. de L'Etang, who exch., 20 July. Ens. R. Loveday, Lt., v. Masterton prom., 3 Aug. C. Dunbar, Ens. by purch., v. Loveday, 3 Aug.
 89 F.—Lt. J. Barrett, from h. p. 12 F., Lt., v. Gore, app. to 92 F., 3 Aug.
 90 F.—Ens. W. J. Owen, Lt. by purch., v. Eyles, prom., 15 Aug.
 91 F.—Capt. W. Fraser Maj. by purch., v. Drewe, app. to 73 F., 13 July.
 92 F.—Lt. W. Gorse, from 89 F., Lt., v. Graham prom. in Afr. Col. Corps, 3 Aug.
 94 F.—Ens. G. Maclean, from h. p. 88 F., Ens., v. A. F. Morgan, who exch., 20 July. Ens. R. Lewis, from h. p., Ens., v. S. Philips, who exch., 20 July. J. K. Pison, Ens., v. Currie app. to 53 F., 3 Aug. T. Cunningham, Ens. by purch., v. Maclean prom., 15 Aug.
 96 F.—R. C. Lloyd, Ens. by purch., v. Partridge, prom., 15 Aug.

98 F.—Capt. A. Neame, Maj. by purch., v. Rudsdell prom.; Lt. A. C. Gregory, Capt. by purch., v. Neame; Ens. H. W. V. Vernon, Lt. by purch., v. Gregory; and E. O. Broadley, Ens. by purch., v. Vernon, all 15 Aug.

Rifle Brigade.—1st-Lt. R. Dering, Adj., v. Falconar prom. 20 July. Capt. A. R. Wellesley, from h. p., Capt., v. Logan, prom. 3 Aug. 2d-Lt. J. R. Groves, 1st-Lt. by purch., v. Falconer prom., 27 July. E. H. Glegg, 2d-Lt. by purch., v. Groves, 3 July.

Cape Corps. (Cav.).—Lt. Sir A. T. C. Campbell, bart., from 13 Lt. Dr., Capt. by purch., v. Cox, prom. 1 July

Afr. Col. Corps.—Maj. W. Lumley, from 54 F., Lt. Col., v. Grant, who rets., 1 Aug. Capt. R. Gregg, Maj. by purch., v. Hartley who rets., 20 July. Lt. H. Kelly, from 59 F., Capt., v. Rainey prom., 11 July. Lt. T. Walsh, from 6 F., Capt., v. F. W. Clements who rets. on h. p., 12 July. Lt. W. T. Graham, from 92 F., Capt., v. George, app. to 66 F., 13 July.

Regt. of Artillery.—2d-Capt. and Br. Maj. C. G. Napier, Capt., v. Lane, prom., 2 Aug. 2d-Capt. and Adj. W. Wylde, Capt., v. Wilford prom.; 4 Aug. 2d-Capt. C. E. Gordon, Capt., v. Straubenzee prom., 4 Aug. 2d-Capt. W. E. Maling, Capt., v. F. Gordon prom., 5 Aug. 2d-Capt. Ford, from h. p., 2d-Capt., v. Napier, 2 Aug. 2d-Capt. P. Sandilands, from h. p., 2d-Capt., v. C. E. Gordon, 4 Aug. 2d-Capt. T. N. King, from h. p., 2d-Capt., v. Maling, 5 Aug. Vet. Surg. H. Coward, from h. p., Vet. Surg., v. Cordeaux dec., 8 July.

Brevet.—The undermentioned Cadets of East India Company's service to have rank of 2d-Lt. during period of their being placed under command of Lt. Col. Pasley, at Chatham, for Field Instruction in Art of Sapping and Mining:—J. Kilner, E. Walker, S. Hare, S. Vardon, J. Bell, C. Alcock, W. Birdwood, F. Clement, all 1 Aug.

A. S. King, late Lt. Col. on h. p., local rank of Lt. Col. on Continent of Europe only, 3 Aug.

Hospital Staff.—Dep. Insp. J. Erly, from h. p., Dep. Inspector of Hosps., v. W. W. Fraser, who exch. 13 July.—*To be Surgs. to forces:* Surg. A. Melville, from 25 F., v. J. Glasco, sen., who rets. on h. p., 3 Aug. As. Surg. W. R. Rogers, from 10 L. Dr., v. S. Panting, who rets. on h. p., 3 Aug.—*To be Hosp. Assists. to forces:* A. W. Murray, v. Lucas app. to Ceyl. Regt., 6 July. J. Bryden, v. Bushe prom., 6 July. T. E. Ayre, v. Ford prom., 17 July. P. O'Callaghan, v. Brow prom. in 1 W. I. Regt., 18 July. A. H. Cuddy, v. Murray prom. in 33 F., 81 July. T. Spence, v. Thomson, app. to 78 F., 3 Aug. H. Marshall v. Bardin prom., 3 Aug.

Commissariat.—*To be Dep. As. Coms. Gen.:* Commissariat Clerks C. B. Dawson, T. C. B. Weir, W. H. Looker, J. M'Farlane. J. H. Kennedy, all 15 July.

Unattached.—*To be Lt.-Cols. of Inf. by purch.*—Maj. G. W. Horton, from 81 F.; Capt. J. B. Riddlesden, from Horse Gu., both 1 Aug.; Maj. H. C. Cash, from 2 F.; Capt. T. Chaplain, from Coldstr. Gu.; Maj. C. R. O'Donnell, from 15 L. Dr.; Maj. J. Rudsdell, from 98 F., all 15 Aug.—*To be Maj. of Inf. by purch.* Capt. W. S. Taylor, from 25 F.; Capt. W. Cox, from Cape Corps of Cav.; Capt. F. W. C. Smith, from Horse Gu.; Capt. C. H. Somerset, from 9 L. Dr.; Capt. J. P. Hely, from 19 F.; Capt. J. Hall, from Coldstr. F. Gu., all 1 Aug.; Capt. B. Adams, from 17 L. Dr.; Capt. R. Vandeleur, from 10 F.; Capt. J. W. Dunn, from 49 F.; Capt. H. Bayly, from 51 F.; Capt. C. Forbes, from 12 F.; Capt. H. Pratt, from 7 Dr.; Capt. C. R. Bowers, from 37 F., all 15 Aug.—*To be Capt. of Inf. by purch.* Lt. N. Christie, from 79 F.; Lt. E. S. Boscawen, from 17 F.; Lt. W. Le M. Tupper, from 23 F.; Lt. C. J. Walsh, from 24 F.; Lt. O. Barwell, from 11 L. Dr.; Lt. Lord A. Lennox, from 71 F.; Lt. J. B. Gough, from 22 F.; Lt. R. Kelly, from 52 F., all 1 Aug. Lt. E. B. Curtels, from 1 Dr.; Lt. T. W. Eyles, from 90 F.; Lt. S. Pole, from 17 L. Dr., all 15 Aug.—*To be Lts. of Inf. by purch.* Ens. F. Carr, from 1 F.; Ens. D. T. Barton, from 72 F., both 1 Aug.—Corn. C. A. Lewis, from 11 L. Dr.; Ens. W. C. Mayne, from 5 F.; Ens. G. Maclean, from 94 F.; Ens. W. T. P. Shortt, from 33 F.; Ens. J. P. Gordon, from 89 F.; Sub-Lt. H. Peyton, from 1 Life Gu., all 15 Aug.

Allowed to dispose of their half-pay.—Maj. F. Hankey (Col.), 15 F.; Capt. E. W. Cowley, ret. full-pay Artil.; Capt. O. C. Jackson, Irish Artil.; Capt. S. Carabelli, Corsican Rangers; Capt. H. Cavendish, Irish Artil.; Capt. R. D. Hooke, Artil.; Lt. J. Goodwin, 69 F.; Lt. W. B. Hill, 6 Gar. Bat.; Lt. Col. J. Hicks (Col.), un-

attached; Maj. W. Irving (Lt. Col.), unattached; Maj. D. K. Fawcett, unattached; Maj. J. Bartleman, Marines; Maj. R. P. Boys, Marines; Maj. B. Lynch, Marines; Capt. P. de Franck, 15 L. Dr.; Capt. H. Lee, Rifle Brig.; Capt. R. Steiger, Watteville's Regt. all 1 Aug.; Lt. Col. J. Maxwell, unattached; Maj. T. Carter, Marines; Maj. G. Gray, Marines; Maj. T. Inches, Marines; Maj. G. Nicolson, Marines; Lt. C. J. Peshall, 18 L. Dr.; Lt. R. Kiernander, 22 F.; Lt. W. H. West, 24 L. Dr.; Lt. F. O. Haguerry, 4 Irish Brigade; Lt. Col. A. S. King, unattached; Lt. Col. A. Peebles (Col.), do.; Lt. Col. Sir H. Pynn, Portug. Officers; Maj. H. Priddle, Marines; Maj. W. Burke, unattached; Maj. R. Bernard, ditto; Capt. J. Dunn, 26 F.; Capt. J. M'Crohan, 3 F.; Lt. G. Napper, 54 F.; Lt. G. Wathen, 4 F.; Capt. G. Haasman, 2 L. Inf. Bat., Germ. Leg., all 15 Aug.

The undermentioned Officers, having Brevet rank superior to their regimental commissions, have accepted promotion upon h. p., according to G. O. of 25 Apr. 1826:

Unattached.—To be Lt. Cols. of Inf. Br. Lt. Col. F. Dalmer, from 23 F., 20 July; Br. Lt. Col. R. Roberts, from 62 F., 27 July; Br. Lt. Col. G. Gorrequer, from 18 F., 3 Aug.—To be Maj. of Inf. Br. Maj. L. Owen, from 73 F., 10 July. Br. Maj. A. G. Campbell, from 26 F., 13 July. Br. Maj. J.

Grant, from 56 F.; Br. Maj. H. Rogers, from 6 F.; Br. Maj. G. Tovey, from 20 F.; Br. Maj. J. Anton, from 35 F., all 20 July. Br. Lt. Col. C. H. Churchill, from Ceyl. Regt., 27 July. Br. Maj. E. E. Kenny, from 80 F., 27 July. Br. Maj. J. Lagan, from Rifle Brig., 3 Aug.

The undermentioned appointments, as formerly stated, have not taken place:—

44 F.—Ens. M'Crea, Lt. by purch., v. Courtaigne prom., 8 Sept. 25.

87 F.—Ens. N. M. Doyle, Lt. by purch., v. Shipp, who rets., 3 Nov. 25.

The appointment of Lt. Wake was to the 36 F., and not 35 F., as stated in a former number.

The undermentioned Officers of Artillery having Brevet rank superior to their regimental commissions, have been granted promotion on h. p.:—

To be Maj. s.—Brev. Maj. H. B. Lane, 2 Aug. E. C. Wilford, 4 Aug. T. Van Straubenzee, 4 Aug. F. Gordon, 5 Aug.

HONORARY DISTINCTION.

The 85th Foot to bear on its colours and appointments, in addition to any other badges or devices which may have heretofore been granted to the Regiment, the words "Fuentes d'Honor," and "Nive."

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 21st of June and the 24th of July 1826; extracted from the London Gazettes.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Ballen, S. Wotton-under-Edge
Bevil, J. W. Oxford
Foster, J. H. Bread-street, Cheapside
Harper, T. and E. Ystradgunlais, Breconshire
Izod, J. London-road
Milner, G. Derby
Nichols, F. Otley, Yorkshire
Price, J. Birmingham
Toner, J. Friday-street
Tuck, W. Elsing, Norfolk
Williamson, S. T. Southampton

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 107.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets

Allistone, J. Waltham Abbey, Essex, shop-keeper [Robinson, Jermyn-street]
Allen P. and Smith, C. J. Alcester, Warwickshire, millers [Snow, Alcester, and Dax and Alger, Bedford-row]
Abraham, H. C. Houndsditch, oilman [Carter, Royal Exchange]
Allkins, I. Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, tailor [Parker, Dyers-buildings, Holborn]
Birch, W., St. Peters, Isle of Thanet, victualler [Lewis, Canterbury]
Biggs, E. Birmingham, brass-founder [Spurnier and Ingleby, Birmingham, and Norton and Chaplin, Grays-inn-square]
Baghott, Sir P. Knight, Leonard Stenley, Gloucestershire, merchant [Bloxsome and Co. Dursley, and Ellis, Verulam-buildings, Grays-inn]
Bentley, R. Bolton-le-moors, Lancashire, machine-maker [Morris and Wigan, and Merry, Bolton-le-moors, and Adlington and Co. Bedford-row]
Bentley, W. High Holborn, woollen-draper [Young, Poland-street]
Balshaw, J. and Burrows, T. Manchester, machine-makers [Wood, Manchester, and Hurd, and Johnson, Temple]
Baldwin, B. Burley Woodhead, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner [Granger, Leeds, and King, Hatton Garden]
Burnell, B. Wakefield, woollen cloth-manufacturer [Granger, Leeds, and King, Hatton Garden]
Baldwyn, J. Chobham, Surrey, butcher [Mears, Bagshot, and Hammond, Furnivals-inn]
Cartwright, S. Dover-road, Southwark, coal-merchant [Robinson, Walbrook]
Chadwick, W. and R. and C. Oldham, Lancashire, machine-makers [Radley, Oldham, and Shaw, Ely-place]
Campbell, S. Bristol, wool-factor [Evans, Chepstow, and Poole and Co. Grays-inn]
Cullen, J. Liverpool, merchant [Leathers, Liverpool, and Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house]
Crosley, T. Wakefield, Yorkshire, currier [Melton, Wakefield, and King, Castle-street Holborn]
Dryden, B. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, common brewer [Seymour, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Bell and Brodrick, Bow-church-yard]

Dixon, G. Runcorn, Cheshire, shop-keeper [Bover and Nicholson, Warrington, and Mason, New Millman-street]
Dixon, J. Walsall, Staffordshire, file-cutter [Smith, Walsall, and Wheeler and Bennett, John-street]
Dunn, T. Bristol, victualler [Wellington, Bristol, and Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's-buildings]
Duncan, H. Portsmouth, surgeon [Dalston, Took's-court, Chancery-lane]
Dudeny, E. Brighton, builder [Green, Brighton, and Sowton, Great James-street, Bedford-row]
Eastgate, R. York, linen-draper [Mence, Barnsley, and Lawrence, Doctor's Commons]
Ellis, G. Kexbrough, Yorkshire, tobacconist [Jackson, Bank-end, and Rodgers, Bucklersbury]
Emett, H. Manchester, victualler [Barlow, Manchester, and Dica, Pope's-head-alley]
Ford, R. Regent's-terrace, City-road, merchant [Jones, King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street]
Fearnside, W. Liversedge, Yorkshire, merchant [Carr, Gomersal, and Evans and Shearman, Hatton-garden]
Gallemore, J. jnn., and Foster, J. Manchester, calico-printers [Ainsworth and Co., Manchester, and Milne and Parry, Temple]
Gifford, J. Paternoster-row, bookseller [Collins, Great Knight-riding-street]
Galiegne, J. B. Fort-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer [James, Bucklersbury]
Geronimo, P. Bristol, looking-glass-manufacturer [Dicken and Benson, Birmingham, and Clinton, Exchequer Office]
Gibbons, T. jun., Wells, Norfolk, merchant [Rushbury, Carthusian-street, Charter-house-square]
Germain, W. Bath, jeweller [Hodgson, Bath, and Hughes, Clifford's-inn]
Gough, N. and M. and A. Manchester, cotton-spinners [Hampson, Manchester, and Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
Gibbs, J. Chard, Somerset, ironmonger [Livett, Bristol, and Poole and Co., Grays-inn-square]
Gill, T. W. and J. L. Coventry, mercers [Carter and Dewes, Coventry, and Edmunds, Exchequer Office]
Hodson, G. and Shepherd, J. Liverpool, hide-merchants [Davenport, Liverpool, and Chester, Staple-inn]
Harper, T. Ystradgunlais, Breconshire, dealer [Price, Swansea, and Goren and Price, Orchard-street]
Hooper, A. Worcester, inn-keeper [Croad, Cheltenham, and King, Serjeants-inn]
Halifax, B. Gutter-lane, warehouseman [Brightwell, Norrich, and Taylor and Roscoe, Temple]
Holiday, J. and Savage, J. and Grundy, T. Preston, machine-makers [Troughton and Co., Preston, and Hurd and Johnson, Temple]
Hyde, T. Portwood, Cheshire, spindle-maker [Potter, Manchester, and Milne and Parry, Temple]
Humphrey, T. H. Mile-end-road, stone-mason [Young and Gilbert, Mark-lane]

- Honeysett, W. Dalston, Middlesex, builder [Horn-castle, Crooked-lane, and Butler and Teague, Watling-street]
- Hinde, M. Rochdale, flannel-manufacturer [Baker, Rochdale, and Hurd and Johnson, Temple]
- Hart, W. and R. Holborn-hill, linen-draper [Fisher and Spence, Walbrook]
- Haselwood, W. Stratford, Essex, stationer and school-master [Wigley, Essex-street]
- Hallet, Mary, Devonport, Devonshire, earthenware-dealer [Rodd and Co., Devonport, and Walker and Coulthurst, New-inn]
- Hinde, M. and Dean, W. Rochdale, woollen-manufacturers [Woods, Rochdale, and Norris, John-street, Bedford-row]
- Harrison, J. Wigan, Lancashire, inn-keeper [Morris, Wigan, and Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Harrop, C. and S. Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothiers [Brown, Oldham, and Brandreth and Spanks, Temple]
- Hickman, W. Great Coxwell, Berkshire, butcher [Biggs, Southampton-buildings]
- Heane, J. Gloucester, brick-maker [Matthews, Gloucester, and Coe, Hatton-garden]
- Jackson, T. and W. Liverpool, linen-merchants [Brabner, Liverpool, and Blackstone and Bunce, Inner Temple]
- Jelf, G. Crown-court, Broad-street, merchant [Gwynne, Walcot-place, Kennington]
- Jarman, E. Holcombe-Rogus, Devon, tanner [Helling, Tiverton, and Beetham and Son, Freeman's-court]
- Johnson, J. Congleton, Cheshire, silk-throwster [Lockett and Vaudrey, Congleton, and Wilson, Temple]
- Kent, R. Liverpool, surgeon [Finlow and Robinson, Liverpool, and Chester, Staples-inn]
- Kennedy, F. Kingston upon-Hull, linen-draper [England and Shackles, Hull, and Rosier and Son, Gray's-inn-place]
- Lane, J. Middlewich, Cheshire, woollen manufacturer [Woods, Rochdale, and Norris, John-street, Bedford-row]
- Lake, S. Alfred-place, Bedford-square, builder [Lake, King's-place, Commercial-road, St. George's East]
- Lediard, J. Cheltenham, slater and plasterer [Packwood and Lovesy, Cheltenham, and King, Hatton-garden]
- Lavell, J. F. Portland-street, Walworth, cheesemonger [Benton, Union-street, Southwark]
- Levin, S. L. Grace's-alley, Wellclose-square, bead merchant [Whittington, Dean-street, Finsbury-square]
- Lawrence, T. Park-place, St. James's-street, tailor [Tanner, New Basinghall-street]
- Moore, H. Suffolk street, Battle-bridge, builder [Santer, Chancery-lane]
- Merrell, J. Cheltenham, grocer [Packwood and Lovesy, Cheltenham, and King, Hatton-garden]
- Monk, R. Bispham, Lancashire, malster [Richton and Banks, Preston, and Norris, John-street, Bedford-row]
- Moakes, J. K. Louth, Lincolnshire, carpenter [Allison, Louth, and Hicks and Dean, Gray's-inn square]
- Midgley, S. and J. and J. and W. Almondbury, Yorkshire, fancy cloth manufacturers [Batty and Hesp, Huddersfield, and Jaques and Batty, Coleman-street]
- Moojen, J. G. Mark-lane, merchant [Eicke, Old Broad-street]
- Moyes, T. Bouverie-street, printer [Topping, Bartlett's-buildings]
- Oliver, J. Manchester, victualler [Chapman, Manchester, and Appleby and Charnock, Gray's-inn-square]
- Offer, J. Cambridge, bookseller [Winter and Williams, Bedford-row]
- Oakley, G. Allsop's-buildings, Marylebone, merchant
- Olley, G. and Byrne, H. Regent street, tailors [Hamilton and Twining, Berwick-street, Soho]
- Parkinson, C. Whitby, Yorkshire, grocer [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]
- Pinero, D. Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, coal-merchant [Lewis, Temple Chambers]
- Peeling, J. Liverpool, druggist [Parkinson and Colcheth, Liverpool, and Adlington and Co. Bedford-row]
- Poore, G. and H. Moorfields, breeches-makers [Brown, Birch-in-lane]
- Price, J. Deritend, Warwickshire, bellows-maker [Wills, Birmingham, and Clarke and Co. Chancery-lane]
- Pearsall, J. King-street, Cheapside, boarding and lodging-house-keeper [Parrey, Aldermanbury]
- Rogers, W. Lad-lane, silk-warehouseman [Fisher and Spencer, Walbrook-buildings]
- Ruby, J. Helston, Cornwall, shopkeeper [Bevon and Britton, Bristol, and Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street]
- Stirling, W. and J. Bow Church-yard, merchants [Baxendale and Co. King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street]
- Simpson, J. Cushion-court Broad-street, coal merchant [Holt, Threadneedle-street]
- Spurrier, W. Walsall, Stafford, wine and brandy-merchant [Parkes, Birmingham, and Amory and Coles, Throgmorton-street]
- Sears, C. Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, ironmonger [Carlon, High-street, Marylebone]
- Stangroom, R. Perceval-street, Clerkenwell, plumber and glazier [Stratton, Shoreditch]
- Scoe, C. Austin-friars, scrivener [Gadsden and Barlow, Austin-friars]
- Sprigg, J. Drury-lane, leather-seller [Tilleyard, Old Jewry]
- Swift, J. W. Liverpool, bookseller [Houghton, Liverpool, and Adlington and Co. Bedford-row]
- Skinner, W. Hatton-garden, apothecary [Burnett, Gray's-inn-road]
- Stewart, C. Birch-in-lane, merchant [Scott and Son, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry]
- Turner, T. and Gough, J. Salford, Lancashire, cotton-spinners [Naleb, Manchester, and Smith, Basinghall-street]
- Tickle, W. and Roberts, W. Burnley, Lancashire, [Alcock and M'Connachie, Burnley, and Beverley, Temple]
- Trott, R. Stepney, scavenger [Walker, Church-row, Stepney]
- Tatham, W. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer [Greasley, Nottingham, and Hurd and Johnson, Temple]
- Tyrrell, J. Stamford-street, dyer [Lyddon and Brown, Carey-street]
- Twigg, J. Earl's Eaton, Yorkshire, blanket-manufacturer [Archer and Greaves, Osset, near Wakefield, and Jacques and Batty, Coleman-street]
- Wolstoncroft, J. Manchester, clothes-broker [Seddon Manchester, and Hurd and Johnson, Temple]
- Wood, S. Manchester, merchant [Casson, Manchester, and Milne and Parry, Temple]
- Wynne, J. Stafford, shoe-manufacturer [Secker-son Stafford, and Clowes and Co. Temple]
- Wisedill, B. Prospect-place, Surrey, jeweller [Luckett, Wilson street, Finsbury-square]
- Wilkinson T. West-square, under-writer [Gadsden and Barlow, Austin-friars]

DIVIDENDS.

- ALZEDO, J. R. de, Bank-buildings, September 12
- Baskerville, J. Lambeth-walk, August 15
- Bentley, T. and Beck J. Cornhill, September 2
- Bentley, D. and Fogg, J. Eccles, August 23
- Bloomfield, J. Fleet-market, September 22
- Bratt, S. Macclesfield, August 19
- Brickwood, J. and Co. Lombard-street, August 22
- Bousfield, R. White-horse yard, Drury-lane, September 22
- Blacklee, D. Cambridge, August 25
- Burns, G. Maidstone, August 29
- Braddock, J. Macclesfield, Aug. 29
- M.M. New Series.—Vol. II. No. 9.
- Braddock, R. Portwood, Cheshire, September 5
- Butler, J. and Co. Austin-friars, August 29
- Baylis, J. J. Leeds, September 29
- Barnes, W. Richardby, Cumberland, September 14
- Coxe, D. sen. and jun., Mark-lane, August 18
- Coyne, P. Welbeck-street, September 2
- Chittenden, H. Ashford, Aug. 21
- Cook, J. Wood-street, August 26
- Crowder, T. and Perfect, H. T. Liverpool, August 28
- Cording, J. Strand, August 28
- Corney, Beauchamp, Essex, August 25
- Corbett, J. Birmingham, Aug. 31
- Coward, H. Preston, August 30
- Copeland, J. Burslem, Stafford, September 2
- Cleverley, C. and Hutchinson, Chiswell-street, September 19
- Clarke, P. Manchester, September 16
- Delafons J. and H. Sackville-street, August 19
- Dallman, T. Old Bond-street, December 8
- Deppin, R. Greville-street, August 9
- Dobson, J. and W. B. Huddersfield, August 30
- Emerson, J. and S. S. White-chapel-road, August 25

Evans, D. Marchmont-street, September 8	Jordan, J. Whitechapel, September 9	Ryland, S. H. and Knight, J. Horsleydown, September 1
Ellis, J. Rathbone-place, September 12	Kennedy, H. Brighton, August 19	Stewart, W. Pall-mall, August 13
Ferguson, J. Cotterick, Yorkshire, August 28	Knight, A. Maldon, August 15	Smith, T. W. Fenchurch-street, August 18
Francis, A. High-holborn, September 1	Kerby, T. Finch lane, Cornhill, August 29	Swain, T. Collingham, August 8
Graham, J. Gloucester-square, August 29	King, W. J. Battersea, Sept. 15	Sayer, C. and Gardner, G. Great Tower-street, August 18
Gittoe, G. R. Bristol, September 4	Lewis, D. Lampeter, Ponstephen, Cardiganshire, August 29	Spooner, W. Chiswell-street, August 8
Haddon, J. Castle-street, Aug. 22	Lawson, E. Brown's-lane, Spital-fields, August 25	Symonds, W. Store-market, Suffolk, August 31
Horne, E. and Willan, C. Jermyn-street, September 1	Lucas, C. London, August 29	Shepherd, W. Basing-lane, Aug. 29
Henley, G. Strand, August 15	Lawton, W. Brinistage, Cheshire, August 30	Shave, R. Grace's-alley, Wellclose-square, September 1
Harsgrave, J. Mirfield, August 16	Leadley, J. Fetter-lane, Sept. 2	Shard, J. and Smither, J. St. Martin's-lane, October 20
How, W. F. Threadneedle-street, September 19	Lethbridge, J. Carmarthen-street, Tottenham-court-road, September 12	Stoddard, R. R. and Nash, H. Broadway, Westminster, September 5
Horne, E. and Billan, C. Jermyn-street, August 13	Latham, T. D. and Parry, J. Devonshire-square, September 5	Smith, A. Lime-square, August 26
Hutchinson, G. and Co., Stockton-upon-Tees, August 24	Lunn, E. and G. Halifax, September 12	Scowcroft, W. Haverfordwest, September, 12
Higginbotham, S. Macclesfield, August 19	Miller, C. Abchurch-lane, Aug. 15	Storey, J. B. Blandford, St. Mary, Dorsetshire, September 8
Hills, E. Faversham, August 21	Mann, C. Birmingham, August 30	Thomas, T. Osnaburgh-street, August 19
Hawes, R. B. Horsley-street, August 18	Mercer, W. Manchester, August 24	Thornthwaite and Co. W. C. Fleet-street, August 25
Hill, W. Old-ford mill, Bow, August 18	Messent, P. Aldermanbury, Aug. 22	Torr, J. Nottingham, August 31
Hudson, T. High street, St. Giles's, August 22	Moody, W. Leeds, August 30	Trollop, H. Whitechapel, Aug. 29
Mayden, J. Southampton, Aug. 23	Moore, J. sen. Burnley, August 31	Vaughan, S. Pool, Montgomeryshire, August 28
Hulthim, Z. Catherine-court, Tower-hill, August 26	Mane, T. T. and J. E. and W. Plymouth, October 6	Whyte, M. and J. Great Eastcheap, August 15
Harrison, B. and M. Brightside, Yorkshire, August 30	Mills, G. Wood-street, September 1	Wissenborn, E. A. and H. Upper Holloway, August 5
Holgate, G. and T. Burnley, September 1	Maynard, J. Great George-street, Westminster, September 8	Winson, W. Ivy-bridge, Devonshire, August 24
Hedge, Star-court, Little Compton-street, Soho, August 29	Maskall, R. S. Basinghall-street, September 12	Wightwick, J. W. Greenhamerton, Yorkshire, August 22
Henson, S. Brownlow-street, Holborn, August 29	Marshall, T. Collegeshill, September 12	White, J. Isleworth, August 5
Hoskins, S. Bristol, September 7	Nunn, R. Queen-street, August 19	Webb, T. New Sarum, August 30
Hair, T. Scottswood, Northumberland, September 12	Owen, R. Warrington, August 29	White, J. Princess-street, Storey's-gate, August 15
Johnston and Co. Whitehaven, August 28	Perrin, R. Modbury, Devonshire, August 25	Webb, W. Wakefield, August 30
Johnston, E. jun. and Manley, T. Whitehaven, August 18	Phillips, F. and Cutforth, W. Goldsmith-street, Cheapside, August 25	Wood, D. H. Dean-street, Westminster, September 2
Jackson, D. Birmingham, September 9	Pott, W. Union-street, Southwark, August 29	Wagstaff, T. Bristol, September 8
Ingelow, W. sen., and W. jun. Boston, September 18, 19, 20	Perkins, J. Bull-wharf-lane, Upper Thames-street, September 1	Williams, S. Finsbury-square, September 8
	Parker, C. Bristol, September 16	Wells, J. Kenninghall, Norfolk, September 11
	Quilan, T. and Stokes, J. T. Grosvenor-market, August 29	
	Rains, J. S. Wapping-wall, November 7	

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. G. A. Burnaby, to be one of the Duke of Cambridge's domestic chaplains—The Rev. W. Landon, D.D., Dean of Exeter, to the vicarage of Bishop's Tawton, Devon—The Rev. A. B. Townsend, to the rectory of East Hampstead, Berks—The Rev. G. P. Stopford, to the rectory of Warkton, Northampton—The Rev. J. Harwood, to the rectory of Sherbone St. John, Kent—The Rev. J. Beesley, to the vicarage of Feckenham, Worcester—The Rev. J. Barnwell, to the vicarage of Stogursey, with the chapelry of Lilstock, annexed Somerset—The Rev. T. Corsor, to the New Church at Stone, Lancashire—The Rev. J. Carridge, to the Living of Nether Poppleton, York—The Rev. Dr. Copleston, to the Deanery of Chester—The Rev. B. Howell, to

the Rectory of Highley, Shropshire—The Rev. J. B. Webb, to the Vicarage of Weobly, Hereford—The Hon. and Rev. N. Rodney, to the Prebendary of Hereford—The Rev. T. Mounsey, to the Vicarage of Owthorne, Yorkshire—Rev. C. Randolph, to the Vicarage of Lyme Regis, Dorset—Rev. Dr. Wrench to be Minister of the Chapelry of Blakeney, Gloucestershire—The Rev. C. Arpold, to the Rectory of Wakerley, Northamptonshire—The Rev. M. Berrisford, to the valuable Living of Inniscarra—The Rev. A. Gordon, to the College Church, Aberdeen—The Rev. W. A. Coldwell, to the Vicarage of High Offley, Stafford—The Rev. J. Serjeant, to the perpetual Cure of Egloskerry, with the Chapel of Tremaine, Cornwall.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON.

CHRONOLOGY.

July 25. A powder-mill at Hounslow blew up with a tremendous explosion. Two men were destroyed. The report was heard at fifteen miles distant, and not a vestige of the mill was left standing.

— 27. The Recorder made his report to the King of the prisoners under sentence of death in Newgate. Out of twenty his Majesty respited eighteen, and two were ordered for execution.

— Parliament prorogued to the 2d of November.

July 28. A deputation from Birmingham waited on Earl Liverpool, to present to His Majesty's Government a memorial of the extremely depressed state of trade in that town, and praying that some measure may be devised for its immediate and effectual relief. His Lordship promised the most serious attention should be paid to it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Huskisson, and Mr. Secretary Peel accompanied his Lordship. A deputation from Frome waited upon Mr. Peel, also, to the same purpose, and on Mr. Canning, when the result was similar.

Aug. 2. C. Collison was executed at the Old Bailey for sheep stealing.

— 6. John Fordham respited during His Majesty's pleasure.

— 10. The Ambassador to Brazil embarked at Portsmouth.

— 11. The largest steam-packet ever built in England arrived in the Thames—1063 tons; two engines of 100 horse power each; she is called The United Kingdom.

— Warrants issued by the Lord Mayor against some inhabitants of St. Olave, and Bishopsgate, forcing them to pay poors'-rate and tithes, which they had refused in consequence of disputes between the parishes and their spiritual pastors.

Aug. 14. A stone of nearly 100lbs. weight fell from the upper cornice of the tower of Bow Church, upon the roof of Mr. Aughtie's house, Cheapside. Upon a report made by Mr. Guilt, the architect, it appears the stone was detached from the building by the vibration of the tower caused by the ringing of the bells.

— 18. The King's proclamation, issued, ordering the duties on American Shipping to be levied in the ports of the West India colonies, equal to those which the Americans impose on the West-India shipping in their ports, and restricting the entrance of American Ships until such duties are paid.

The King has appointed Lord Frederic Montague, to be Post-Master-General.

The King has appointed Sir Thomas Le Breton, knt. Bailiff of Jersey.

MARRIAGES.

Capt. W. F. Martin, R.N., eldest son of Vice Admiral Sir Byam Martin, comptroller of the navy, to Ann, daughter of Lord Chief Justice Best—Edward Laforest, esq., to Miss Carew—Sir E. Mostyn, bart., of Talacre, North Wales, to Miss Slaughter, of Furze-hall, Essex, daughter of the late H. Slaughter, esq., and Dowager Viscountess Montague—The Rev. C. Benson, Prebendary of Worcester, and Rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, to Bertha Maria, daughter of J. Mitford, esq., and grand niece to Lord Bedesdale—E. D. Legh, esq., son of the late J. Legh, esq., of Booths, Cheshire, to Catherine, daughter of Sir C. Robinson, Advocate-General—Rev. H. R. Pechell, to Caroline Mary, third daughter of Lord Mark Kerr.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The Bishop of Durham made his public entry into Durham, July 21st, when the ceremony of enthroning took place.

At the Northumberland assizes four recorded for death—one transported—five imprisoned—and at Durham—two death—five imprisoned—one transported.

At the customary hiring for the harvest at Newcastle, the men were engaged at twenty shillings per week and their victuals; and the women at fourteen or fifteen shillings—the largest hiring known there for many years.

Married.] At Durham, the Rev. T. Harvey, to Miss Mary Ann Forsett—At Newcastle, Mr. G. Bulmer, to Miss E. Watton.

Died.] At West Jasmend, 68, Sir T. Burdon. He was Lieut.-Col. of the Tyne Yeomanry, and Durham Local Militia, and his lady was sister of the present Lord Chancellor, and Lord Stowell—72, At Warkworth-villa, the Rev. W. Read.

DEATHS.

At Chatham, Capt. H. R. Moorsom, of H. M.'s ship Jasper. He was the youngest son of Vice Admiral Sir R. Moorsom, commanding in the Medway, and brother of Capt. Moorsom of H. M.'s ship Prince Regent—In Tavistock-row, Mrs. Weybrow, the once favourite columbine—74, At his house South-street, Grosvenor-square, the Earl of Winchelsea, K. G. Henry George Grey, esq., deputy assistant commissary-general to the forces—R. Bell, esq., editor of the Weekly Dispatch, and author of many literary works—Mrs. Sarah Dedicot, of Pitt-street, Kent-road. She was in her 105th year, and never knew the taste of medicine, and only kept her bed a week before her decease. She lived in the reigns of George I, II, III, and IV. Her venerable remains were attended to the grave by two of her daughters, one 76, the other 65. She was a native of Pancras, Stafford, and perfectly remembered the Duke of Cumberland and his army marching into the town against the Pretender—At Belvidere, Kent, the Countess Gersoff, daughter of Lord Say and Serle—At Croom's Hill, Greenwich, H. Meriton, esq., late superintendent of the East-India Company's marine, Bombay—In Chesterfield-street, May-fair, Lady Sebright.

DEATHS ABROAD.

In April last, at Malta, W. R. Wright, esq., president of the High Court of Appeal, formerly recorder of Bury St. Edmonds, and author of a beautiful poem on the Ionian Islands, and other pieces—June 5th. At Seville, Sir John Downie, Major General in the army of His Catholic Majesty, and Governor of the palace of Seville—123, In Kamtschatka, Michael Golzow. He was born in the reign of Peter I., and survived the accession of ten Russian sovereigns—In America, John Adams, esq., in his 92d year. He was successor to General Washington as President of the United States of America, and father of John Quincy Adams, the present President—and on the same day, July 4th, Thomas Jefferson, esq., also President of the United States after Mr. J. Adams—At Berne, Lieut.-General Sir Manley Power, K.C.B. and K.T.S.—At Paris, the Hon. Basil Cochrane—At Naples, W. A. Hutton, esq. He was on antiquarian researches, and was related to the late Mr. Nutton, historian of Birmingham—At Brussels, 68, Vice-Admiral Woolley.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The completion of the first voyage of the first steam-vessel employed in trading between Liverpool and Carlisle, was witnessed on July 20th in the arrival of "The Solway" to Bowness from the former port. She is a fine vessel; her length over all 140 feet—depth 15, and is capable of 288 tons burthen.

Another subscription for the relief of the poor has taken place at Carlisle, but liberal as it has been it cannot cure the distress which is so prevalent that the local intelligence inform us, "robberies are as regular as night; one comes not without the other."

There are forty paupers in Keswick workhouse, sixteen of whose ages amount to 1207—averaging upwards of seventy-five years each.

At Westmoreland Assizes there was not a single criminal, nor one civil cause.

Married.] At Hawkeshead, E. Curwen, esq., son of J. C. Curwen, esq., M. P., to Miss Burton, of Low Graithwaite-hall—E. T. Copley, esq., of Nether-

hall, to Emily Mary, daughter of Sir J. B. Milbanke, bart., of Nainby-hall.

Died.] At Ive Gill, 83, Ann Seale. She has left 108 descendants; viz. fourteen children, sixty-three grandchildren, and twenty-six great grand children—At Wokington, 76, Mrs. Murray—76, Mrs. Osborn—81, Mrs. Lamb—At Kendal, 93, Mr. Monkhouse—90, Mrs. Atkinson—At Cockermouth, 77, Mrs. Dempsey—At Carlisle, 75, Mrs. Irving, relict of the late J. Irving, esq.

YORKSHIRE.

A deputation of the distressed manufacturers of Leeds, &c., waited upon the Earl of Harewood (Lord Lieutenant) to present a memorial from the unemployed and distressed inhabitants of the district. His Lordship received the deputation with kindness and attention. "but as to the remedy," he said "he saw no other than time and patience."—The population of Colne consists of about 8000 inhabitants, who have been employed in weaving calicoes by the hand-loom, which the power-loom is fast superseding; so that wages have been reduced 200 per cent.—as ninepence is now paid for that which some years past two shillings and threepence was paid; and in 1814 eight shillings. Thus 5000 of the inhabitants have been reduced to demand parish relief, and the poor-rates have risen to twenty-five shillings in the pound, although from £60 to £100 a week has besides been subscribed from the various funds of London, Liverpool, Newcastle, and its own neighbourhood; the weekly allowance amounts only to one shilling to each individual!!!

Married.] At Croft, E. T. Copley, esq., to Emily Mary, daughter of Sir J. P. Milbanke, bart.

Died.] At York, in her 80th year, Lady Mary Stapleton, relict of M. Stapleton, esq., and aunt to the Earl of Abingdon—At Sheffield, 68, the Rev. J. Nelson. He was grandson of the famous John Nelson, one of the earliest Methodist preachers, and like him, as Mr. Southey said, "he had as brave a heart as ever Englishman possessed."—At Oversden, Miss Wood. As she was running down stairs with a pair of scissors in her hand, she unfortunately fell upon them, the points entered her heart, and she expired—At Cogleton, burnt to cinders, their cottage having taken fire, Joseph Dale and his wife; he was 69, she 76 years of age. They were remarkable for propriety of conduct, and strict attention to religious duties.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

At Stafford Assizes—sentence of death three; transportation three.

Died.] At Oakley, Lady Henrietta Chetwode, wife of Sir J. Chetwode, bart., and daughter of the late Earl of Stamford and Warrington—At Eton, 23, Miss Wright. She had been sixteen times tapped, commonly at intervals of five weeks; and from fifty-three to fifty-seven pints of liquid removed each time—At Bobbington, 89, Mr. Perry.

LANCASHIRE.

The gloom still continues in our manufacturing classes; and it appears more and more necessary that some powerful measure should be thought of by the governing powers before winter approaches, to relieve our population, as no subscriptions, whatever their amount, can possibly cure the evil. The total cost of the Manchester weekly distribution to the poor of July 28th was £466 0s. 1d., and it appears that the sum raised, including a balance from the fund of 1820, amounts to £15,057, exclusive of His Majesty's £1,000, and the London Committee's £2,000; Of this, more than £16,000 has been expended, and the balance of £1,800, which now remains, even at the reduced rate of fourteen pence per family per week, will not last another month.—The county rates for the last year amount to £10,440—£152 have been charged for providing the military with barracks, during April last at Manchester. Notwithstanding the prevailing distress, the enormous price of eight shillings per day has been

paid at Dorrington, to harvest-men, besides their ale allowance, in consequence of the scarcity of hands.

A meeting was held at Manchester Aug. 17, at which more than 2000 persons attended, presided by Mr. Baxter. The subject was the present awful distress; and the result a petition to His Majesty, praying relief from the Corn Laws; the present enormous taxation; the standing army; and extravagant pensions, and some cures. In the course of the debates it was stated that round Pendlehill there were 80,000 persons, comprized in about 20,000 families, who got up hungry in the morning, and who had no prospect of obtaining any thing to eat during the day; and that at Barnley, out of 11,000 persons, 8,000 were wholly destitute.

Died.] At Manchester, 75, Colonel Silvester. He was Lieut.-Col. commandant of the Manchester Local Militia—At New-hall, near Ashton-in-the-Willows, 53, Sir W. Gerard, bart.—At Singleton Brook, 65, G. A. Lee, esq.

DERBYSHIRE.

At Derby Assizes—six condemned to death; four transported; two imprisonments.

Married.] At Darley, J. Milnes, esq., to Miss Anne Wathall—At Heanor, G. Grundy, esq., to Miss Stinson.

Died.] At Chesterfield, 86, Mrs. D. Knowles—78, Mr. E. Worrall. Himself and ancestors had carried on the trade of stone-masons in that place upwards of 200 years—At Stone Gravels, 88, Mr. Sanforth.

WORCESTER.

July 27. The coal masters met at Dudley and lowered the wages of the colliers sixpence per day, deeming it "imperatively necessary" from the melancholy position of the times. A disposition to turbulence and mischief being manifest, the yeomanry were called out and the riot-act read. The major and some of them were slightly wounded. Several persons were secured without further mischief.

Married.] At Worcester, J. Worthington, esq., to Miss A. M. Barnett—Rev. I. Temple, to Miss Tonkinson.

Died.] 65, At Diglis-house, Major-General J. Simons—At Worcester, 72, W. Blew, esq.—Miss E. Hastings—At Boraston, Mrs. Langley—At Powick, 105, Mrs. Williams—At Worcester, 89, D. Jebb, esq. He had been surveyor-general of the Province of Ulster, and an indefatigable friend to the agriculture of Ireland.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

The damages done in the late election at Newark amounting to £119 11s. have been ordered to be levied upon the place, in addition to the usual county rate.

Married.] Mr. Stretton of Nottingham, to Miss S. Morley.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

At the Leicester Assizes—nine received sentence of death; three transported; four imprisoned. Enoch Luccock, aged only sixteen, was acquitted; he had been ten times tried at Warwick, and after his acquittal he was sent off again to Warwick to be tried the eleventh time. The nine election rioters were discharged upon bail. The Rutland Assizes proved a maiden one.

The distress among the Storking manufacturers is by no means abated; and sheep-stealing has become so prevalent that the Leicestershire association have offered a reward of £100 upon the conviction of any offender.

Married.] Rev. T. Davies, to Miss M. E. Oliver, of Leicester.

Died.] At Stamford Baron, S. Judd, esq., an eminent medical practitioner. He is reported to

have died worth £100,000.—At Woolshorpe, 74, the Rev. L. Towne.—At Syston, 70, the Rev. H. Woodcock.

WARWICKSHIRE.

At the Summer Assizes for this county, sentence of death was recorded against thirty-three; transportation seven; imprisonment nineteen.

His Majesty has given his patronage to the grand musical festival, to be held at Birmingham in October.

Several colliers have been going about the streets asking charity; but they meet with little sympathy, as the reduction of their wages is considered unavoidable in the present state of affairs. The business at Coventry is improving, and the late introduction of French silks, in consequence of the Free-Trade system, has not in the least hurt its trade.

Married.] At Leamington, S. St. Barbe, esq., to Miss A. Neufville—Rev. J. Woods, Nuneaton, to Miss Ritchie—At Birmingham, Mr. Brogg, to Miss Granger—J. Corrie, esq., to Miss A. Greenway.

Died.] At Radway, Henrietta, relict of F. S. Miller, esq.—At Birmingham, 79, Mr. T. Robins—At Atherstone, the Rev. C. Okeover—At Edgebaston, T. Francis, esq.—At Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. Downing.

SHROPSHIRE.

At the Assizes—five were sentenced to death; three transported; two imprisoned. There were only fourteen culprits in all.

The coronation show at Shrewsbury was more extensive than at any former meeting.

It has been resolved to build a new infirmary at Shrewsbury, for 150 patients, at the expense of £14,000.

Married.] At St. Chads, Rev. J. Langley, to Mary Emma, relict of H. Andrews, esq.—At Chetwynd, W. O. Jackson, esq., to Miss C. E. Bishton, of Chetwyne-house.

Died.] At Shrewsbury, 76, Mrs. Powell—James Schofield, town-crier of Shrewsbury. He survived his wife but two months, with whom he had been united nearly seventy years. He polled at the elections of 1772, in 1796, and in that of the present year—At Cardington, 74, Mrs. Russell—At Aston Botterell, Mr. W. Barker; and on the same evening his neighbour and intimate friend Mr. J. Povey, both in their fifty-eighth year.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

The first meeting of the Archery Society took place at Hampton Court, the residence of John Arkwright, esq. It was numerously attended; several ladies showed great skill in directing their arrows. A splendid ball ended the pleasures of the day. Lady H. Clive is the Lady Paramount for the present year, and the second meeting was held at Oakley Park, her Ladyship's residence near Ludlow.

At Hereford Assizes, two received sentence of death—one transported, and three imprisoned.

Died.] At Foxley, 72, Lady Charlotte, wife to Uvedale Price, esq. and mother to the member for the County—At Orcop, 104, Mrs. E. Williams; she retained her faculties to the day of her death—At Weobley, 73, the Rev. J. E. Troughton—At Evesbutch, 67, Rev. D. Griffiths—At Hereford, W. Bennett, esq.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

At the Assizes at Gloucester, sixteen were recorded for death—twenty-three transported, and thirteen imprisoned—At Monmouth, two condemned—three transported, and two imprisoned.

Married.] At St. Mary-de-Lode, R. Canning, esq., to Miss M. Cheston—At Walcot, the Rev. E. Frosard, minister of the Protestant Church at Nismes (France), to Miss I. Trye—At Lydney, E. W. Hassell, esq., to Dorothea, daughter of the late E. King, esq., Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Died.] July 20, the Rev. E. Mansfield, Vicar of Bisley; his death was caused by a fall from his gig. He was the son of the late Lord Chief Justice Mansfield—At Pitchcombe House, Mrs. Caruthers.

OXFORDSHIRE.

June 25, The Lord Mayor of the City of London, with several Aldermen and their ladies, paid a visit to Oxford. His Lordship held a court on the river Thames, connected with the rights of the City of London, which court is held every fourteenth year. His Lordship and suite were elegantly entertained by the Mayor, the members and magistrates of Oxford—June 26, the Mayor, magistrate, and suite, with the Vice-Chancellor, and several heads of colleges, &c., dined with his Lordship at the Star; and on June 27 his Lordship and suite left Christ Church meadow in their splendid barge.

Married.] At Shiplake, the Rev. H. R. Pechell, to the Hon. Caroline Mary, daughter of Lord Mark Kerr—At Bletchington, the Rev. J. T. Drake, to Miss Annesley.

Died.] At Oxford, the Rev. Peter Vaughan, D.D., warden of Merton College, and Dean of Chester—77, Mrs. Bartlett; 88, Mrs. E. Wells—At Denton, 75, Mr. Rogers—At Rose-Hill, Mrs. Dudley—83, Rev. R. Grant, Vicar of Blackbourn for fifty-five years.

BUCKS AND BERKS.

The annual competition in archery took place July 20, at Stowe; the ladies and gentlemen were all dressed in green. The prizes were distributed by the Duchess of Buckingham; and the victors, both ladies and gentlemen, were borne in triumph.

Married.] At Eton College, Rev. E. Coleridge, to Miss Mary Keate—At Hampden, Rev. A. Hobart, to Miss M. I. Egremont.

Died.] At Weston, 72, Bucks, Sir George Throckmorton, bart.—At Snelsmore-House, Rev. W. Dupre.

HERTFORD AND BEDFORD.

July 15, the new chapel at London Colney, near St. Alban's, was consecrated by the Bishop of London. This populous village has hitherto been entirely without a place of worship, and this elegant chapel has been erected without the assistance of government. Lord Hardwicke contributed the ground, gave £250 besides, and has endowed it for ever with £40 per annum. Private subscriptions pay the rest of the sum amounting to £2,800.

The inhabitants of Hemel-Hampstead have presented a valuable piece of plate to Dr. Hamilton, on his retiring from their parish where he had been minister thirty-five years.

In the course of the last twelve months numerous donations and annual subscriptions have been received for the enlargement of the Bedford Infirmary.

Married.] At St. Ibbs, A. Amos, esq., to Miss M. Lowndes—At King's Langley, the Rev. H. Dennis, to Miss Wotton.

Died.] At Hoddesdon, Mrs. Fare; 84, Mr. Peak

NORTHAMPTON.

Great apprehensions are beginning to be entertained here on the subject of the industrious poor; owing to the great stagnation of the Lace trade in this and the neighbouring counties.

A national school has been erected at West Haddon for the children of that place and the parish of Winswick, at an expense of nearly £2,000 by an individual—J. Heygate, esq.

The building of a new market has commenced at Oundle.

Died.] At Peterborough, 76, W. Squire, esq.—At Syston, the Rev. H. Woodcock—At Clipstone-house, Lieut.-Col. H. Coleman—At Stony Stratford, 94, Mrs. Lever.

NORFOLK.

At the Norwich Assizes, twelve recorded for death—three transported—six imprisoned. Mr. Robberds, foreman of the city grand Jury, made the following presentment—"In the calendar laid before us we observe that, *out of twenty-one prisoners, thirteen had been committed previously to that period at which they might have been brought to trial, if the benefit of a Lent Assizes had been also extended to the City of Norwich, in common with all the other Counties in England; and among those thirteen prisoners we particularly refer to the case of Michael Gready, against whom, after a confinement of nearly eleven months the evidence brought before us was insufficient to substantiate the charge on which he was committed !!!*"

The subscriptions for the New Corn Exchange at Norwich, amount to £4,650—£6,000 is the estimated expense.

July 31. Previous to a very awful storm the Light-House Hill and adjacent heights at Cromer were literally covered with myriads of lady-birds of an unusually large size.

Died.] At Hackford, 77, Mr. Kerrison—At Burnham, 71, J. Oakes, esq.—At Yarmouth, 75, Mrs. Giles—At Thorpe, J. Robinson, esq., Sheriff of Norwich in 1792—At Wooton, 76, Mr. Dring.

SUSSEX.

Millions of lady-birds have been visiting the coast of this County; and although they have been so very numerous in several towns, yet they are in greater numbers nearest the sea; and the Brighton fishermen report that they are still more abundant out at sea; they have been multitudinous also all over the western coast.—Lewes wool-fair was very badly attended.—The Chichester Infirmary will be ready for the reception of patients at Michaelmas next.

Married.] At Parham, Capt. Peachell, to the Hon. Miss Bishop, daughter to Lord de la Zouch—At Heathfield, Rev. I. Young, to Miss Deane—At Worthing, Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. Church, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Sir R. Wilmot, bart.

Died.] At Chichester, 82, Mr. R. Mason—At Augmering, 74, Mr. Charce, master of the Free School—At Brighton, R. Ironmonger, esq., M.P. for Stafford; Mr. T. Pelham, late comptroller of the customs there—At Hastings, 72, E. C. Ward, esq.

HANTS.

July 24. In the afternoon an enormous swarm of ants (horse emmets) passed over Lymington, in their flight they were mistaken for gnats, and would have passed for such but for the myriads which fell in the High Street. About the same time a similar multitude of lady-birds fell near Pennington-common, and in the evening another passed over Newton-Park.

Married.] At Romsey, C. J. Hall, esq., to Miss C. Fitfield.

Died.] At Winchester, 80, Mr. Butler, lay Vicar of the cathedral.

CAMBRIDGE.

August 10. A most dreadful fire broke out at Over, which consumed several farm-houses, and nearly the whole of the property, hay and corn contained in the premises had been destroyed. The loss is estimated at £12,000 in buildings, and implements and produce at £15,000. Luckily no lives were lost, and only one head of Cattle sacrificed on the melancholy occasion.

The 10th anniversary of the Cambridgeshire Sunday School Union Society was held July 26, when it appeared by the report that there is now connected with this society fifty-nine schools, 5,000 scholars, and 370 teachers.

Married.] At St. Neots, G. Dyke, esq., to Miss Rowley.

Died.] S. Ware, esq., one of the esquire Bedells of Cambridge University—At Cambridge, 102, Mrs. Atherton; Rev. E. E. Lally, Rector of Clopton-cum-Croydon, in this county, and upwards of eighty years Resident Vicar of Whitegate, Cheshire.

WILTS.

A deputation from Frome on behalf of the distressed weavers has been appointed to wait on H.M.'s ministers, urging the abolishment of machinery as one of the means of effectuating their relief.

Married.] Rev. H. Hodgson, Vicar of Idmington, to Miss H. Knyvett.

Died.] At Calne, 86, Mrs. Allsup—At Salisbury, 65, Mr. W. Dodsworth, the well known verger and highly respected author of the "History of Salisbury Cathedral"—At Chipping Norton, 80, Mrs. Skillern. At Salisbury, the Rev. J. Howard—At Tytherton, 74, Rev. L. R. West.

SOMERSET.

Lately an exhibition of skill in archery took place at West Monckton. All the ladies and gentlemen were dressed in appropriate costume.

Bath corporation has voted £500 towards Lyncombe and Widcombe new Free Church.

At the Assizes held at Wells, sentence of death recorded against five—transported six—imprisonment eighteen.

Married.] At Yatton, J. W. Bush, esq., to Miss M. J. Day—At Bathwick, W. L. Caldecot, esq., to Miss Strahan; Hon. H. B. Arundell, brother of Lord Arundell, to Lucy, daughter of H. P. Smythe, esq.—Rev. E. Coleridge, to Miss M. Keate.

Died.] At Yatton, 103, Mrs. Betty Hacker—At Bristol, 107, Mrs. S. Tapscot, of Stokes Croft Almshouse—At Glastonbury, 74, W. West, esq.—At Bath, 82, Mrs. Pennie, mother of the poet Pennie; 87, Mrs. A. Prichardson, mother of the Countess of Clare.

DORSETSHIRE.

At Dorchester Assizes, four condemned to death—one transported.

At Poole, fish has been so cheap that mullet have been sold at a shilling a dozen, and barge at sixpence per dozen.

At the Petty Sessions held July 29 for this County, six boys were condemned to the tread-mill for stealing two or three hat's full of apples and pears in an orchard!!! Four were about seven or eight, and two about ten years of age!!! The prison at Dorchester is provided with a school-master as well as a tread-mill.

Aug. 1. The tide flowed in a very singular manner at Lyme. Between 11 and 1 o'clock it flowed and ebbed about a foot in depth ten times, and continued so in the afternoon. The next morning at four o'clock the same phenomenon was repeated.

—2. Earl Grosvenor laid the foundation stone of the new court and market-house at Shaftesbury.

Married.] At Weymouth, B. Goad, esq., to Miss A. E. Hill, daughter to R. Hill, esq., Commissary-General at the Mauritius.

Died.] At Sydling, J. Forward, esq.

DEVONSHIRE.

A fire at Chudleigh has destroyed six houses.

The North Devon Infirmary will shortly be opened for patients.

The Stonehouse Ragatta, on the day of His Majesty's coronation, was attended with crowds, and the adjoining cliffs covered with fashionable company. The prizes were two silver goblets and a silver tankard.

Exeter July fair was slacker, both as to quantity and sale, than was ever remembered.

At Exeter Assizes, death recorded against nine—transportation, four—imprisonment fourteen.

The first annual meeting of the exeter Mendicity Society was held at the Guildhall July 25, when it appeared by the report, that 1,048 cases had been investigated, and the persons relieved.

Aug. 1. At Beer and Seaton the sea presented an extraordinary degree of convulsion, and the tide ebbed and flowed so rapidly, that a large schooner was suddenly left aground; in a few moments after she was again floated by the tide, which came in with such violence as to excite apprehensions that she would be thrown on the pier-head; and this was repeated several times.

Married.] At Berry Ponneroy, J. Lukin, esq., to Miss E. B. Farwell—At Tiverton, W. J. Hancock, esq., to Miss M. A. Haydon.

Died.] At Lawhitton, the Rev. C. Marshall—At Washfield, 89, Miss Worth—At Plymouth, the Hon. Capt. R. Rodney, of H. M.'s ship Dryad; Capt. S. Gordon, of the Dwarf cutter—At Stoke, 79, Mr. Thomas—At Devonport, 81, Mrs. Lewis—At Ashton, 71, A. Hawkins, esq.

CORNWALL.

A dreadful fire, occasioned by the carelessness of some boys in letting off squibs, &c., has nearly destroyed the village of Trevennock, near Penzance. The loss is estimated at £2,000 and no part of the property insured.

At the Assizes held at Bodwin, sentence of death recorded against three—imprisonment, nine.

SUFFOLK.

Married.] At Worstead, Rev. Z. Trivett, to Mrs. Sunstead—At Lowestoff, W. C. Worthington, esq., to Miss Scott.

Died.] At Ipswich, 78, J. Viel, esq.

WALES.

At Denbigh Assizes, sentence of death recorded against one—transportation, two—imprisonment, one.—At Flintshire Assizes not a single prisoner for trial; the High Sheriff in consequence presented the judges, the barristers, and the officers of the Court with white gloves.

Miss Margaretta Maria Downes of Fir-court, Churchstoke, Montgomeryshire, underwent (July 25) the 109th operation of tapping, which she sustained with wonderful fortitude—sixteen quarts of water were extracted.

Married.] F. R. Price, esq., of Bryn-y-Pys, Flintshire, to Eliza, daughter of the Rev. R. B. Burton Philipson—D. S. Davies, esq., of Poutre, near Cardigan, to Miss E. M. Philipps, of Williamston, Pembrokeshire—R. Jones, esq., Dinbren Hall, Llangollen, to Miss E. Wood, of Burslem.

Died.] At Llanfyllin, Mr. J. Jones, known by his bardic appellation of Mylin—At Llangollen, Miss L. E. Robertson—At Aberiswith, 73, Middleton Jones, of Penybent Court, Radnorshire—At Llanbedrog, Mrs. Williams, wife of Rev. Dr. P. Williams.

SCOTLAND.

The Grand Highland Road is in rapid progress towards completion, and is expected to be finished in the course of the present year; it will open a direct communication between the north and the south—from Glasgow, Sterling, and Crieff, on to Inverness; and the line of it runs through some of the boldest and most beautiful scenery of the central Highlands of Perthshire. This great work has been undertaken by the heritors for public accommodation, without aid of any sort, beyond their own individual subscriptions. As this line to Inverness will, by coming through Carlisle and Glasgow, shorten the distance from London by fifty miles, there can be but little doubt of its being made the principal line of communication.

The Comet steam-packet has at length been hauled upon the beach; it was a complete wreck.

The foundation-stone of an elegant church, for

the use of the United Associate Congregation, has been laid at Leith, as well as at Roslin, for a new chapel of ease, with all the honours of masonry.

The ladies of Edinburgh have raised £400 for the manufacturers, by a fourth sale of their fancy works at the Hopetown rooms.

At the last meeting at Paisley, it appeared that only £1,700 remained—that the weekly expenditure was £500, and that within the last two weeks the number of applicants had increased by 180. The chairman stated that he had weekly communications with H. M.'s ministers, who were averse to give a government grant.

The ministers and magistrates of Haddington and Batho, have published commendatory reports of the Burgh and Batho Schools. The examinations took place August 3 and 4. The Lord Provost and magistrates of Edinburgh have likewise examined the different classes of the High School, the Edinburgh Academy, the Scottish Military and Naval Academy, the Leith High School, &c. &c.; and the students went through their exercises in a style which did honour to themselves and teachers—When will all the public schools in England be brought to similar attention on the part of its magistrates and ministers or other qualified persons. Such proceedings would relieve themselves from the degradation in which Mr. Brougham found them.

Married.] At Edinburgh, J. Crawford, esq., to Miss M. Balfour—At Kilravock Castle, Cosmo Innes, esq., to Isabella, eldest daughter of H. Rose, esq.—At Springland, W. Fraser, esq., to Miss M. Sandeman—At the Mause of Crale, J. Marshall, esq., to Miss M. Tod—At Edinburgh, Stair Stewart, of Physgill and Glasserton, esq., to Ellen, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, bart., of Ulbster.

Died.] At Edinburgh, 75, M. A. Watson; he had been fifty-three years in the same coach-work. He was of the firm of Watson, Reid, and Co.—At Elderslie, 113, Hugh Shaw; he formerly served in the 42d Regt., and till within the last eighteen months, walked seven miles daily, and was shamefully suffered to gain his subsistence by begging—William Gilchrist, eldest Baille of Edinburgh—Mrs. L. Ryder wife of Mr. Ryder, manager of the Caledonian Theatre—At Cargilfield, Miss J. R. Hope, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir I. Hope, G.C.H.—At Pitlessie, R. Graham, esq., familiarly known by the term "Laird."—At Tullibole, Lady Moncrieff Wellwood—At Langton House, Berwickshire, Lady E. Gavin, mother of the Countess of Breadalbane, and sister to Lord Lauderdale.

IRELAND.

At a late meeting of the proprietors of coaches from London to Holyhead it was determined that the Holyhead Mail should in future be forwarded at the rate of ten miles and a quarter per hour; thus upwards of twelve hours will be gained in the delivery of letters in London and Dublin.

57,809 men are employed in our fisheries, and our trade with foreign nations has been considerably improved for these last two years, chiefly in beef, pork, butter, linen, and printed calicoes.

The Carrickbeg Committee say that among their population containing about 4,000 people, there are 163 families destitute of employment, without food, or money to procure it. Dublin, too, we regret to say, has been in a very disturbed state, and pillage has been the consequence. Parties, attended with a number of women, to whom the plunder was given, have been frequent—but several of the rioters having been taken into custody peace has been restored. Fever has also increased with the most frightful rapidity, which, in addition to the dreadful distress so long prevalent, renders the situation of this capital tremendous.

Died.] At Dublin, Catherine, relict of the late Sir H. Nugent, bart., and niece of the late Earl of Llandaff—73, Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Cloyne.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From 20th July to 19th August inclusive.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

July.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20			65	73	60	29 90	29 65	63	72	W	SW	Fine	Rain	Rain
21			67	69	49	29 47	29 52	64	75	WSW	SW	Clo.	Fair	Fair
22			65	69	55	29 61	29 80	70	84	NE	N	Fair	—	Rain
23			56	61	53	29 82	29 89	85	86	N	NNE(v.)	Rain	Rain	—
24	82		58	69	56	29 29	29 96	92	82	NE	NE	Cl.&R	Fair	Fair
25			65	72	56	29 99	30 04	66	70	N	E	Fair	Fine	—
26		☉	65	72	52	30 10	30 15	72	68	ENE	E	Fine	—	—
27		☉	64	71	56	30 16	30 12	61	68	ENE	ESE	—	—	Starl.
28			67	73	57	30 09	30 00	68	72	ENE	ESE	—	—	—
29			70	77	60	29 94	29 90	63	64	WSW	SW	—	—	—
30			72	80	65	29 92	29 88	60	55	SW	SSE	—	—	—
31			80	84	69	29 83	29 80	54	54	SSW	NE	Clo.	—	—
Aug. 1			74	80	63	29 87	29 91	62	69	NE	ENE	Fair	—	—
2			68	78	63	29 84	29 78	80	76	E	E	Dp.&C	Fair	Fair
3			67	73	55	29 76	29 80	83	92	NE	E	Rain	Rain	Rain
4	135	☉	62	73	58	29 81	29 86	84	78	NE	NE	Clo.	Fair	Starl.
5			62	69	59	29 85	29 85	84	79	NE	S	Rain	—	—
6	27		68	68	63	29 90	29 98	70	63	NW	W	Clo.	—	—
7			71	76	62	30 02	29 99	62	65	W	W	Fair	Fine	—
8			68	78	62	29 94	29 85	71	65	WSW	W	Fine	—	—
9			68	76	61	29 83	29 82	66	71	NE	E	—	—	Clo.
10	9	☉	67	72	60	29 81	29 76	72	71	E	SSE	Clo.	—	—
11	30	☉	63	65	55	29 71	29 77	75	79	SW	NW(var.)	Rain	Rain	Fair
12			65	70	55	29 85	30 01	67	59	W	W(var.)	Fair	Fine	Starl.
13			67	72	56	30 05	29 91	64	61	S	SE	—	—	—
14			71	76	57	29 79	29 90	62	68	SW	WSW	—	—	—
15			64	73	61	29 92	29 83	70	70	SW	SW	—	—	—
16			64	70	58	29 81	29 85	79	72	W	W	Rain	Fair	Clo.
17			63	73	65	29 91	30 08	72	70	WSW	WSW	Clo.	—	Fine
18			73	78	62	30 14	30 18	69	68	WSW	SW	Fair	—	—
19		○	67	79	62	30 16	30 03	69	70	SW	E	—	—	—

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of July was 1 inch 16-100ths.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 21st of July to the 20th of August 1826.

July.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	N4 Pr. Ct. Ann.	Long Annuities.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acct.
21	198 199	77½	76½	7	84½	92½	18 7 8, 19	84½	18p	11 12p	77½ 77
22	198½	77½	77½	4	—	92½	18 5-16, 19	84½	20 22p	12 16p	77½
23	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24	—	77½	76½	7	—	92½	18 15-16, 19	84½	20 22p	12 16p	76½
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26	198½ 199	78½	76½	7	84½	92½	18 15-16, 19	84½	19 21p	11 13p	76½ 77
27	199	77½	76½	7½	85	92½	18 15-16, 19	84½	18 20p	11 12p	77½
28	199 200	77½	77½	8	84½	92½	19 1-16	84½	18 20p	11 13p	77½
29	200½	78½	77½	8½	85½	93½	19 1-16 3-16	—	20p	12 14p	77½ 78½
30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
31	200½	78½	77½	8½	—	93½	19 1-16 1-8	84½	18 20p	13 15p	78½
Aug 1	200½ 200½	78½	77½	8	85½	93½	—	84½	19 20p	14 16p	77½ 78½
2	200½ 201	78½	78½	8½	86½	93½	19 1-16 1-8	85½	20 22p	16 19p	78½
3	201 203	79½	78½	9	86½	94½	19 1-8 ½	85½	—	15 18p	78½
4	202	79½	78½	9	87	94½	19 3-16 5-16	85½	24 26p	18 26p	78½ 79½
5	202½	79½	79½	9½	86½	94½	19½ 5-16	—	—	18 21p	78½ 79½
6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	202 203	79½	78½	9	85½	94½	19½ 5-16	—	25 27p	17 19p	78½ 79
8	202 203½	80½	79½	9	89	95½	19 1-8 7-16	87½	27 30p	17 18p	79½
9	—	79½	78½	9	87½	94½	19 5-16 ½	86½	30 31p	13 19p	78½ 79
10	202½ 202½	79½	78½	9	86½	94½	19 3-16 ½	86½	29 30p	17 19p	78 3-8
11	—	79½	78½	9	87½	94½	19 3-16 ½	86½	30p	15 18p	78½
12	—	79½	78½	9	86½	94½	19 3-16 3-8	86½	26 29p	15 17p	78½
13	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14	202½	79½	78½	9	—	94½	19½	86½	26p	14 17p	78½
15	201½ 202½	79½	78½	9	86½	94½	19 3-16 ½	84½	22 24p	14 16p	78 3-8
16	202½	79½	78½	9	86½	94½	19 5-16 3-8	86½	22 24p	14 16p	78½
17	202½	79½	78½	9	87	94½	19½	86½	23 25p	14 16p	78½
18	—	79½	78½	9	—	94½	19½ 5-16	86½	23p	15 17p	78½
19	—	—	—	—	—	94½	19 5-16	86½	24 25p	16 18p	78 3-8
20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. Erroon, Stock Broker, 2 Cornhill, and Lombard Street.